MACLEAN'S

Y 15 1953 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS

THE QUEEN'S SIXTEEN-HOUR WORKING DAY: by Pierre Berton

CARDINAL LEGER

With Exclusive Full-Color Portrait



















How to determine the "sex" of a Parker "51" Pen!

This pen is female. We'll tell you that much right now.

It's a matter of metallurgy, the science of metals rather than one of physiology. And the story starts at the very tip of the Parker "51" Pen.

This tip or point is made of Parker's exclusive Plethenium, a special combination of two precious and very costly metals, Platinum and Ruthenium, fused inseparably to the 14K gold nib of the pen. After this nib is precisely slit so that ink can travel smoothly down to the point — and after it is ground and polished in every position imaginable, it is ready for writing.

Now—if a two-hundred pound man should take a new "51" Pen and boldly write with it for a few hours, it would break itself in to his hand in a decidedly masculine way. However, if a slip of a girl were to pick it up, she would be almost sure to break it in in a characteristically feminine way. It would not take much of a magnifying glass to reveal which was which. But there's even more to this story than that.

The Parker "51" is the only pen that will adapt itself to one's own style of writing so completely, or so soon. Its remarkable point wears in to your individual style of writing, polishing itself after the first few hours of use to a point of supreme smoothness—and then stays that way for decades and decades. That's because the Parker "51" is the only pen with an all-precious metal point.

When you get your new Parker "51" Pen you will see how much longer it will write on one single, easy, clean filling. It will actually do 9 solid hours of writing! Will sign over 3,500 checks. Even the ink reservoir that holds all that ink is unusual. Made of a new material called Pli-glass, not rubber, it can boast of a life expectancy of 30 years.

Starting with its convenient slip-on cap and ending with the beautifully shielded hood which houses its remarkable and efficient Aero-matic Ink System, this is indeed the pen of pens. A pen that makes your writing effortless, pressureless, flawless. That's probably why it's the world's most wanted pen, as your dealer will tell you. "51" Pens start at $15.00. There are slim regular and slimmer shorties, *demi-size* models. Popular "21" Pens from $5.75. All available with matching pencils. Parker Pen Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada.

PARKER PENS cost no more in Canada



Precious Plethenium *in the form of a tiny pellet is fused to the 14K gold nib of the Parker "51" in this precision operation. Diameter of pellet for a fine point is only .033 in. It takes 7000 of them to tip the scale at one ounce. Skilled hands and machines that think combine to make the "51" the craftsman-produced pen.*

THE NEW, IMPROVED PARKER "51" IS NOW AT YOUR PEN DEALER'S!

53M-4



WE WERE BROKE...

BUT WE TACKED A COLLEGE DEGREE RIGHT INTO OUR BUDGET-PLAN

Well, I simply mean that young Doug is going to get what I've always missed. I'd have a better job in my company today if my family had been able to give me a college education.



It happened a year ago. Mamie and I had just about given up the idea as hopeless. Doug had just started high school, which meant a good deal of expense, and then he fell desperately ill with rheumatic fever. Our debts had us crippled.

Then one day, when I was cashing my pay-cheque at the bank, I happened to get into conversation with the Accountant — chap called Henry Baldwin who goes to our church — and before I knew it I was pouring out my troubles.

He asked me a few questions about my job, my salary, if I had any securities or life insurance. I told him I had no bonds left, but did have a bit of insurance. I took out when we got married.

Pretty soon — to my surprise — Baldwin came up with what seemed like a solution to my immediate problem — how to meet my pressing bills. Something I'd never thought of — my 15 year old life insurance policy had quite a good cash surrender value, which Baldwin said was first-class security for a personal loan.



'But how am I going to pay off a loan?' I asked. 'We seem to need every cent I earn just to make ends meet.'

'You can probably do better than that, I think, if you really want to,' said Baldwin. 'But be added, 'you've got to have a real budget-plan to do it.

Next thing I knew he was telling me how to go about it. Told me some things about money management I'd never thought of before — and he gave me one of the bank's booklets called 'Personal Planning' outlining his ideas in detail.

Next day Mamie and I pulled out of the dumps for the first time in months. Hopefully we went to the B of M together and saw Henry Baldwin. Got a $500 loan fixed up, and right then and there opened a joint account.

Boy, that account's been working overtime ever since — first paying bills with the loan we got, and then getting regular deposits — not just to pay off the loan, but to really save money.



We were mighty relieved to get that bank loan a year ago, but I think we're more thankful for what we learned when we were in a jam — that we really could save dough if we made up our minds to do it and got a really practical budget plan working for us.

Personal Planning has given us that — and let me tell you that boy is going to college—for sure.

Saving is the only way to move ahead of your worries, and stay ahead. And — sometimes — borrowing at the B of M is the best way to save. Find out how to save *despite today's high prices*. Ask for your copy of 'Personal Planning' at your neighborhood B of M branch. It's yours for the asking.

"MY BANK" B of M

BANK OF MONTREAL

Canada's First Bank

WORKING WITH CANADIANS IN EVERY WALK OF LIFE SINCE 1817

DUST OFF THE WELCOME MAT

A Guest Editorial by Lionel Shapira

PARIS

EVERY DAY in almost every large circulation publication in Europe from Manchester to Helsinki and Naples, Canadian government and industry extend an invitation to businessmen. Huge advertisements proclaim that huge profits await them in trade with the Dominion a up and coming economy. We are less aggressive in courting full time settlers but we do, of course want and welcome intelligent self respecting immigrants.

Both these ends the facilitation of business visits and of immigration to Canada are constantly frustrated by our antiquated and inefficient system of issuing visas. It makes no difference whether the Canada bound traveler is a corporation executive with a million dollars earmarked to buy newsprint or a tourist who simply wants to look at the Rockies he still must go to a Canadian immigration office. There he must take his place in line with crowds of wonderful wide eyed people who want to immigrate into Canada permanently. There he must answer a long list of questions which may be essential for an immigrant but are often impertinent for a short term visitor. Then he must have patience until the visa is granted. And after *that* he can he, as the airline advertisements promise in Canada tomorrow.

Most other countries which, like Canada, require visas for entry have two separate visa issuing offices. Prospective immigrants go to an immigration office, while business men tourists and casual travelers go to a consular office where the machinery is naturally faster and simpler.

Under the Canadian system *all* visas granted in Western Europe are issued by our immigration offices, not our consular offices. By and large the system is recognized as clumsy and wasteful by the very officials who administer it.

Why hasn't the problem been adjusted? The answer lies in that chronic ailment of all bureaucracy: resistance to change. Long before Canada had any consular or diplomatic representation abroad our immigration offices were operating in Europe and handled all types of visas. Since then we have established ambassadors and consuls all over the world but our immigration offices still cling tenaciously to the power to issue visas, even to casual travelers.

What complicates the problem is that our embassies and consulates operate under the Department of External Affairs while our immigration offices operate under the Department of Citizenship and Immigration. It is not too much to expect that such reasonable men as Lester Pearson and Walter Harris could arrange to meet halfway between the East and West blocks, perhaps under the clocktower, on a dark midnight and negotiate a treaty for the transfer of the necessary power.

Canadian business will certainly benefit from such a move. More importantly, the government can, by simplifying our short term visa regulations, accentuate the broad line which separates Canadian thinking from the McCarran-Walter type of thinking which currently dominates the American visa issuing authority. The McCarran Walter law is a source of annoyance and insult to Europeans. It would be a broad and effective stroke of Canadian public relations to simplify the laws which govern short term entry into Canada and, if such simplification can be accompanied by added efficiency and politeness in our offices abroad, the spread of Canadian good will will be boundless.

The problem is recognized in Ottawa. It has been "under study" for several months. But the time is *now*. Thanks to Mr. McCarran and Mr. Walter, the opportunity is heaven sent. Ottawa should cease studying and start acting.

IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

MACLEAN'S artists and photographers have been winning awards lately. In Toronto, cartoonist **Peter Whalley** won a medal from the Toronto Art Directors' Club for his humorous illustrations for Home—The Last Sweetshop (July 1, 1952). At the same show, **Yousuf Karsh** won a certificate for his photograph of an Eskimo woman in the Camsell Hospital Edmonton (Dec. 15, 1952). Another Karsh photograph from Maclean's from his picture essay in Regina (Feb. 1, 1952) has been accepted for showing at the New York Art Directors' Club. In the Toronto show, of forty-four entries accepted, twenty were from Maclean's and the magazine garnered three awards. Maclean's won two more awards in the Montreal Art Directors show for the work of illustrators **Oscar Cahen** and **Franklin Arbuckle**.



Peter Whalley

R. E. Irvine, who wrote The Mermaid on His Stomach (page 18), is a westerner who, after living for about twenty years in Montreal where he worked as an accountant, recently returned to Vancouver. He is now writing fiction in which he endeavors to disprove the theory, so current in the accounting profession, that two and two always four. Our Coronation issue on sale May 27 is one of the most ambitious we've yet produced. Watch especially for **Arbuckle's** cover and **W. O. Mitchell's** special story.

MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Ralph Allen — Editor
Pierre Berton — Managing Editor
Leslie F. Hannon — Associate Editor
Blair Fraser — Ottawa Editor

Art Director: Gene Allman

Assistant Editors: Ted Badsworth, N. O. Brass, Sidney Katz, Doug McDonald, McKenzie Porter, Ian Sclanders, Joyce Tyrwhitt

Editorial Assistants: Jane Wemberson, Lois Hanning

Douglas M. Gowdy
Hall Heaton
B. Wes Spicer
George V. Vaughn
B. Douglas Ming
H. Napier Moore, Ed.

CONTENTS

Vol. 68 — MAY 15, 1953

Cover Painted by Oscar

Articles

THE EXERCISE OF SENATOR McCARTHY — Blair Fraser — 7
I MARRIED A CORPORATION — Ken Johnstone — 8
THE CAR OF THE FUTURE — By Prof. E. A. Allcut as told to Mac Ere Brownlee — 10
CURE TO FOUR MILLIONS — McKenzie Porter — 12
THE FAMILY IN THE PALACE — Part V: ELIZABETH'S EIGHTEEN HOUR WORKING DAY — Ian Gillespie — 14
I SURVIVED! — Fred Bodsworth — 16
MACKENZIE KING AND THE REVOLT OF THE ARMY: A POSTSCRIPT — Bruce Hutchison — 20
THE BIGGEST BROTHER ACT IN PICTURES — Trent Frayne — 21
THE DAY I RAN AWAY — Eaton Thomas Allen — 22
THE CURSED STONES OF LOUISBOURG — Brand MacDonald — 24
THE TOUGH GUY OF THE OREGA — Clyde Gilmour — 26

Fiction

THE MERMAID ON HIS STOMACH — R. E. Irvine — 18

Departments

EDITORIAL — 2
IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE — 7
LONDON LETTER — Beverley Baxter — 4
BACKstage AT OTTAWA — Blair Fraser — 5
MACLEAN'S MOVIES: Conducted by Clyde Gilmour — 28
CANADIANECDOTE: HOW TOM BIENIEK MISSED HIS MILLION — Herbert T. McDonald — 82
MAILBAG — 92
JASPER — Conjoso By Sumpkins — 94
BABABE — 96

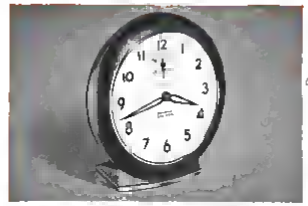
PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE

By—Ken Bell [page 2]; Miller [4 18]; Wide World [7]; Emmy Jeffers [8 9]; Sue Spencer [9]; Bernard Russell [12]; The Times [14]; Federal News Photos [15]; Capital Press [16 17]; Turofsky [21]; Alinari [25]; Public Archives [25].

Characters and names in fiction stories bought by Maclean's are imaginary. Readers may not be reminded what writer particularly. Manuscripts submitted to Maclean's must be accompanied by addressed stamped envelope. Maclean's must be returned. The publishers will not be responsible for the loss of any manuscript, drawing or photograph. Printed and published monthly by Maclean-Hunter Publishing Company Limited, 1242 Bay Street, Montreal 1, Canada.

EDITORIAL, CIRCULATION & ADVERTISING OFFICES
481 University Avenue, Toronto 1, Canada

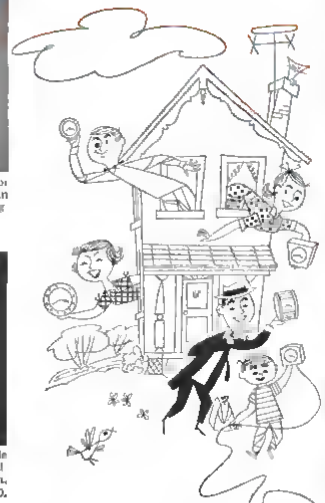
Copyright



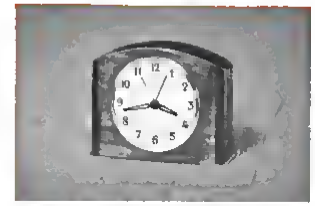
BIG BEN SPRING-DRIVEN ALARM. World-famous for rugged dependability. Has a reassuring tick you can hear and a deep intermittent fire alarm gong. $7.50. With luminous dial, only $8.50.



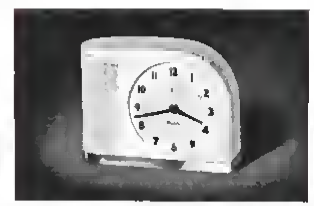
BABY BEN SPRING-DRIVEN ALARM. Popular little brother of Big Ben. Has a quiet tick, a steady call. Alarm adjusts to loud or soft. Only 3½ inches high. Ivory or black finish. $7.50. Luminous dial, $8.50.



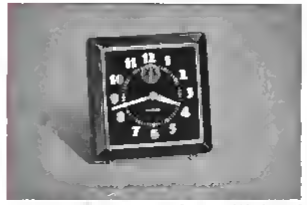
Spring driven or Electric



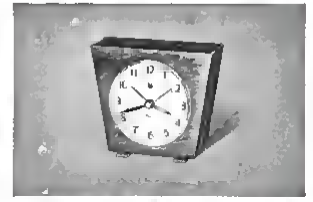
ARBERWICH ELECTRIC ALARM. Rich mahogany finish wood case with graceful contours. Its traditional beauty blends with any setting. Pleasant tone bell alarm. $10.95. With luminous dial and dollar more.



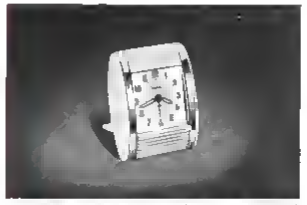
MOONBEAM ELECTRIC ALARM. Calls you silently. First call is a flashing light, later joined by a steady, audible alarm. Attractive white case with gold color trim. 60-cycle only. $14.95. Luminous dial, $16.95.



SPUR SPRING-DRIVEN ALARM. Lacquered black metal case, 4¾ inches square. Day and night reading feature at low price. Steady bell alarm. Base tilts clock at graceful, easy reading angle. $4.75.



SPHINX ELECTRIC ALARM. Fashion right and "now" as the next minute. Bold modern lines—stunning wood case in blond or rich mahogany finish; 4½" high. Clear bell alarm. $10.95. Luminous $11.95.



DAVALARM SPRING-DRIVEN. You can take it with you. Shuts up like a clam for traveling. Packs easily into a corner of your bag. Flip it open it's on duty and on time. Luminous dial. $6.95.

Westclox
makes 'em as
you like them

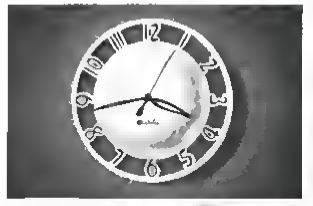
Brides and grooms and graduates—just about everyone on your gift list—will love you for thinking of a Westclox. Some people like to wind their clocks, some people just like to plug them in, and lots of people like to have *both* kinds.

Whatever their preference, you'll find just the clock in this wonderful Westclox collection. Look them over—chances are you'll want at least one for *yourself*, too!

WESTCLOX*

made by the makers of BIG BEN

Western Clock Company Limited
Peterborough, Ontario



MELODY ELECTRIC WALL CLOCK. Fits into any decorative plan. Brightly colored, removable rings flip out and over for quick color change. Mounts flush as wall surplus cord concealed. $9.95.

*Reg'd. Trade Marks



How "young" will they be at 65?

Young people today have an excellent chance to live beyond their sixty-fifth birthday. Already there are over a million Canadians who are past 65. Within 20 years it is estimated that there will be over a million and a half.

Most of these people can look forward to being healthier, happier, "younger" after 65 than people of that age have ever been. This has been made possible chiefly by medical advances. Most communicable diseases of childhood, for example, have been substantially controlled by immunization.

In addition, new drugs, improved surgical techniques and better methods of diagnosis and treatment have ushered in a new era of health for people of all ages.

If you are one of those to whom the words "old age" conjure up an unpleasant picture, you are likely to be heartened by the views of authorities. They say that old age need not be *endured* that it can actually be *enjoyed*. This depends largely, however, on what you do to safeguard your health.

Over the years, adjustments in diet may be desirable. While the *quantity* of food required in later life usually becomes less, the need for the essential proteins, vitamins, and minerals for body upkeep and repair remains unchanged.

Moreover, proper diet is a safeguard against *overweight* which burdens the heart and often paves the way for diabetes, arthritis, and high blood pressure.

Of course the best way to conserve good health is to place yourself under your doctor's care and go to him for a periodic health examination as often as he recommends it. Through early diagnosis of troubles just starting, he may not only bring you relief but add years to your life.

By following you through the years, your doctor will also come to know you as an *individual*: what your personal problems are, what strains your work places on you, what your reactions are in times of stress. Such information is of great value to the doctor in solving many health problems.

The doctor can also advise you about your daily habits — such as getting plenty of rest and sleep and practicing *moderation* in all activities. With his advice you may find yourself with renewed mental and physical energy for certain activities that you may have given up because you felt "too tired" or "too old".

Enjoyment in later years — especially those spent in retirement — also rests to a great extent upon one's mental attitude. This is why it is important to keep up your outside interests, including hobbies. Such activities will help keep you young in heart and young in outlook.

Medical science has given us the means to prolong our lives. It is up to us to make use of up-to-date medical knowledge. At no time of life should we take good health for granted. Rather, we should plan and work for it just as we do for the other worthwhile things of life. By doing so, more and more of us can anticipate being "young" at 65 . . . and perhaps even in our seventies, eighties, and nineties.



London Letter



BY *Beverley Baxter*

THE ASTONISHING TORIES

LET US BEGIN with a flashback. The year is 1945 and parliament has assembled for the first time since the election that toppled Churchill from his throne and reduced the mighty Conservative forces to a mere decimated platoon.

Not only did the victorious Labour forces fill one side of the House on that occasion but more than half of our side as well. For the first time in history they had achieved power and not merely office by permission of the Liberals as in 1924 and 1929.

Attlee seemed, or at any rate he went as near to a beam as his self restraint would permit. The triumphant Ernest Bevin was in a state of understandable self-dramatization for he was about to become His Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Nor was his personal rival, Herbert Morrison, abashed. The famous little Londoner with the cockatoo hairdo was to be the party boss and Leader of the House, and if there are two things Mormon loves it is being a leader and a boss. Sitting on the government front bench with something as near a smile as his austere features would permit was the incalculable Sir Stafford Cripps, the semi-aristocrat turned nitro-socialist. At last he would have a chance to put his political theories to the test.



Harold Macmillan

By contrast look at the poor Conservative Party. Here was Anthony Eden, the perpetual crown prince who had sat on the steps of the throne during the reigns of three emperors—Baldwin, Chamberlain, Churchill—and now even the throne had gone. To change the metaphor he was that popular figure of Cockney fun—the virgin who was always the bloomin' bridesmaid and never the blarsted bride.

As for "Rab" Butler, he looked what we all knew he was—a thoughtful book-loving fellow who had been a fairly good minister of education during the war when no one cared about the subject. He had never seemed to enjoy parliamentary life very much and there was little doubt that he would gracefully retire to private life when it could be done without embarrassing his leader.

The leader! Yes, we were almost forgetting Winston Churchill. How strange a fate that had made him prime minister by succession to Neville Chamberlain but never up to that time elected prime minister by the people.



R. A. Butler

'Churchill belongs to history,' said a Tory philosopher, "but he doesn't belong to us." Another comment was "He is a Roman emperor in an era of the common man." A good many political thinkers agreed that the instinct of the people was to throw out a war leader as soon as it was safe and get down to the bread and butter of everyday life.

The era of the common man! That was the catch phrase of the period. That was the glorification of socialism. Apparently there was some divine merit in being ordinary, although this theory did not extend to the animal kingdom. At least I never heard of a socialist backing a common horse for the Derby.

In such a mood Churchill did look and sound in 1945 like a Caesar who had unaccountably wandered onto the stage of a production of the Bonnie Briar Bush. He kept on making speeches about the greatness of the British people and their mission to lead while the British were getting out of Burma and India and Pakistan and almost apologizing for having stayed so long.

It may well be that the Labour Government was wise and that Britain was right to bow to the inevitable. It is not my purpose to argue that here. I am merely using it as a background to indicate how much Churchill was out of tune with the times. The little man—John Citizen in his bowler hat, was apparently finished with heroics. Once more, and stronger with repetition, came the phrase "Winston belongs to history."

And now let us look out the flashback and look in at the House of Commons today. Eight years have passed by and the Tories are sitting on the government benches once more. Who is this baby-faced old boy with the resonant voice and

Continued on page 67



BLAIR FRASER

BACKSTAGE at Ottawa

How The PCs Muffed the Currie Report

MJ COLDWELL, CCF leader, stopped at our table in the parliamentary cafeteria the other day to tell a joke on himself.

"I was speaking in the House a few minutes ago. At one point I said rather rhetorically, 'In saying this I am speaking not only for myself but for all the members of this group.' When I turned around to point to this host of supporters how many do you think were there? Not one. Not a single one of them in the House."

That wouldn't happen often to Coldwell, who is one of the best speakers in the Commons, but it does underline the outstanding characteristic of the pre-election session. Parliament has been boring itself to extinction ever since last November. Never have so many talked as much to so few.

Parliament opened on Nov. 20 and adjourned for Christmas on Dec. 17. That entire interval of four full weeks was spent debating the address-in-reply to the speech from the throne, with one amendment and two amendments to the amendment. One hundred and sixty-six speeches were made on any topic the speakers felt an urge to discuss: seventy-four Liberal, forty-four Conservative, twenty-one CCF, fourteen Social Credit and three Independent. Last year suppose this means the CCF and Social Credit groups were relatively taciturn, remember that there are only thirteen CCF members and ten Social Credit.

Having thus filled eight hundred and eighty-two pages of Hansard with nothing in particular the MPs might have been expected to get down to business. Not at all. The first item for debate when the House reconvened on Jan. 12 was a resolution setting up the Defense Expenditures Committee to examine Defense accounts in general and the Currie Report in particular. It took two weeks of palaver to get that resolution passed.

Not until Thursday, Jan. 22, two months and two days after the opening of the session, did parliament get around to debating any Government legislation. Four weeks later the budget came down and we heard the debate on the address-in-reply all over again—nearly nine speeches occupying most of parliament's time for three weeks.

The result was that the MPs came back after Easter tired, bored and cross with the real work of the session still ahead of them. All the estimates, long and a half million dollars' worth, had to be crammed into one exhausting month—plus almost all the year's legislation.

ASK ANY MP why they talk so interminably this year and he will answer "Because of the election." No one has explained why elections should have this effect. In spite of the fact that the members are too bored to listen to each other, they seem to think the voters are listening. There's evidence suggesting that this isn't so.

Not long ago an Ontario MP—whom we'll call Jim—met a neighbor from his home town here in Ottawa. Not only do the two men live on the same street, they are colleagues in the same profession.

"Hello, Jim," said the neighbor, "what are you doing here?"

Slightly taken aback the MP replied, "The House is in session, you know."

Continued on page 35



Cartoon by Grosdidier

YOU GET

EXTRA POWER
LONGER LIFE
...in the

Willard
Super Master

...here's why

UP TO
119%
MORE STARTING POWER AT ZERO
New powerful ozone mat shield gives this Super Master up to 119% more power at zero than required by S.A.E. standards

100%
MORE PROTECTION
against the No. 1 Battery Killer
METALEX, the sensational new Willard grid material provides 100% more protection against corrosion — the No. 1 battery killer



- New tough sealing compound stands more heat—stands more cold!
- New stronger case with strength where strength is needed most.

There's a Willard for *EVERY CAR* and *EVERY BUDGET*

WILLARD PRICES START AT
$17.25 LESS LIBERAL TRADE-IN ALLOWANCE
For your old battery (see the yellow pages of your phone book for the name of your Willard dealer)

WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY CO. OF CANADA LTD., TORONTO, ONTARIO

Enjoy easier cleaning with the new

G-E SWIVEL-TOP CLEANER



Model C-1

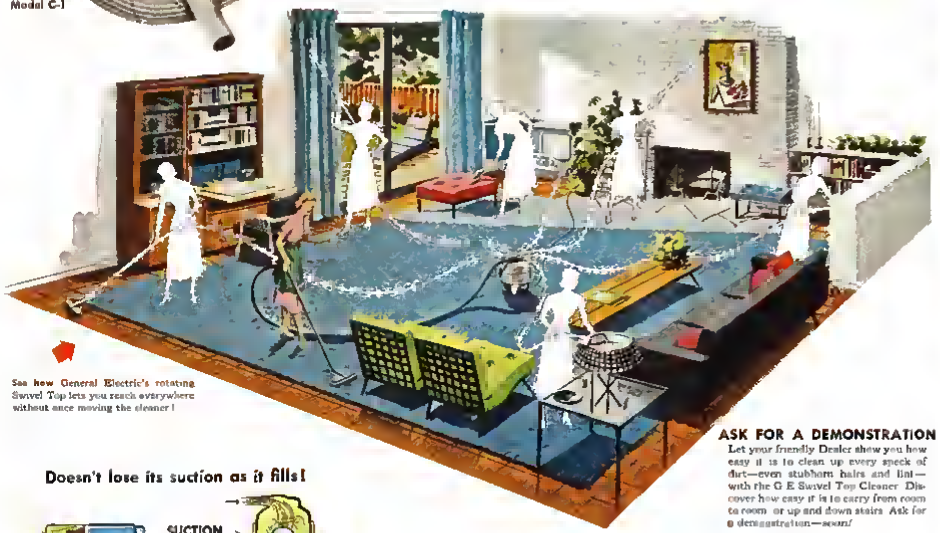
YOU DO SO LITTLE . . . YOUR G-E CLEANER DOES SO MUCH!

JUST set this handsome new General Electric Swivel Top Cleaner in the centre of your living room and enjoy "Reach Easy" cleaning. *Without once moving the cleaner*—you can spotlessly clean every nook and cranny. For, as you move freely about the room, the cleaner's cleverly constructed swivel-top allows the lightweight hose to turn and follow you around.

The G E Cleaner runs so quietly you can scarcely hear it in the next room—and, unlike ordinary cleaners the "Swivel Top" doesn't lose its suction as it fills! Equipped with eight "non scratch" inter locking attachments for every cleaning need, it is everything you will ever want in a cleaner.



You never touch dirt or see it!—You just toss out the large "Throw Away" Bag a few times a year—if your household is average size!



See how General Electric's rotating Swivel Top lets you reach everywhere without once moving the cleaner!

ASK FOR A DEMONSTRATION

Let your friendly Dealer show you how easy it is to clean up every speck of dirt—even stubborn hairs and lint—with the G E Swivel Top Cleaner. Discover how easy it is to carry from room to room or up and down stairs. Ask for a demonstration—soon!

Doesn't lose its suction as it fills!



DIRT CLOGS SUCTION

In the ordinary cleaner dirt piles up against the suction motor—smothering its power. So the cleaner clogs like a pinched straw once it starts to fill up.

DIRT CAN'T CLOG SUCTION

In the General Electric Cleaner, dirt falls away from the suction motor—not on top of it. So you get steady and strong cleaning power until the cleaner is full.

For performance for appearance—the G E Swivel Top Cleaner is outstanding value! See it soon at your dealer's. Small Appliance Dept., Canadian General Electric Co. Ltd., Head Office—Toronto

GENERAL ELECTRIC
SWIVEL-TOP
CLEANER

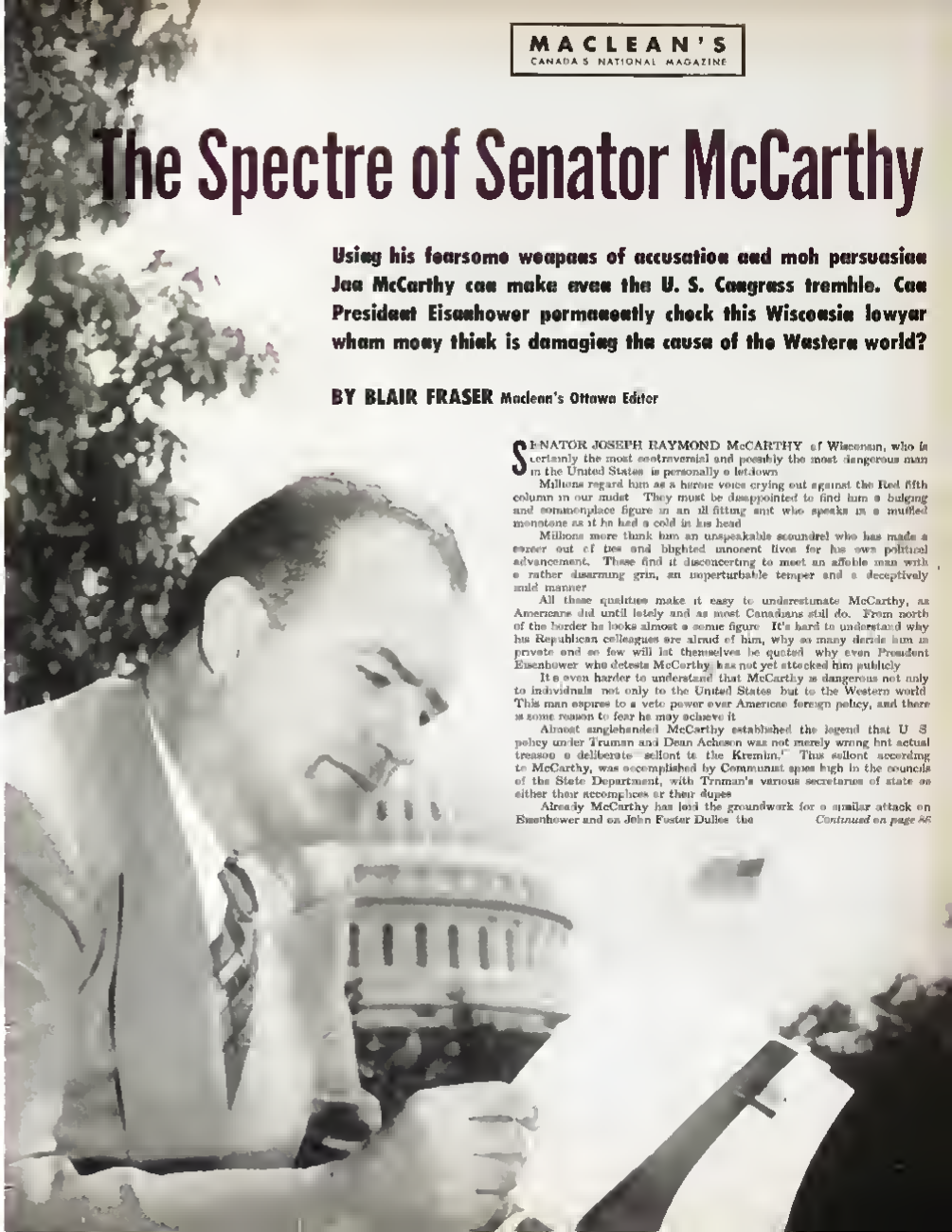
CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY LIMITED

MACLEAN'S
CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

The Spectre of Senator McCarthy

Using his fearsome weapons of accusation and mob persuasion Joe McCarthy can make even the U. S. Congress tremble. Can President Eisenhower permanently check this Wisconsin lawyer whom many think is damaging the cause of the Western world?

BY BLAIR FRASER Maclean's Ottawa Editor



SENATOR JOSEPH RAYMOND McCARTHY of Wisconsin, who is certainly the most controversial and possibly the most dangerous man in the United States is personally a letdown.

Millions regard him as a heroic voice crying out against the Red fifth column in our midst. They must be disappointed to find him a bulging and commonplace figure in an ill fitting suit who speaks in a muffled monotone as if he had a cold in his head.

Millions more think him an unspeakable scoundrel who has made a career out of lies and blighted innocent lives for his own political advancement. These find it disconcerting to meet an affable man with a rather disarming grin, an imperturbable temper and a deceptively mild manner.

All these qualities make it easy to underestimate McCarthy, as Americans did until lately and as most Canadians still do. From north of the border he looks almost a comic figure. It's hard to understand why his Republican colleagues are afraid of him, why so many decide him in private and so few will let themselves be quoted, why even President Eisenhower who detests McCarthy has not yet attacked him publicly.

It is even harder to understand that McCarthy is dangerous not only to individuals not only to the United States but to the Western world. This man aspires to a veto power over American foreign policy, and there is some reason to fear he may achieve it.

Almost singlehanded McCarthy established the legend that U. S. policy under Truman and Dean Acheson was not merely wrong but actual treason a deliberate sellout to the Kremlin." This sellout according to McCarthy, was accomplished by Communist spies high in the councils of the State Department, with Truman's various secretaries of state as either their accomplices or their dupes.

Already McCarthy has laid the groundwork for a similar attack on Eisenhower and on John Foster Dulles the

Continued on page 46

I Married a Corporation

If your wife says she'd like a career, pause and consider the sad case of this husband. Soon after his spouse went back dancing he found himself doing the housework and answering to "Mr. Elizabeth Leese"

By KEN JOHNSTONE



In self-defense Ken became the cook. Elizabeth pauses in practice to test his soup.

ELIZABETH LEESE is my candidate for the title of Montreal's Busiest Woman. There are just 168 hours in a week. She spends hers typically like this: Teaching dance classes (28 classes to 250 students), 42 hours. Rehearsing for and at television show, 25 hours. Rehearsing for and at radio program, 9 hours. Rehearsing for and at lecture demonstration or dance program, 15 hours. Studying piano, recorder, yoga, judo, fencing, English speech, French speech, dog training, and what not, 14 hours. Frittering away a weekly average of 42 hours in sleep, she still has a good 24 hours left to be jam packed with her particular hobbies, which are prowling through secondhand shops, buying and tending plants, exercising and grooming her dog, grooming her cat, reading Freud, visiting her friends and sharply criticizing the literary efforts of her husband. I know all this firsthand, because I'm the guy who married her.

Looking back, I can't blame it all on my mother. Part of it was my fault, too. But my mother really started me off in the world with a couple of limp steers. One of them was that you shouldn't have a girl with enthusiasm (mother called it "smooch") unless you had serious matrimonial intentions. Kissing games at parties were perhaps harmless, but "smooching" could lead to no good unless there were serious intentions, and serious intentions in my mother's book were very holy wedlock.

The other idea that she impressed on me from an early age was that it was desirable to marry a girl who was or could be solvent. A frustrated businesswoman herself, she encouraged the idea of two strings to a family's economic bow, and, as I look back, I can recall that girls who were employed sensible girls were favored around the family hearth over those who regarded marriage as a career in itself. The latter my mother always regarded with covert suspicion and damned with faint praise. She was an expert faint-praise downer.

So it was that in my Freudian search to replace the mother image I got to "smooching" and wound up married to a dancer of Danish-German extraction by the name of Elizabeth Leese. Temporarily retired from dancing by a back injury, she was studying acting and dance instruction in London, England, when I met her. I remember we got involved in a reading of Therein Always Julnit and a scene that called for some stage smooching. Well, in no time at all we were married and back in Canada, where the frugal ways and stern business sense of my bride won my mother-in-law's immediate approval. Though she was once slightly appalled at the summer cottage when she discovered her daughter-in-law trapping bloodsuckers in Lake Muskoka by using her legs for bait. Our incipient entrepreneur had heard that they might be sold to druggists for leeches at twenty-five cents each and she had a good dozen in a tomato can when she was finally persuaded to desist.

Another member of my family comes in for a share of censure at this stage. My brother, a Toronto osteopath, undertook to meddle with my wife's displaced vertebra and after several treatments, fortunately free, she found that she could indulge in dance exercises without pain.

And now I must accept my share of the responsibility for what followed. Up until that time I had been a happy if somewhat incredulous husband. As soon as it had been established that my smooching was with serious intent, my bride-to-be, who had hitherto devoted her most creative efforts to the stage, promptly returned to the parental abode where she devoted a six-week concentrated effort, under the expert tutelage of her mother, in mastering the fundamentals of homemaking. She had left London with barely the knowledge of how to brew tea (in fact I taught her that), and she came back a potential genius of the kitchen, equipped with rare and treasured recipes that her mother had imparted along with a grounding in the principles of home economics as only the dollar-short Europeans have mastered those principles, and with a firm belief that a wife can do much to add to the material and spiritual comforts of her spouse.

I look back upon those first happy years with a nostalgia somewhat tinged with bitterness. The meals I enjoyed! The linen in perfect order! The socks that were always deftly darned! The layette! All aged shirts with expertly turned collars! The care! The tenderness! Oh, happy memories!

Then I opened my big mouth.

It was in 1939. I shall never forget the year. The Eaton Masquers, a Toronto variety group, were performing at army camps that winter. One of them learned that Elizabeth was a dancer, and invited her to join the troupe. She asked my advice and I cheerfully urged her to start dancing again. She didn't need much urging as I recall, and unhappily her efforts were well received by the audiences and by the Toronto papers.

She was pleased, and I was too, by the reception. I hadn't seen her dance when she had visited Canada before as a soloist with the Trudi Schoop company, and I was naively flattered by the thought that I had snared a first-rate wife who was also an artist in the bargain. So I encouraged her.

Boris Volkoff was forming his Canadian Ballet Company at that time, and I prompted her to offer her services to the gifted little choreographer. She did, and they got along famously. Soon she was dancing leading parts in ballets which Volkoff created with an eye to her particular dance talents and stimulated by the association, she started to teach dancing herself and even created a ballet or two on her own hook. It was fine. She ran our apartment to perfection. I enjoyed nice hot meals when I got home from work each night, and we both derived a great deal of pleasure from that happy artistic association with Boris Volkoff.

The only serious embarrassment which I can recall from those days concerned my wife's laudable desire to save a buck. She furnished our modest apartment chiefly from auction sales, and sometimes found that when she had purchased an item in the best of bidding it turned out to be unsuitable by the time she got it home. But she solved this problem by coming to *Continued on page 59*



The modern dance is her specialty, but she's also an actress, lecturer and teacher.



Their country cottage once housed a barber shop.



European bom Elizabeth haunts auctions and junk shops, once carried home a bed on her back.



THE LUXURY CAR: Will built-in bars and television come next?

Prof. E. A. Allcut, M.Sc., tells Max Braithwaite about

THE CAR OF THE FUTURE



Professor Edgar Allcut, head of the Department of Mechanical Engineering at the University of Toronto, has spent his life in a sixty-foot prodding that an engineer will tackle anything. He has served as chairman of a committee on atmospheric pollution in Canada and investigated mixing accidents in order to suggest some safety improvements to Ontario mining regulations. Here he goes out on a limb with some informed guesswork about the kind of automobiles we are likely to be driving before long.

IF MOTORISTS can persuade automobile manufacturers to iron out three big wrinkles in present day car design, tomorrow's transportation can be cheap and dependable enough for most Canadians to be able to own a car. But right now we continually hear three general complaints about today's automobiles. First, drivers complain, they're tricked out in useless trills and gadgets to catch the eye. Second, they're loaded with so much gas-burning power that they're practically in the racing-car class. Third, safety measures are often sacrificed in favor of dramatic style changes calculated to lure the customer into turning his car in every year.

As a mechanical engineer and a car driver I'm interested in such talk. I have a feeling that car buyers in the future will be smart enough to insist that manufacturers make the most economical use of new methods and materials. For the car of the future could be a plain chromeless utility model with an almost unlimited life expectancy.

How wide is the gap between the cars we have now and the safer, longer lasting, more efficient ones we'd like to have? Will the car of a decade or two from now be powered with atomic energy? Jet propelled? Will its body be made of plastic or glass, or some magic material that won't buff, scuff, wear or tear? Will it have a built-in cooling system for the body? Beds? Cocktail lounges? Will it run two hundred miles on a gallon of gasoline and last for fifty years?

I can't answer these questions for sure. Nobody can. But by looking at what has already happened to cars I can say that the shape of things to come in automobiles will depend upon two things. First, what we, the drivers of automobiles, want. Second, the materials available to build them and, most important of all, the fuels available to run them.

The other day a friend asked me: "Is it possible to build a car that will last fifteen, twenty or even twenty-five years?"

For answer I pointed out the window of my office in the mechanical building at the University of Toronto. At the curb there sits, from nine to five each day just such a car. It is a 1926 Buick owned by one of our lecturers, Peter Moore.

This car is literally in perfect shape. The paint shows no obvious blemish; the top (original one) doesn't leak; the door catches all work; the upholstery has no holes.

When Moore bought this car last September he put in a new set of timing gears, valves and rings. The six cylinders have never been rebored. The engine starts every morning just fine, runs along at a comfortable forty-five mph and gives twenty-two miles to the gallon. Moore has driven this car to Buffalo and Detroit and Washington, D.C., and has never been left on the road.

When I look at this ancient car I am struck by two facts. First, the mileage indicator shows that it has been driven only 68,648 miles in twenty-seven years, or an average of just over twenty-five hundred miles per year. (Today the average car travels about ten thousand miles a year.) Also, the car had only one owner before Moore: a Shelburne, Ont., man who drove it carefully and cared for it well.

In other words, the life of your car depends on how far and how well you drive and the kind of care you give it. Chances are the car you are driving now would last ten or more years if you renewed all rust, paint, kept it properly oiled, greased and protected, replaced all worn parts systematically. If you avoided sudden starts and stops, drove at a moderate speed and didn't race other cars away from stop lights.

The second striking fact is that Moore bought this car for one hundred and forty-five dollars. (It cost $1,345 new.) In other words, here is the sturdy, reliable car my friend mentioned, but nobody wanted it. It hasn't the sleekness and swiftness and gadgets we now demand in our cars. To many of us the automobile is still a thrill—a tuxedo or party dress rather than a utility suit. We still think of fashion and style rather than service.

But this attitude is changing fast. To more and more of us the car is not a luxury any more but a necessity. It is used to take Dad to work, Mother shopping, the kids to school. We can't get along without it any more than we can get along without the house we live in.

How can the durability of cars be increased? Well, the worst destroyer is corrosion. The paint is scraped off and water or road salts eat away at the metal. Mufflers and under parts rust away and our car gradually falls to pieces.

My metallurgist friends tell me the solution to this problem is not simple. You must find a metal, or other substance, that is light, strong, tough, noncorrosive and will lend itself to mass production at a reasonable cost. Until science discovers a cheap noncorrosive material for car bodies, chrome plating on grille and bumper is useful as well as ornamental. Automobile manufacturers claim the shiny trills pay their way by protecting vulnerable spots where ordinary painted steel would soon crumble into rust.

Of the metals, magnesium alloys are light and strong. Already one large manufacturer is using them for clutch housings, oil-seal plates, steering column shrouds and other parts. But they won't do for bodies because they corrode. Stainless steel is light and strong and noncorrosive. But it is more difficult to work than the steels generally used for pressing and is very expensive.

Aluminum alloys are perhaps the best. But they will corrode, too. Recently seaplane manufacturers have been covering aluminum alloys with pure aluminum with very good results. They are strong and tough and resist corrosion. Already several small European cars have such bodies.

Or, the car you buy ten years from now may have a body made of glass.

During the past year a number of automobile manufacturers have produced car bodies of what they call "fibrous glass-polyester laminates." Glass fibres can be woven like cloth or put together in a mat like felt. These mats are impregnated with synthetic resins and laid in plaster molds. The result is a rust-proof body with all the hardness and gleam of the present metal ones.

These fibrous glass bodies have several other advantages. They can be molded all in one piece, including the floor, and so are not so likely to squeak or rattle. The material will break, of course, if banged hard enough, but will not crack or crumble and can be easily patched. The resins can be tinted to give almost any count notion of colors. One plastic expert, considering lampshades made of the same material, suggests that we may have a translucent top that will "allow softly diffused light to reach the car interior while shutting out heat, cold and moisture."

So far fibrous glass-polyester laminates have been used almost exclusively in custom-made sports bodies that are fitted onto standard chassis. They cost from five hundred dollars to one thousand dollars, depending on the size and fanciness and weight, between one hundred and fifty and two hundred pounds. They can be made into just about any shape and are being built to compete with European-made sports cars.

So far the glass bodies cannot be mass-produced as cheaply or rapidly as metal bodies, but I see no reason why this difficulty can't be overcome.

That brings us to the question of fuels and engines. Ever since they unhitched the horse from the front of the cart and put the horsepower *under* the hood, the question of what to feed that horsepower has been a vexing one.

Nicholas Joseph Cugnot built the first horseless carriage in Paris in 1769. It had three wheels and could do three miles an hour with power provided by steam. In 1801 an Englishman, Richard Trevithick, built a steam car, and other Englishmen built more until their activities were curtailed by legislation such as the Red Flag Law (1834-1897) which required that all self-propelled vehicles be "preceded by a man carrying a red flag by day and a red light by night." In 1885 two Germans, Carl Benz and Gottlieb Daimler, each put internal combustion engines into three-wheeled cars. Ever since then the internal combustion engine, the old "up-and-downer" as it is sometimes called, has been the standard engine for motor cars.

But it has gobbled up the world's supply of petroleum at such a rate that now we find ourselves in a pretty pass. Dr. A. Parker, CBE, director of fuel research for the British government, reported in 1949 that the world's supply of petroleum was a total of "thirteen thousand million tons on an optimistic basis" or sufficient for twenty to twenty-five years at the present rate of consumption. Yes, he was taking into account new developments such as the recent finds in western Canada. He pointed out that forty-two percent of these supplies are in Asia and the Middle East—an area that might be closed to us at any time. So whether we like it or not, the well may run dry.

Is it possible for a car to go two or three times as far on a gallon of gasoline? Every so often we see a headline in the paper something like this: "Garage mechanic develops carburetor to give two hundred miles per gallon." Then the story tells how somebody drove from Saskatoon to Winnipeg or some other place on two or three gallons of gasoline. After the first flurry nothing more is heard about the new wonder and somebody whispers that the "big oil companies" have bought up the patent and shelved it to protect their sales.

This is nonsense. Over the past thirty years I have tested a number of "wonder carburetors" and found that most of them work by atomizing (breaking gasoline up into very small drops) or preheating fuels. By this means it is possible to increase mileage by five or six percent. But the cost and complication usually erase the advantage gained.

How then do such stories get around? Here is an example. A few years ago a scientist whom I know and trust came to me and said, "I have tested this carburetor in my own car and I know for a fact it gives a saving of twenty-five percent." I tested it in our lab motors. It showed a saving of about seven percent. He wasn't satisfied and I agreed to make a check test on his own car.

We took it out for a road test. First I directed that the gas tank be disconnected and a small measuring tank attached to the dashboard. Then we measured off an exact distance on a road that gave us typical driving conditions and drove both ways—with and against the wind. Result: a saving of between five and six percent. If a scientist can make such a mistake how much easier for a layman.

A businessman who bought two of these revolutionary carburetors stated recently, "They are locked in my vault. We have never been able to make either run, let alone get mileage out of them!"

No, there isn't much chance of saving a great deal of fuel through magic carburetors. Let us look at the two other alternatives.

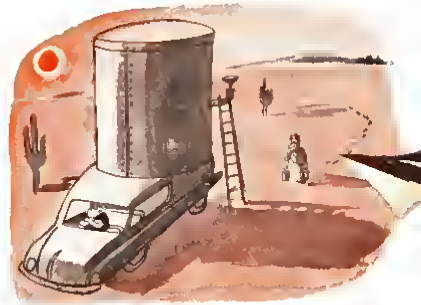
Atomic energy? Personally, I feel it unlikely that atomic energy will *Continued on page 64*



THE ATOMIC CAR:
Will we drive in lead-lined pants?

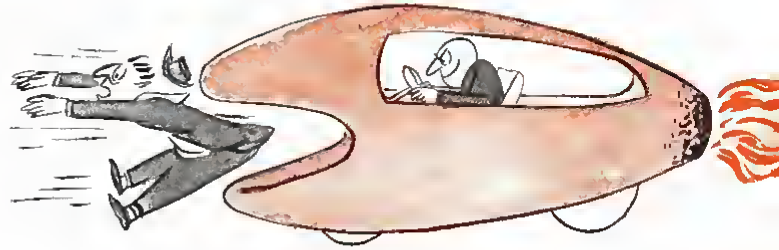


THE PLASTIC CAR:
Will auto-necking vanish forever?



THE STEAM CAR:
Will water holes replace gas stations?

DRAWINGS BY PETER WHALLEY



THE JET CAR:
Will our 1000 deg. exhaust roast the man behind?

CURÉ to four millions

No remote religious figurehead,
His Eminence Paul-Emile Cardinal Léger
is a hustling forty-eight-year-old whose nightly broadcasts drowned
Quebec's most popular soap opera,
who can conduct services in Japanese
and who is expected to play a significant role
in a province just latching on to the new industrial revolution

By McKENZIE PORTER

COLOR PORTRAIT FOR MACLEAN'S BY DESMOND RUSSELL

PAUL EMILE LEGER is remembered by the friends of his Roman Catholic schooldays as an ailing sensitive boy who was frightened of his own shadow, who was given to inexplicable bouts of weeping and who was rejected by the Jesuits as too emotional for their stoic priesthood. Today Paul Emile Léger is one of seventy cardinals responsible for the spiritual guidance and social doctrines of four hundred million Catholics—more than half the world's Christians.

As Archbishop of Montreal, the biggest Catholic archdiocese in the British Commonwealth, and the second biggest on earth, he is a commanding figure at the Vatican and the most powerful religious figure in French-speaking Canada.

Léger, son of a village merchant in Quebec, once looked with awe at the parish priest and regarded the local doctor, notary and banker as the apex of society. Now His Eminence Paul-Emile Cardinal Léger has the ear of Pope Pius XII, is distinguished by his own coat of arms, and at diplomatic functions takes precedence over an ambassador.

The only other cardinal in this country, James McGuigan, who leads the English-speaking Catholics in seniority to Leger in service, but with only one third of the latter's following, and that scattered thinly through Protestant strongholds, cannot be compared in influence.

Léger's executive authority is limited on paper to the one million Catholic laymen, two thousand priests, seven hundred schools, sixty hospitals and one university in the Archdiocese of Montreal. But the prestige of his cardinalate ensures a quick response to his wishes throughout the Province of Quebec or wherever else in Canada French-speaking Catholics, who total four millions, congregate for worship.

The rise and personality of Léger appear to his intimates as almost miraculous. Gone is the pale agitated youth who flunked his Jesuit novitiate. In his place they see a dynamic leader with a husky frame, a thick thatch of frosty hair, a square granite-jawed face, burning eyes with bushy brows and a voice which moves to penitence or exultation the scrubwoman and the *grande dame*, the street sweeper and the financier, the actor and the philosopher.

At first the galvanic waving of the arms, the rich diapasons from the vocal chords seem unbecoming to his rank. Then gradually the listener detects a profundity and economy in the phrases which roll from his lips and recognizes their tempest tossed delivery as testimony to the white-hot conviction that lies behind them. A few months ago he so exhausted himself by an oration in church that when the service was over he fainted.

When the Pope made Léger Archbishop of Montreal three years ago he was a relatively unknown priest stationed in Rome. When he reached Montreal he hurried secretly into his vast palace behind St. James Cathedral on Dominion Square. A few days later the city found itself possessed of a hornet of zeal and energy.

Within a fortnight Léger had met the leaders of every important lay group in the city. Beginning with Mass at six in the morning he was crowding in six to eight engagements a day and afflicting three priestly secretaries with typists' cramp and telephone ear. He started a nightly religious broadcast which drew such a huge following that Quebec's favorite soap opera on a rival radio station had to change times to hold its audience.

Last January Pius XII summoned Léger back to Rome and capped him with the cardinal's red hat, the church's highest honor short of the papacy itself. This time Léger returned to Montreal via New York in the luxurious private railroad car used by the Queen when she toured Canada in 1951. Twenty thousand people, led by Mayor Camilien Houde, met him at the flag-decked station. He was driven in state through thronged floodlit streets to enter his palace past a battery of Press, movie and television cameras.

His elevation to the College of Cardinals astonished Leger no less than it had the Catholic laity. The immediate cause of surprise was the first break with a Canadian tradition which had seated four earlier French-speaking cardinals. Elzéar Taschereau. *Continued on page 70*



His Eminence Paul-Emile Cardinal Leger



This day, it was a foundation stone for the reconstructed Inner Temple, seat of British justice. Chippendale table caught Elizabeth's eye.



At the same time, the Duke of Edinburgh at Cambridge opened a new building, received an honorary degree. He met his wife at dinner time.



THE FAMILY IN THE PALACE

Part five of seven parts

ELIZABETH'S SIXTEEN-HOUR WORKING DAY

BY PIERRE BERTON

Under the painted frowns of her ancestors, amid the atmosphere of dedicated duty that tradition demands, young Elizabeth II puts in an exhausting day on the strange job of being Queen. Here's what she did one drizzling day in November last year

IT IS seven o'clock of a dull, drizzling, terribly English morning in November and London is hardly yet awake. In Lyons Corner House near Charing Cross, a few early risers are gulping morning coffee with their kippers but few other restaurants are open. The commuter trains are not yet disgorging their human cargoes into the streets and most of the city's white-collar workers are still slumbering in suburban villas. But in a baroque bedchamber at the end of The Mall, a chime is sounding and one executive is already throwing back the monogrammed sheets. The Queen is preparing to meet her day.

She is sipping tea from a delicate porcelain cup brought to her by her redheaded and taciturn Scots maid, Margaret (Babe) MacDonald; and she is listening to another MacDonald from the Scots Guards playing the pipes outside her window. By eight o'clock she is ready for the morning ritual of the BBC news, for the mail which comes in on a tray, and for the papers which are all marked for her in advance.

The Queen reads a good deal more than the marked sections. Her own photograph smiles from most of the front pages this morning for she and her sister were at a fashion show at Claridge's the day before and almost all the papers have devoted half of a rationed page of newsprint to this event. The Telegraph reports that she showed "an intense interest" in the designs the Mail that she "asked detailed questions as to the manufacturing and weaving" and the News Chronicle that she called the convertible skirts "a terribly good idea."

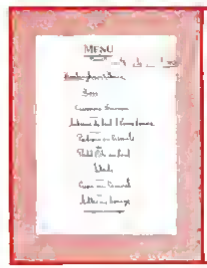
These are not the only royal items. The amount of daily newspaper space devoted to royalty is a measure of its popularity in this first year of the new Queen's reign. An artist named John Napper has been commissioned to paint the Queen's picture and there is a story about him and a photograph of his cat. The Queen's husband has just taken his first flying lesson; the Queen's mother has visited the Middle Temple; the Queen is to lay a corner stone at the Inner Temple; they are having trouble getting enough troops for the Coronation. The Times has a long editorial about the Queen's speech to parliament; the News Chronicle has thought up an excuse to republish her photograph; and, from the state coach the week before.

By now the Queen is ready for her own coffee and kippers and porridge salted in the Scottish manner. She takes her meal into the dining room where she meets her husband. She gets close to seventy letters a day (plus some sixty packages) and she cannot read them all, but she opens and reads those which are marked in such a way that she knows them to be personal.

The clock on the white Regency mantelpiece has already chimed nine and it is time for the children to meet their parents. They come in led by their nurse, Helen Lightbody, a Scotswoman of even temperament and twenty four years' experience who believes strongly in routine for babies (feed at the same hour each evening, no eating between meals, no cuddling in the middle of the night). Charles bows to his mother as he has been taught to, and runs to his father. The Queen picks up her daughter Anne, a sunny fair haired child with a certain explosiveness of temperament, and begins to talk with her. For the next hour the Queen and her husband play with their children. Then the day begins. The Queen takes leave of her family (her husband has his own day ahead). Then her high heels click clock briskly across the parquet floors to be muffled quickly in the emerald green rug of her sitting room which she uses as an office. Here at a massive and ornate Chippendale desk cluttered with family photographs, in and out trays, telephone directories, London street guides and sheafs of papers clamped in steel holders, she begins her official day. All around the eleven members of the family of George III, painted on copper stare down at her; a slight girl in a business suit who is their latest descendent.

There now enters a tall, stooped, slightly Edwardian figure in the narrow trousers of another day. This is Sir Alan Lascelles, the Queen's private secretary, who has served the crown for thirty two of his sixty five years and whom the president of France once called the

Continued on page 78



These Servants Lift Detail From Queen's Shoulders

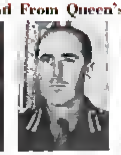


Hélen Lightbody
Royal Housemaid

Nurse Lightbody, who is a stickler for routine, looks after a future king and his sister Lascelles 63, is known for his discretion. Leigh



Sir Alan Lascelles
Private Secretary



Sir Piers Leigh
Master of Household

bosses the menu of future help is known as "Piers." Self-effacing Lady Alice writes thank you notes, also arranges dressmakers appointments.



Lady Alice Egerton
Lady in Waiting

They gave me a pack that weighed a ton . . .
Told me how to eat grasshoppers, bulrushes and rabbits . . .
Turned me loose in the wilderness in two feet of snow . . . and

I SURVIVED!

BY FRED BODSWORTH

How a Maclean's editor took the RCAF winter survival course and, somewhat to his surprise, came back alive



RCAF PILOTS claim that for talking back to a service policeman you get tossed in the guardhouse for a week; but if you talk back to the commanding officer you get sent to survival school. No one expects you to believe it, but the fiction does reveal how airmen rank the RCAF's two most notorious sources of discomfort and misery. The guardhouse is a poor second to Edmonton's Survival Training School.

As a guest of the RCAF I attended the school and took most of the course to learn how airmen are trained to survive after crash landings in the north. It has been called the toughest two weeks of military training in the world: the students are handed emergency food kits, special clothing, guns and axes, taken into the bush when the snow is two feet deep and the temperature frequently forty below, and told "Okay, now survive."

When I reached Edmonton a classmate whispered: "If you're alive at the end of the course you've passed." I started lingering hopefully in draughts but failed to contract a disqualifying case of sniffles. On the zero morning I awoke apprehensive at heart but discouragingly healthy of body.

I survived despite the cold, the blisters on my heels and the shocking discovery the third night out that the icicles in the bottom of my sleeping bag were my own toes. For five days, at one point, I survived on a few packages of emergency K rations that would fit in my parka pockets. I slept outdoors when my breath built a white halo of frost around the neck of my sleeping bag. And I discovered to my amazement that the RCAF's winter bush survival course was actually fun of a sort, in spite of the discomforts, aches and pains.

I learned that, as part of Canada's stepped-up northern defense preparations, survival training has become a top priority subject in the RCAF. Every flyer is now scheduled to receive three two-week courses on how to fend for himself, for weeks if necessary, if his fuel or gas runs out and he has to come down hundreds of miles from the nearest restaurant. The courses cover winter bush survival, summer bush survival and Arctic tundra survival. Survival training's main aim is to save lives, but the RCAF is also convinced it will give Canada better northern flyers by eliminating the fear every city-bred pilot feels when he looks out over his wingtips and sees nothing but forest or tundra reaching from horizon to horizon. From 1948 to the end of 1952 about three hundred and seventy-five airmen a year received the training. The school, reorganized and enlarged, is now graduating two thousand a year.

In my stretch at the school I picked up a lot of bush lore that every Canadian camper, hunter and amateur flyer might wisely tuck away in the back of his head for the day when, lost in the woods, his life might depend on how well he knows the rules of survival.

During the war hundreds of Canadian and U.S. flyers lived through crash landings on the Arctic tundra or in sub-Arctic bush, and then died of exposure and starvation. At least one man in the RCAF knew the majority of these deaths were unnecessary. He was Squadron Leader Scott Alexander, a strapping red-haired bush and Arctic expert who had spent ten years in the far north as a Mountie and who joined the RCAF in 1942 as an adviser on Arctic problems. Caught once in an Arctic blizzard, Alexander dug a hole in the snow, roofed it with snowblocks, and stuck it out for three days and nights with nothing to eat and only melted snow to drink.

Alexander is officer commanding the Survival Training School and, largely as a result of his urgings, every aircraft flying over uninhabited regions now carries emergency food and equipment. Developments in survival equipment have included some of the postwar period's most ingenious defense research accomplishments. The lifesaving gadgets range from edible and nutritious candles (if you don't need them for light you eat them) to a radio about twice the size of a cigarette package which has a transmitting range of two thousand miles. The radio, recently developed at the Institute of Aviation Medicine, Toronto, will soon be included in every flyer's survival kit. Other items: concentrated and fortified food packets, sleeping bag, a rifle that slides together like a telescope, fish net, waterproofed matches.



Six inches of new snow fell while Bodsworth slept in this spruce-bough lean-to. Fire thawed him out.

The first three days of the course are spent with lectures at Edmonton on hunting, fishing, shelter building and recognition of emergency foods available in the bush. On the fourth day the class is moved by bus to a base camp in the forested foothills one hundred and sixty miles west of Edmonton, where students live in shelters of spruce boughs and parachute silk while more practical training is given. On the ninth day they are issued emergency rations, shoulder their packsacks and trek six or ten miles into the bush for five days of realistic survival living.

I missed most of the first three days' lectures, but attended enough to discover that the instruction is starkly practical and frank to the point of repulsiveness. If you've hand freezes accidentally to your axe blade or a piece of metal at fifty below, the only way to free it without tearing the flesh may be to urinate on it. A stranded airman's only source of vitamin C may be in the stomach contents of caribou or rabbits he kills. Toasted grasshoppers make a good emergency food, but pitch off the legs because they stick in your throat like fishbones. Flight Lieutenant Reg Goodey, the school's chief instructor, a burly ex-Mountie who once spent five days stormbound in an igloo with only a discarded seal head for food, passes on such delectable tips with a face as expressionless as though he were talking about shrimp cocktails at the Chateau Laurier.

The temperature was around zero when the school adjutant, Flying Officer Len Beasleigh, took me to the supply depot to pick up my outfit. "You sleep outside no matter how cold it gets, I suppose?" I asked, trying to make it sound like a routine news-gathering question. He replied: "You'll get a good story. People always like to read about the sufferings of their fellow men."

We entered the supply depot. The corporal in charge tossed me a pair of mukluks, enormous things with bleeh rubber bottoms and waterproofed white nylon tops that looked like water buckets. Then came duffel socks of inch-thick wool felt to wear inside the mukluks, a cardigan, a woolen sock cap and parka. The underwear wasn't red and the lining felt like chestnut burrs. They warned me I'd lose ten pounds, apparently the underwear rasps the flesh off. The parka was heavy enough to serve as a mattress.

I got a sleeping bag, the equivalent of about six down-filled comforters, a packsack big enough to crawl into for a tent, and a new toothed hunting knife. Then a mess kit, plate, cup, frying pan and billy can. The vague smell of smoke about them was encouraging, for I gathered that some previous victim had survived to turn his kit back to again.

I dumped everything into the packsack, hitched it onto my back and staggered outside. "Better walk to your hotel," Beasleigh advised. "you'll need all the conditioning you can get." He wished me luck. After half a block the packsack felt as though the supply corporal had crawled inside it when I wasn't looking. I called a cab.

At 5:30 next morning I called the hotel desk to ask what the outdoor temperature was. It was ten below. I took a lingering look at the electric blanket on the bed and pulled on the long underwear then yanked it off because it felt like smoldering cigarette butts. I tried it again with a pair of soft cotton longies underneath and felt more comfortable. It took me twenty minutes to get into the shirt, trousers, sweaters, lumberjack socks, duffel socks, mukluks, parka, woolen mitts, leather mitts and cap. After all the buttons, snaps, zippers and laces were done up I felt as wide as I was tall. I pushed the sleeping bag and everything else left over into the packsack and stapped into the lobby. Only one person roared with laughter and I felt somewhat relieved. Then I noticed that only the night clerk was there.

At the airmen's mess I did my best to eat enough bacon and eggs to keep the body going eleven days. Outside where the bus waited in the cold predawn it took us ten minutes to load the rations for eight



Inside base camp shelter, he swiftly switches his clothing. Sweat is dangerous enemy in bitter cold.



Instructor Lorne Woodward demonstrates a bird snare that's made with a spring from parachute.



Chief Instructor Goodey helps Bodsworth test a fish net made from parachute cord. Catch: nil.



Bodsworth slims his first rabbit. Small game helped expand the meagre emergency rations.



Bodsworth (kneeling, left) learns how to fix a signal fire with green boughs as Warm takes

down-filled comforters, a packsack big enough to crawl into for a tent, and a new toothed hunting knife. Then a mess kit, plate, cup, frying pan and billy can. The vague smell of smoke about them was encouraging, for I gathered that some previous victim had survived to turn his kit back to again.

I dumped everything into the packsack, hitched it onto my back and staggered outside. "Better walk to your hotel," Beasleigh advised. "you'll need all the conditioning you can get." He wished me luck. After half a block the packsack felt as though the supply corporal had crawled inside it when I wasn't looking. I called a cab.

At 5:30 next morning I called the hotel desk to ask what the outdoor temperature was. It was ten below. I took a lingering look at the electric blanket on the bed and pulled on the long underwear then yanked it off because it felt like smoldering cigarette butts. I tried it again with a pair of soft cotton longies underneath and felt more comfortable. It took me twenty minutes to get into the shirt, trousers, sweaters, lumberjack socks, duffel socks, mukluks, parka, woolen mitts, leather mitts and cap. After all the buttons, snaps, zippers and laces were done up I felt as wide as I was tall. I pushed the sleeping bag and everything else left over into the packsack and stapped into the lobby. Only one person roared with laughter and I felt somewhat relieved. Then I noticed that only the night clerk was there.

At the airmen's mess I did my best to eat enough bacon and eggs to keep the body going eleven days. Outside where the bus waited in the cold predawn it took us ten minutes to load the rations for eight instructors and five minutes to load the rations for thirty-five of us.

Six hours later the bus stopped at a desolate spot that looked like an ideal site for a secret atomic plant. A lumber road netted in the deep snow meandered off through spruce and poplar forest, and a sturdy RCAF power wagon was there to meet us. The rations were transferred from the bus then Chief Instructor Goodey said: "Okay boys, the camp's six miles in. Everybody carry his own pack." Then we understood. The power-wagon was for rations and the instructors. We walked.

After half a mile my pack felt as if the supply corporal had crawled into it again. The power-wagon passed us, then stopped ahead and Goodey looked back at me shifting his head. I staggered and bent forward under the pack as far as I could without taking a header in the snow. Goodey climbed out and above the thumping of my heart I heard him say: "He'll never make it." He pulled the pack off my back, tossed it onto the power wagon, climbed back in without a word and drove on. I felt like a blitz victim who had just had a ten-story building dragged off his back. To the other boys, still carrying their packs, I explained that I needed my arms free to take pictures and began snapping my camera in every direction.

The minutes and my feet dragged along. After three quarters of an hour the sweat was cascading down my chest. I unbuttoned everything that would unbutton and the breeze blew in like an Arctic blizzard. I either had to be too hot or too cold. My feet were hurting and my thigh muscles aching. So I told the

Continued on page 45

Paul Potter wouldn't get out of bed

and if he did he was heading for Alaska, because how could he explain to Diana about

the Mermaid on his Stomach



The trouble started when the boys got him to show how he could make her wiggle

IT WAS going to be another scorcher but the sun had not yet driven all the coolness of the night away from the once-fashionable street. After a whistling boy on a bicycle went by it was very quiet. There was the rumble of the city in the background, the rustling of elm trees and an early-morning child on roller skates far up the block. The breeze that blew in through the windows of the big kitchen where Mrs. Webster and Miss Tone sat finishing their after-breakfast coffee was cool and made the curtains sway in and then out again at irregular intervals.

Sunlight passing between red geraniums at the window, fell onto the sink where the boarders' breakfast dishes lay piled high soaking in hot water; and was reflected upward, making blurred silent ruffles and shimmerings on the white ceiling above the table in the centre of the room.

Mrs. Webster sat in an upholstered rocking chair, with foolscap on her knee writing a short story.

Miss Tone a monstrous woman who seemed bigger than she really was because of Mrs. Webster's skinniness was dressed that morning in white silk and her fair hair was expensively and fashionably waved. She sat reading the morning paper in a dentist's chair once the professional property of the late Mr. Webster and kept at first for sentimental reasons and then, later on, because Miss Tone took a fancy to it. In fifteen years she had become skilled in its operation.

"Listen to this," she said, breaking the silence disobediently. "My horoscope today says, 'Treat strangers kindly. Make no new ventures in love.'" She tittered and, laying down the paper, she raised an immense red arm to push a strand of bland hair up from her amiable face which was still flushed from the making of griddle cakes and sausages in quantity for Mrs. Webster's nine young gentlemen. Diamond rings that Mrs. Webster sometimes suspected were real—because goodness only knew what Miss Tone did with her salary every month—gleamed on her plump white fingers.

Then feet leapt heavily down the front stairs and the front door banged shut with a crash that shook the old house and rattled the blue and white plates and the polished saucepans on the shelves.

"That'll be Mr. Allen," Miss Tone said admiringly. "Mr. Allen and Mr. Potter always jump downstairs instead of walking. They're all gone now except for Mr. Potter. It's funny he's not down yet for his breakfast." She paused to sigh. "He's such a lovely, lovely eater, not one of these picky, choosey dawdlers. It's getting on for nine. He'd best get up or he'll be late for work. Do you suppose he's dead?"

BY R. B. IRVINE Illustrated by Robert Buckham

As anyone who has ever written knows, interruptions at any time are intolerable. They were, that morning, particularly hard to bear because Mrs. Webster was rewriting the opening scene of a short story that must be in the mail by night that night to make the deadline for a story competition. A typist was coming by at half-past twelve to pick it up. Her heroine, sitting in a cow barn at sunset, was oblivious to the approach of a handsome sticky young stranger with short black very curly hair. His eyes were black and hot and violent and his intentions were dishonorable.

Spot, an obese cocker spaniel, put sharp claws up onto Mrs. Webster's unupholstered knee.

The scene faded away. Mrs. Webster, already distracted by her lack of knowledge of the furnishings of the interior of a cow barn, brushed Spot's innocent and loving feet savagely off her lap, bit the end of her pencil viciously and laid it down on her manuscript; then she lifted the whole thing up and stopped it down on the red tablecloth.

But she spoke gently to Miss Tone because the poor thing was sensitive. She counted ten, calling on God for strength and asking herself "Who else would put up with such eccentricity?" The answer, of course, was "No one." It was a good thing that poor daft Miss Tone had someone to look after her, to shield her, to be her refuge from a mocking world. But sometimes it seemed too difficult a task, sometimes not even the fluttering respect of bank managers and bond salesmen that Miss Tone's highly marketable agility with pots and pans earned for Mrs. Webster seemed sufficient compensation.

The statutory combing finished, she said

Continued on page 50

MACKENZIE KING and the "REVOLT" OF THE ARMY

A POSTSCRIPT

By BRUCE HUTCHISON

Was King really faced with wholesale resignations of top army brass in 1944 when he changed his mind about conscription? The biographer of The Incredible Canadian now has the answer to this sensational question

IN AN excerpt from Bruce Hutchison's "The Incredible Canadian," published here last Oct. 15, Maclean's recorded an important—and up to then almost completely unknown, chapter of Canadian history.

The spectre of a "revolt" within the Canadian Army's higher command hung over the deliberations of the late Prime Minister Mackenzie King during the last decisive stages of the conscription crisis of 1944. King, a firm opponent of the overseas draft, called suddenly for the draft on Nov. 22, and indeed his divided cabinet to support him in a reversal of policy which even the cabinet did not fully understand.

In later years King's explanation of his abrupt change of mind was this: his new Defense Minister, General A. G. L. McNaughton, himself an opponent of conscription, had been forced to tell the Prime Minister that unless conscription were put into force the army's upper command would resign.

As he made these disclosures Bruce Hutchison admitted one part of the story was still missing. Had King really been confronted with the threat of a military sit-down strike, or had he invented the threat to justify his own change of heart and save the government—and possibly the country—from disintegration?

In the article that follows the mystery is at last cleared up. The threat was genuine.

The sources of Hutchison's information, though not the information itself, were confidential. Through other, and also confidential, sources Maclean's has been able to verify the information in all its main particulars.—*THE EDITORS*

MACKENZIE KING accepted conscription because he had no alternative except a ruinous series of resignations in the high command of the Canadian Army in Ottawa.

The threat of these resignations has been the best-kept Canadian secret of our time. It has been known to only a handful of men. It is still unknown to most of King's former cabinet colleagues.

When King retired for the night on Nov. 21, 1944, he had endured weeks of turmoil. He had already dismissed Colonel Ralston as minister of defense and replaced him with General McNaughton because Ralston demanded the conscription of the home defense army for overseas service and because McNaughton undertook to secure adequate reinforcements by an appeal for volunteers.

By now McNaughton's appeal patently had failed. Some of the most powerful members of the cabinet—Howe, Crerar, Macdonald, Ilsley and others—were ready to resign immediately if King did not reverse the whole course of his life and policy by invoking conscription. Nevertheless, on the night of Nov. 21 King was still determined never to use conscription.

Those who read extracts from my book in this magazine will remember what happened when King rose on the morning of Nov. 22. The story there told as King's own version, given to many confidents but, so far as I know, never given in full.

About noon, according to King, McNaughton telephoned him and in a voice harsh with emotion said: "I have terrible news for you, Chief. What I must tell you will come as a body blow." When he heard McNaughton's news King knew he had to accept conscription.

What was McNaughton's news? In public—for reasons which will be plain in a moment—King said only that McNaughton had realized the impossibility of securing sufficient volunteers in the short time available.

King on Nov. 22 told only one man what McNaughton had discovered. That man was Louis St. Laurent. Hastily summoned to King's office St. Laurent found the Prime Minister almost beside

Continued on page 57



Early action at 1952 Grey Cup game at Toronto's Varsity Stadium is provided by Nat (left) and Lou Turofsky with the aid of a suspiciously stagey cop.

THE BIGGEST BROTHER ACT IN PICTURES

With a deadpan nonchalance Lou and Nat Turofsky have turned their cameras on politicians like Winston Churchill, pitchers like Carl Hubbell, high-society weddings and winners at the Woodbine

By TRENT FRAYNE

PHOTO BY TUROFSKY

WHEN the Duchess of Windsor acclaimed as one of the world's best-dressed women for ten successive years went fishing with her husband to a remote lodge on the Restigouche River in Quebec in 1944, she set wearing flat flopping brogues, a plain skirt and a sweater and talked for an hour with Nat Turofsky.

When the Chicago "Black Sox" were blowing the World Series of 1919 to Cincinnati, Hap Felsch and Swede Risberg, two of the players later banned from baseball for life for their part in that crooked series, sat on the Chicago bench in their sock feet and swapped baseball stories with Lou Turofsky.

When George McCullagh became in 1949 the only Canadian race horse owner ever to accept personally from King George VI the reigning monarch's traditional fifty guineas that go annually to the owner of the King's Plate winner, the picture of the ceremony was made by Nat Turofsky and no other of the fifty-odd cameramen who flocked to Toronto's Woodbine race track on the historic occasion.

Winston Churchill and Franklin Roosevelt sat on a parapet and discussed the future of the world at the Chateau Frontenac in Quebec while Lou Turofsky snapped his shutter. When Carl Hubbell, one of baseball's immortal pitchers, was an obscure left-hander with the Toronto Maple Leafs in 1926 Lou took his picture because he felt sorry for the overlooked sojourn pitcher on the eve of the Little World Series. A year later, when a bombastic little fellow named Conn Smythe purchased the Toronto St. Pats hockey team, Nat Turofsky told him to take off his hat while he recorded the event on film.

For forty-three years the Turofsky brothers, Lou, sixty-one, and Nat, fifty-seven, have operated a unique photography business in Toronto called the Alexandra Studios where today are filed more than one million negatives of events great and small. The Turofskys have taken

Continued on page 39

THE DAY I RAN A..

..HOMAS ALLEN

DUNCAN MACPHERSON



EVERY TIME strange shaped children waddle up my walk with stacks of comic books under their arms I look right through me, disappear into a bedroom close all the windows, pull down the shades silently distribute the stuff like junior Communists and lie there reading with joyless concentration. I end up hollering, "Doesn't anybody ever *laugh* at those things?" and trying frantically to draw their attention to stands jets cops, hig dogs and the great outdoors. The kids look at me coldly, sniff, and go on reading, and it always reminds me of the gulf that lies between children and adults and how little the world has changed since the day I ran away.

In my day it wasn't comic books, it was books about wild animals. And I mean *wild* animals. I used to tell about them at supper.

"So then Slobber Jowls the Grizzly," I'd say, "slunk under Flatbone the Moose and disemboweled him."

My father would put a piece of rare roast beef back on his plate, look imploringly at my mother and say, 'Confound it, can't we have *one* meal without something having its stomach torn open?"

"What's the matter with that?" I'd say, round-eyed with surprise. "I'll bet you'd try to disembowel a moose if you had your throat torn open and a flap of your lung hanging—"

"Stop it!" my mother would cry. "Do you want to make us all sick? Why can't you try to be like Horace Treadwhistle and read poems, like the Wreck of the Hesperus?"

Horace, of course, had about as much appeal to me as a visit to a demonstration of batik work. He always led his class, dressed neatly, answered adults solemnly with a little frown of concentration and laughed as if he'd got some milkweed seed stuck in his nose. He was a long way from my ideal of a kid named Pickles McGuire who was always spitting through his front teeth without the slightest change of expression, which was always one of blond cynicism. He was six for as I know, the inventor of streamlining. He used to pin the top of his peak cap down to the leading edge, hold his head down and his arms in tight to his sides to cut down air resistance—and move from the hips down, starting off suddenly as if his legs had thought up where he was going all by themselves.

Anyway, all this criticism of Nature in the Raw struck me simply as further evidence that my parents had missed the boat somewhere and had to live in a house and never got in fights with Indians.

"You're just sore because you're not a trapper," I yelled at my father, with a flushed face, dancing from the table out the door and onto the lawn in imitation of another pal of mine, a sweet faced little cherub named Herb who gave his parents more lip than any kid in the block. What I overlooked was that Herb could run like a gazelle and that his father was a wheezy unwieldy man with bent arms and short legs whereas my father was built like a pole vaulter. He caught me in centre field and pinned me in the seat of my little pine pants and batted me like a fly at the same time. He had big calloused hands that felt like worn boxing gloves. Also it hurt my dignity to be momentarily squeezed together like an accordion, and so I decided to run away.

I talked the rest of the gang into it, a tall thin lazy boy with the posture of a pelican, named Art, who whenever his father started trying to talk some sense into him used to release the inner tension by picking up a stick and plodding around the back yard with it, his hands cupped to his mouth, calling in a high tremulous voice, A-e-o ren! A-a-a-a-ren! until his old man would start throwing rocks at him.

We decided we were going to make for the bush, a ravine that ran through the city and, as far as we knew, went right to the north pole. We spent about fifty percent of our lives there anyway, hiking off to it whenever we get the chance with enough of our mothers' cooking utensils hanging from our belts to camp out in Labrador for a month. The other fifty percent of the time our mothers would catch us before we got away.

I still have a very clear recollection of my mother bringing me back up the alleyway by the ear, saying in a peculiar singsong, 'Now — you — just — wait — yourself — back — in — there — ashes — ray — fine — handsome —young—fellow," me with my shoulder raised to lessen the pressure and all my little billy tins and frying pans jingling at my belt.

But this time we were going to the bush for good and it took quite a bit of preparation. We started gathering supplies, forks, plates and clothing, and each night sneaking them into a sort of secret cave of ours a cross between a tent and a coal bin down behind our furnace, made of old rugs draped from a rack of my father's loose lumber. We were usually accompanied by my two Boston bulls, Pat and Peggy, who were mother and daughter and hated one another with feminine thoroughness and used to get into some of the most hair-raising fights I've ever seen.

Three days before the Friday night we were going to take off we pooled our money and bought our meat rations: some liver from our butcher, a Mr. Thompson, a man with a flaming red face about a foot wide and an ink-black mustache and the fiercest look I have ever seen on a human. When we boys would come in for our mothers orders he'd fix us with a horrible glare, march up to a rack, take down a knife about three feet long and start honing it, never taking his eyes off us until we were quivering in ecstasy. Then he'd advance on us and bring the knife down flat on the meat block with a slap that would make us all jump like cups on a table. Mr. Thompson, who occasionally used to deliver his own orders on his way home from the store, had another trick when some woman came in asking if her rump roast was ready, of turning to his assistant and bellowing 'Percy, *Continued on page 78*

Bob was once an intrepid trapper
and when his folks couldn't get that
through their thick skulls
he decided to head for the bush.
Trouble was, it got dark



The drain exploded like Old Faithful, the kids jumped from the tent for dry land, the two dogs fought — it was more fun than ringing doorbells

The Cursed Stones of Louisbourg

By David MacDonald

Across the desolate ruins of what was North America's gayest and most important city blow the healing breezes of Cape Breton — but they cannot blow away the memories of death and lost causes that still lurk among the rusted cannon

IN THE latter days of the struggle between France and Britain for the New World two centuries ago the most valuable piece of real estate in America was a misty mile-long point of land poking out into the Atlantic off the south east coast of Cape Breton Island. On it stood the gay glittering French city of Louisbourg, surrounded by mighty walls and an aura of invincibility. More important than New York, Boston or Quebec City, more populous than any place in Canada, it was the key to conquest of North America.

It was a proud fortress a lusty city of intrigue where the elegance of the old world combined with the rough vigorous life of the new. Its people were noblemen and rogues, veiled nuns and pompadoured camp followers, rum loving soldiers and Parisian courtesans in powdered wigs. Young officers and their ladies danced minuets in its magnificent citadel the Chateau St. Louis, while in the darkened streets below painted Indians rubbed shoulders with swashbuckling pirates.

The world has known nothing quite like Louisbourg. The suffering taxpayers of France poured so much money into its massive fortifications that their king, Louis XV, once said he expected to look out his bedroom window one morning to see its far-off walls and spires rising over the horizon.



Two and a half miles of walls girdled the town. Inside it was complete in every way. Scale model of Louisbourg at the height of its power is displayed in the museum on the site today.

Its oval harbor, cutting into the jagged coastline against a backdrop of rolling highlands, sheltered the square rigged trading ships and privateers that brought the wealth of two continents to its wharves.

Louisbourg's role in the changing history of America was brief, momentous and uncommonly tragic. In the space of a single generation it shuddered and fell under two sieges, several mutinies and a devastating plague. It was also responsible for one of the world's worst naval disasters. The price of this mean and vital spit of land that two world powers wanted but hated was so incredible sum of suffering and bloodshed. It was paid many times over.

The twenty thousand tourists who visit Louisbourg every year find it hard to picture it as it was. For today the site of the old fort is probably the lonesomest spot in Canada. White topped waves drum a mournful tattoo against its stark shore and a thick fog hangs over the land like a shroud. It has the approximate charm of a graveyard—which, in part, it is.

For years the ancient city was left to decay. Herds of sheep grazed quietly in its forgotten ruins and restless ghosts were reported moaning at night. The author of a travel book took one look at it, cringed and wrote: "The gloomiest spectacle the sight of man can dwell upon is this desolate but once populous abode of humanity. Egypt itself is cheerful compared with Louisbourg."

Today a single building, a museum housing the relics of Louisbourg's past, stands out on the bleak point like something left behind. All around it are the vague outlines of what Louisbourg used to be: the excavated foundations of great buildings, shapeless piles of rubble where once stood towering ramparts, and the shallow graves of its dead.

The present-day Louisbourg, a mile across the harbor from the old site, stretches along the waterfront on both sides of a rutty Main Street once advertised in the Sydney Post Record as "the worst road in the Dominion of Canada." Set back from the road at the western end of town is the rectory of a small Roman Catholic church. Behind it a stone's throw from the site of a great French



The Louisbourg of today, across the harbor from the ruined fort, is little concerned with the violent history of its namesake. A large new fish-processing plant is sparking a local boom.



Mayor George Lewis, biggest merchant, set plans rolling which promise a new prosperity to port.

gun battery the laundry of the Rev. Michael MacSween snaps in the breeze.

In the harbor billowing sailing ships have given way to squat trawlers trudging in from the teeming Newfoundland banks and to grimy coal-carriers heading out.

The eleven hundred inhabitants of Louisbourg (its population hasn't changed in fifty years) maintain a casual indifference to the history that's all around them. The story is told of an American tourist who asked a citizen of today's Louisbourg for directions to the fort. He got the reply: "What fort?"

In fact Louisbourg's only authority on itself is Melvin Sanford Huntington, a seventy seven-year-old storekeeper. Huntington was mayor of the town for twenty years.

"Now you take James Townsend," he will say, as if Townsend had just come in the door. "He was one of the original settlers here. He was. Got a grant of land after the second capture and stayed on. One time you could walk down the street here and call everyone Townsend and be right most of the time. Good man, Townsend."

The chief reason why Louisbourg hasn't had time for the past is that it has been too busy trying to find a future. It tried its hand at shipping, fishing and naval refitting, with only brief success. At one point even the board of trade went out of business. A newspaperman remarked, "The last time anything happened here was when Wolfe left for Quebec. And who could blame him?"

Lately things have been changing. Soon after World War II a gang of citizens, men like Tom Wong, who runs a café, Gordon Cameron, a lumberman, Allister McDonald, the druggist, and fisherman Bert Wilcox, got together and formed the Louisbourg Development Company. They collected four thousand dollars, bought a piece of waterfront and turned it over to the Nova Scotia government. The government went fishing for an industry for Louisbourg and landed a five-million-dollar whopper. Last summer on the site provided for them, National Sea Products of Halifax, and Gorton Pew, of Gloucester, Mass., opened the biggest and most modern fish processing plant on the Atlantic seaboard. The town's only sizeable full-time industry, it employs more than two hundred men and women and pays them four hundred and twenty thousand dollars a year.

Slowly the town is coming to life. The people have gone in hock for close to half a million dollars for water and sewage systems and paving. Houses are being painted for the first time in years. Louisbourg will get its first theatre this year and is talking of a forty thousand-dollar hospital.

The man behind it all is George Lewis, the town's mayor and leading merchant. He is a jaunty fifty-eight, wears bow ties, glasses and a boyish crew cut. It was Lewis who suggested that Louisbourg, the closest port on the Canadian mainland to the Newfoundland banks, should get into the fresh fish business in a big way. He organized the Development Company and became its president.

Almost everyone was in on it," he says. "We just pulled Louisbourg up by its own bootstraps."

Two years ago during a minor controversy over the spelling of Louisbourg (urg or burg) someone suggested: "Call it Lewisburg—they run it anyway." He wasn't far off. The first mayor of the town was William Lewis, George's sea-captain father who once made national headlines by deliberately snubbing the Governor General, the Earl of Minto, on a fish wharf. Because Minto went to the Louisbourg ruins as guest of a local clergyman rather than of the town, William Lewis called off the official welcome. When the two came face to face later on a pier Lewis turned his back on the vice regal caller.

Today's Mayor George Lewis and his brother Bill, also a Development Company member, run the biggest store in town. Another brother, Earl, is assistant manager of the Gorton-Pew plant and a former town councilor. Chief of the volunteer fire department is Harvey Lewis, the mayor's son.

Most of the remaining positions in the town used to be held by Dan

Continued on page 33



The French taxpayers spent so much money on Louisbourg that Louis XV expected to see its spires rising over the horizon. This artist's view is dated 1731.

THE TOUGH GUY OF THE OPERA



George Burnstein, of Montreal, a towering two-hundred-pound dumbbell enthusiast, is also George London, the matinee idol of the Met who leavens his repertoire with items like Home on the Range

By CLYDE GILMOUR

GEORGE LONDON, the Canadian born bass-baritone of New York's Metropolitan Opera, is a large young man with a cheerful ear a robust sense of humor, and the kind of laugh that rattles the crockery. A musical celebrity on both sides of the Atlantic, he receives more fan mail than many a movie actor. Both customers and critics are solidly in his corner. A reviewer for the Vienna Tageszeitung once asserted that London's voice was "capable of restoring one's health." A few weeks ago after London became the first non-European to sing the tremendously difficult title role in Boris Godunov at the Met, Virgil Thomson of the New York Herald Tribune wrote that although the voice was still "a bit light" for Moussorgsky's doom-haunted Russian czar, "his vocal line is always of the most distinguished new



Back in Vancouver recently — he starred there in Theatre Under the Stars in 1944 — London greets Thora Anders. He once used her to holler open a warped door. At left, As Boris Godunov, London hit the peak of his career at the Met.

available anywhere on the stage, and his dramatic skill and temperament are far above current operatic standards."

Although he is outwardly serene, London's personality and career are filled with ironies and contradictions.

He refuses to include in his concert programs heavy encore type favorites like Trees, The Rosary and Short'nin' Bread. To him, they represent trashy sentimentality. Yet he admires and often sings the equally familiar Ol' Man River. In the bathtub and at parties he likes to sing corny cowboy ditties as nasally as any cactus crooner.

Most operatic hig-leaguers begin humbly; their concert, if any, develops later. London, who had a swelled head when he was nobody, got over it and today seems remarkably free of vanity.

His fee for a single concert has risen in five years from three hundred to fifteen hundred dollars and his annual gross income now exceeds forty-five thousand dollars. Yet it's only a few years since he was singing gooey ballads at ice carnivals, and tap dancing to turn a buck.

London was born George Burnstein in Montreal in 1921 and lived there fourteen years before moving to California. His father came from Lithuania and his mother from Poland, and they now live in Hollywood. The new name, which he bestowed on himself, has a tweedy British flavor but is borrowed from an American. Jack London, his favorite boyhood author. Although he is now a citizen of the United States, his musical fame was first established in Germany, Italy and Scotland. His "home" nowadays is he has any at all, is in Vienna, which makes him at least partly a European.

Even his appearance is misleading. When he was only twenty-three in 1944, as the swashbuckling "imported male lead" in Vancouver's Theatre Under the Stars operettas, most people thought he was in his thirties. A city-slicker mustache, which he privately thickened and darkened with a charcoal pencil, fostered the illusion. Nowadays, still a bachelor at thirty-two, he looks like a man in his mid-twenties.

Although he has not yet reached his peak vocally or artistically, London is established as a big name in opera concerts, radio and recordings. Yet he still lifts his strong dark chocolate voice in song in the midst of casual conversations, a traditional mark of the callow amateur. Paradoxically, he has rejected several of the most tempting offers in recent operatic history because he didn't feel ready to do the roles justice. London's buoyant manner makes him seem carefree, yet he has planned every step of his career with the canny caution of a bank president mapping a long range program of investments.

Only Dumbells Could Steal Some

On the concert platform, standing in the curve of his accompanist's grand piano, he is an impressive figure. His height is six feet, two inches; his weight, two hundred pounds. His thick lips and his large brown eyes are mobile and expressive. His hair is a black mane, although he keeps it neatly barbered in the non-Bohemian mode. His waist is lean in spite of a sweet tooth for sugar and pastry. His movements are those of a heavyweight athlete in good condition. For this he gives partial credit to the gymnasium weights and dumbbells he takes with him on his travels for regular body-room workouts.

His interest in calisthenics dates back to the season of 1947-48 when he toured North America with Hollywood tenor Mario Lanza and Frances Yeend, soprano. London and the plump Lanza exercised like mad at every opportunity. They carried their equipment in an extra strength hand bag which indignant redcaps and bellhops could hardly lift. The weights were stolen once between trains in Chicago, presumably by someone who imagined the satchel contained gold bullion.

As a singer London is a hard man to pin down with a single label. He is neither a bass nor a baritone, but both rolled into one. In full voice he can sing down to a low D, which is in the basso profundo territory, and up to a high A flat, which many a tenor doesn't find too easy. In falsetto, just for the fun of it, he can duplicate the coloratura cadenzas recorded forty years ago by soprano Luisa Tetrazzini in the Mad Scene from Lucia di Lammermoor; in fact, he once taught them trill by trill to a genteel feminine colleague of the Vienna Opera.

In opera London is aided by a flair for languages. Besides English, he is adept at French, German, and Italian. His knowledge of Russian is meagre, but he sings in that tongue so accurately that he was once embarrassed by a swarm of Slavic congratulations who rushed backstage in Vienna and began chattering to him in the language of Boris Godunov.

His boyish appearance and his still recent rise to prominence make many people believe success has come easily to him. On the contrary, he is a perfectionist who has toiled like a galley slave, undaunted by reversals and disappointments ever since he decided at sixteen that he wanted to become an opera star.

His job in opera is one of the most demanding in the world. It requires a combination of voice, musicianship, histrionic skill, imposing appearance, a scholar's knowledge of languages, a quick and dependable memory, a magnetic personality, and the true trouper's ability. *Continued on next page*



At nineteen, London (then George Burnstein) was in Merry Wives of Windsor. Girl is Virginia Card.



After reception following his Met debut in 1951, muscular London towers over his parents, who once ran a Montreal millinery. Popular in Europe, he now regards Vienna as his home.

Maclean's Movies

CONDUCTED BY CLYDE GILMOUR

ANGEL FACE Some excellent acting in the mirror roles helps to redeem this lurid melodrama from total stagnation. It's about a beautiful but deranged murderess (Jean Simmons), her greasy chauffeur lover (Robert Mitchum) and her lawyer (Iron Ames).

CITY BENEATH THE SEA Routine grip fiction mixture of sex and underwater heroics, spiced by a bit of humor. Robert Ryan and Anthony Quinn are the deerdevil divers and Mala Powers and Suzan Ball are the gals who keep them tantalized.

THE CLOWN A modernized remake — not too mardlin but still a contrived tearjerker — of a 1931 picture called The Champ, which starred Wallace Beery as a has-been boxer and Jackie Cooper as his manly little son. This time Red Skelton (as a broken-down comedian) and Tim Considine are involved.

CONFIDENTIALLY CONNIE Humorist Max Shulman wrote this ear-tugging little comedy. It has to do with a poor professor (Van Johnson), his hungry and pregnant wife (Janet Leigh) and the hilarious efforts of his rattle-brain father (Louis Calhern) to foster their larder without hurting their pride.

DESTINATION GOBI Richard Widmark and other embarrassed sailors trapped on the Mongolian desert and fighting off the Japanese in a mildly amusing war yarn. Casey Adams (birthright pursuit of a native belle (Judy Dan) is good for several chuckles.

I CONFESS Largely filmed in lovely Quebec City, this newest suspenser item from director Alfred Hitchcock is arrestingly slow and garrulous but is pretty absorbing movie in spite of that. Montgomery Clift is a priest who hears a murderer's confession and then is himself accused of the unsolved crime. Anne Baxter is his long-ago sweetheart and Karl Malden sympathy portrays an intelligent detective.

LAST OF THE COMANCHES A fair run of the large western quota of its corny title. Broderick Crawford fights the redskins.

THE MAGNETIC MONSTER An impersonal new "element" threatens to devour the world in this science-fiction thriller which is neither the best nor the worst in its special category.

MOULIN ROUGE The best-ever Technirama and some wonderfully atmospheric scenes of artful Paris in the 1890s make John Huston's new film a must for choosy customers. José Ferrer in my opinion doesn't quite penetrate the interior of the tortured artist, Toulouse Lautrec, but Colette Marchand is unforgettable as a lady-of-the-streets, the frowsiest of his numerous objets d'amour.



Janet Leigh and Louis Calhern in new comedy

Quebec made impressive movie stars Monty Clift, Anne Baxter

Mu-dercss Jean Simmons snarles Robert Mitchum

Gilmour Rates

Above and Beyond Drama **Good**
The Bad and the Beautiful Movieland comedy-drama **Good**
Battle Circus Love and war **Fair**
Bend Country Makers ahem **Excellent**
Blackbeard the Pirate Sea actioner not laid anchor **Fair**
Breaking the Sound Barrier Jet pilot aviation thriller **Excellent**
Call Me Madam Musical **Tops**
Desperate Search Drama **Fair**
Girls in the Night Drama **Fair**
Gunsmoke Western **Fair**
Hans Christian Andersen Danny Kaye in fairy tale musical **Good**
High Noon Western drama **Tops**
Home at Seven Suspense **Fair**
The Jazz Singer Musical **Fair**
The Naked Spur Western **Good**
Never Wave at a WAC Comedy **Fair**
Niagara Sexy melodrama, **Good**
Off Limits Army comedy **Good**
Park Row Period drama **Fair**
Peter Pan Disney cartoon **Excellent**
Ruby Gentry Sexy melodrama **Fair**
She's Back on Broadway Show business marital **Poor**
Stolen Face Drama **Poor**
The Stooge Martin & Lewis **Fair**
Stop, You're Killing Me Comedy **Fair**
Take Me to Town Comedy **Good**
Thief of Venice Drama **Fair**
Thunder in the East Drama **Poor**
Tonight We Sing Musical **Good**
Top Secret British spy farce **Good**
Treasure of the Golden Condor Costume adventure drama **Fair**
The War of the Worlds Science fiction thriller **Tops**
Washington Story Comedy **Fair**
Without Warning Suspense **Fair**

The Tough Guy of the Opera

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

to think rapidly in an emergency. His acting must be an honestly felt and intellectually planned portrayal of a real character, not the arm waving and eye-rolling that used to pass for acting in opera. All the while, he must integrate every syllable of his acting and singing into the ever-changing mood and tempo of a complex orchestral score. Moreover, he must constantly keep one eye on the grinding hands or baton of the conductor—the active musical boss of the entire production.

London as such a compelling actor that he was invited last year to play Othello, not the lead in the Verdi opera (which is for tenor, not bass or baritone) but the tragic Moor in the original Shakespeare drama, a role containing not a note of music. London, though flattered, declined the offer.

George was the only child of Louis and Bertha Burnstein, who owned the Mr. Belle Hat Company in Montreal. At the age of two he fell in love with the family phonograph and by the time he was four or five his father remembers the boy would sit for hours listening to Caruso, Farrar and Scotti. George flipped at his piano lessons but became proficient at basketball, skating and swimming.

In 1935 the family moved to California and at Hollywood High School future movie queens Lana Turner and Alexis Smith were among George's fellow students. George was too shy and too broke to run around with dream girls. Besides he had something else on his mind: his voice, which had exploded overnight into a booming bass.

He auditioned for the male lead in a school production of Sweethearts, the Victor Herbert operetta but barely qualified for the chorus. "My voice," London says, "was big but unmanageable and I was the clumsiest oaf who ever stumbled before the footlights. I had two left legs and four thumbs on each hand."

At Los Angeles City College he studied theory and harmony, learned to read music, sweated over several languages and took special courses in sight singing. Dr. Hugo Strelitzer, chief of the college opera workshop, coached him privately.

"George came to me," Strelitzer said recently, "like a dry sponge, ready to absorb knowledge and inspiration. Nothing on earth could have shaken that boy's determination."

At seventeen he earned his first money as a singer—forty dollars a week. This was a nightclub job in the chorus of an all-night Los Angeles run of Countess Maritza. Soon afterward, able to afford more tuition, the big skinny Burnstein kid barged in on a concert baritone named Nathan Stewart and pleaded for a few professional pointers.

"The first thing I knew I was in the teaching business," says Stewart, who had never taken pupils until then. "George was so hard up that he used to hitchhike across Los Angeles instead of riding on the buses. One day a few minutes after he had brushed his lemon and gone, he staggered back into Stewart's house, his forehead gashed and bleeding. His explanation: he had started singing on the sidewalk, closed his eyes in a moment of operatic fervor and smacked into a telephone pole.

London made his debut as a soloist on Christmas night in 1939 in a small role in Rudolf Friml's The Vagabond King. By this time he had changed his name to Burnson.

"I sang my head off all over town," London says in describing the next few years. "No place in L. A. was safe from me. I sang at weddings, banquets, smokers, conventions and as a member of the Hollywood Bowl chorus. I was one of four professional soloists in the choir of Wilshire Christian Church. They paid me fifteen dollars a sabbath."

In 1940 he landed an obscure part in Meet The People, a touring revue. Soon he was not only singing but performing in skits and sketches and doing occasional tap dances in the ensemble. His weekly salary climbed to sixty dollars and he sent money home every week. When he was suddenly dropped from the show because the company had a "prior commitment" with another baritone, he invaded New York alone. "After knocking on agents' doors for a few weeks," he says, "I glumly returned to L. A., a frightened nineteen."

He started in earnest with the American Music Theatre of Los Angeles, which presented operas in English. London learned a lot from the late George Hereton, a leading spirit in the group. Houston taught him how to jump up on a chair gracefully, how to wear a cape, how to handle a sword without looking too stupid, how to sing properly while sitting or lying down or even running, how to watch the conductor's beat while appearing to be gazing spellbound into the eyes of a soprano who is also pretending to be enamored with passion. Most important of all, Houston forced him to get the words across with maximum clarity.

Smiles for a "Silly Ass"

London was pocketing an occasional twenty dollars for a day's work on the Hollywood movie lots, where he recorded "dub-ins" for actors who couldn't sing.

In 1942 he toured in a quartet with the Ice Follies. "We were so cold while working," London remembers, "that we had to sing in our overcoats."

All the while his voice was developing in range, color and flexibility. In 1943 he sang one of the lesser roles in Verdi's Rigoletto with the San Francisco Opera Company. This was the beginning of his friendship with tenor Jan Peerce. "George impressed me as being a very gifted, very solid young fellow," Peerce said recently. "I remember thinking, 'They won't ever turn this boy's head with a lot of flattery.'"

Ironically the readiest bass-baritone soon afterward surrendered briefly to what he himself now calls a case of silly-ass vanity. He was engaged for the summer of 1944 to play leading roles in three operettas at Theatre Under the Stars, Vancouver's popular open air bowl in Stanley Park. His name glittered on the billboards. He dwelt in comparative splendor in Hotel Vancouver and the elevator girls gave him their most dazzling smiles.

"I'm afraid I took myself pretty seriously that summer," London acknowledges wryly. "When I went out walking around English Bay on a Sunday afternoon I must have presented quite a picture. I wore a single breasted navy blue suit with vest, Oxford-grey herringbone tweed coat, two-tone imported English shirt, a sincere conservative tie, kid gloves, royal blue homburg and black shoes you could see your face in at fifteen paces. I was the star of the operettas and I wanted everybody to know it.

Some of his Vancouver colleagues in



65 years ago, George Eastman introduced the world's first roll-film snapshot camera. It was sold already loaded with enough film for 100 snapshots. After exposure the camera was returned to the factory where the film was developed and the camera reloaded.

Every model a 3-in-1 camera — a black-and-white camera... a color camera... and a Flash camera

65th Anniversary Show of Kodak snapshot cameras

at your Kodak dealer's NOW

Today's Kodak cameras are "luxury" cameras at down-to-earth prices — built with the knowledge gained through 65 years of giving people more and more picture-making pleasure for the least money. Finer lenses and shutters give crisper, clearer snapshots. Simple, easy working controls mean years and years of trouble-free snapshot fun.

Dollar for dollar, in feature for feature, you're buying the best — when you buy a camera marked "Kodak" or "Brownie."

Canadian Kodak Co., Limited, Toronto 9, Ontario



Brownie Hawkeye Camera $8.75

If you want crisp, clear snapshots the surest, simplest way is the Hawkeye's *right* for you. And picture size — just like any 2¼ square picture in the oversize finder and prints it's a dilly. Makes 12 snaps per roll. Flasholder extra. Brownie Hawkeye Flash Outfit — camera, Flasholder, bulbs, lamp and film — gift packed, $13.75.



Kodak Duaflex II Camera Kodet Lens $16.75

Preview model shows you your picture *before* you snap. Flip-up hood brightens image in viewfinder. As simple to operate as a first-train camera. Gets 12 crisp snapshots per roll. Flasholder extra, $4.75. Complete Flash Outfit — camera, flash-striated plus everything else for daytime-nighttime snapshots, $24.50. Deluxe-model camera with Kodar f/8 Lens, $25.50.



Kodak Tourist II Camera Kodet Lens $29.00

Smart new folding camera. Easy to take on trips and outings. Eye-level finder for split second sighting, zone-action shutter for steady shooting. Pictures are 2¼ square. Takes eight horizontal or vertical pictures per roll. Flasholder extra, $9.25.

Kodak Pony 135 Camera $41.00

A 35mm miniature — that gets color slides as crisp and brilliant as transparencies resting twice as much. You can project your *and* have beautiful color prints made from them. Takes 20- or 36-exposure films. Pony 828 Camera, 8-exposure model $35.75. Flasholder, $2.25.

Prices subject to change without notice

Now is picture time





How to choose a husband

SOME girls have their tea cups read. Some even listen to friends' advice. But we'd guess that you go by what your heart says, and maybe there is no better way.

Just the same, if you'd like to find out how ready your man is to be head of a family, see what he thinks about life insurance! Does he know how important it is to begin a sound family protection programme now, while he is insurable and young enough to take advantage of low rates? Does he know how important it is to choose the *right* life insurance . . and how easy that is, when he consults an experienced representative of a leading life insurance company like the Great-West Life?

He does? And he is arranging an appointment with a Great-West Life representative? Congratulations! You *know* how to choose a husband!

Your future is our business to-day!

GREAT-WEST LIFE

ASSURANCE COMPANY

HEAD OFFICE—WINNIPEG

those days considered his acting too flamboyant but liked him personally and admired him as a resourceful trouper. Comedian Barney Potts tells of the night in New Mexico when a ruin warped stage door refused to open for London an impatient lever carrying his bride into their honeymoon cottage. While the audience tittered nervously, the ardent hero stepped back and kicked the door. It still wouldn't budge. Then he took a firmer grasp of his delicate swooning sweetheart and briskly used her hips as a battering ram to open the stubborn portal.

After the Vancouver experience, the tempo of his career quickened. A 1945 cross-country tour in The Desert Song led to an audition with Columbia Artists Management Inc. who signed him up as a concert attraction. He was twenty-five when he gave his first solo concert in the Iowa town of Estherville, (population four thousand). Soon he changed his name again after George Loudon popped into his head one day while walking in New York with Mario Lanza. Then Columbia sent him and Lanza and soprano Frances Yeend on tour as the Bel Canto Trio.

Even in those happy go-lucky days Lanza showed flashes of the temperament that later embroiled him with his studio bosses in Hollywood. He refused to enter an airplane for example and when London and Miss Yeend told him the trio would have to fly to keep their engagements in Newfoundland Lanza vanished. London and Frances Yeend went to the island without him.

London never ceased studying—polishing his diagnoses learning whole operas and hundreds of separate songs and arias honing up on general musical knowledge. For a while he coached with Enrico Rosati an Italian who had numbered tenor Beniamino Gigli among his pupils. Later he switched to his present teacher, Russian born Mme. Paola Novikova. He absorbed further practical operatic experience in local productions from New Orleans to California.

His preparations were typically thorough. In learning the part of Escamillo the toreador in Carmen London took lessons from a Spanish ballet master so that he would know how to handle himself like a real bullfighter. The average Escamillo a Mexican friend had once sardonically informed him "would be gored to death in a few minutes if he ever stepped into the arena."

By now London was hungrily eyeing the Metropolitan. The Met however usually imposes a stringent obscure apprenticeship on home grown talent. London decided he would try to make the Met come to him by going to Europe and building a reputation there.

A New York accompanist named Leo Taubman who admired his singing, helped him on his way. Taubman's brother, Martin was an artists' manager in Vienna. Letters and telegrams between the Taubmans criss-crossed the Atlantic and in 1949 London sailed from New York to seek his operatic fortune. Martin Taubman met him in Paris heard him sing and suggested a short train trip to Brussels where the great Vienna State Opera would be on tour a day or two later.

In the Belgian capital, conductor Karl Böhm passed wearily after a day of rehearsals and granted London an audition. The visitor sang in Russian. I have Attained the High est Power. The obsessed czar's famous monologue from Boris Godunov a role London had coveted ever since his college days in Hollywood. Soon after he started to sing the artists of the Vienna Opera trooped silently back into the hall and listened and cheered and clapped when the great aria was over. London doesn't expect he'll ever receive a finer compliment.

By noon next day he had a Vienna contract in his pocket. Three months later after triumphs in Aida Faust Igor Tales of Hoffmann and Boris Godunov London was mentioned in a dispatch to the New York Times as "The darling of the Viennese bobby-soxers." Even his private life contributed to his artistic development he fell in love with an Austrian soprano who helped him complete his mastery of conversational German. His first solo concert in Vienna was sold out even before the placards were posted.

Since then he has triumphed at Munich and Milan at the Edinburgh Festival in Britain the Salzburg Festival in Austria and at Bayreuth



Now! Introductory

½ PRICE SALE

Woodbury Cocoanut Oil Castile Shampoo



$1.20 size now only 59¢

Little girls and big girls, too, need the *natural oil protection* of Woodbury Shampoo. It cleans all types of hair thoroughly, yet gently . . helps to preserve the natural oils of the hair. After a Woodbury Cocoanut Oil Castile Shampoo, hair is glossy and manageable. Hurry—get this big beauty bar. gain today at your favorite cosmetic counter before the supply is gone!

Woodbury Shampoo . . best for *all* the heads of the family

Only G-E could have brought you Roto-Cold



Keeps all your stored foods fresh... longer!

Climaxing 25 years of leadership—this newest, most wonderful of all General Electric Refrigerators brings you the magic of ROTO-COLD refrigeration!

G-E Roto-Cold provides a constant, positive flow of purified air that flows from the new "cold-slope" baffle throughout the cabinet. This improved design assures that all your stored foods—no matter where they are placed—are kept *fully refrigerated, fully protected* ... fresh, nutritious and appetizing at all times!

Automatic Defrosting, of course

No need to defrost ever! New Frost-Limiter never allows frost to build up—gives completely automatic defrosting—plus lowest average temperatures ever provided in a G-E Refrigerator.

All this—plus more space, new beauty, full-width freezer, roomy Rolla-Drawers—*all* the most desired features. You owe it to yourself to visit your G-E dealer—to see with your own eyes the last word in refrigerators—G-E ROTO-COLD. Other new G-E models priced as low as $319.00.



Here's How G-E Roto-Cold Works
In ordinary refrigerators, temperatures vary as much as 16 degrees from top shelf to bottom. But with G-E Roto-Cold—moist cold air is circulated inside the refrigerator sec tion—all parts are uniformly cold.

GENERAL ELECTRIC
Roto-Cold
REFRIGERATOR

CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY LIMITED

the Bavarian shrine dedicated to the memory of Richard Wagner. Wieland Wagner, one of the composer's grandsons offered Londee the majestic role of Wotan the chief of the gods in the four-opera Ring cycle. Londee turned it down. He preferred to wait—wisely he still believes—until he felt able to cope with Wotan's massive challenge.

It wasn't long before the Met beckoned. General manager Rudolf Bing heard George in Vienna and Londee made his Met debut in November 1951 as Amonasro, King of Ethiopia in Aida.

The former Montreal schoolboy has gone a long way since he was the dude of the Vancouver operettas. Opera houses all over Europe want his services. This year's spring road tour by the Met which includes performances in Toronto and Montreal should further establish his renown.

On the day of a concert Londee stays in bed until almost noon. In the early afternoon he visits the auditorium with his accompanist. Methodically, he checks the lighting setup, the dressing room facilities and the stage arrangements, especially the position of the piano. Then he tests the hall's acoustics and warms up his voice by vocalizing for about fifteen minutes. The presence of janitors and the clamming of doors never bother him.

After the workout he returns to his hotel and does some reading or writes a few letters. Around three o'clock he goes to bed again and sleeps soundly for a couple of hours. Taking his time about getting up, he orders dinner—steak, big salad, perhaps a baked potato and clear tea with lemon. He eats this alone in his room—he doesn't want to talk with anyone until later. Because haste and anxiety at such a time are upsetting to him, he makes a point of reaching the hall at least thirty minutes before the concert. A hot razor vocalizes in his dressing room, and George Londee is ready for public duty.

A vehement man in an argument, Londee jumps up and strides and bellows when he talks about the "criminals" and "charlatans" who he says often masquerade as singing teachers. He believes incompetent teachers are destroying thousands of promising voices and should be required by law to prove their professional competence to the satisfaction of a board of experts.

Londee is epitheric in his scorn for certain types of old-fashioned opera stars who "sing like a pig all evening, pull the house down with a high C at the finish, pick up their pay cheques and go home to bask in the flattery of their cronies." He feels that an opera singer worthy of the name should be preoccupied with practically every thing—not classical music alone but healthy jazz and folk ballads and popular songs, along with religious literature, painting, the stage, history, geography, science, sports, good food, and the news of the day.

"I am convinced," he says, "that the only way to become a first-class singer is to become a first-class member of the human race." ★

The Cursed Stones of Louisbourg

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

Johnston, who was police chief, carpenter, painter, paper hanger, former, street superintendent, sanitary inspector, jailer, coroner, tax collector and undertaker. Until he retired they used to say of Dan, "If he don't get you one way he gets you another." The current police chief, etc., is burly Cherlie Peck, a prize fighter of local note. Arrests have been few in Louisbourg since the busy shipping days of World War I when there were twenty-one blind pigs along the waterfront. Today Louisbourg efficiently is dry.

The people highly resent being told the place is also dull. For Louisbourg has seen some events which though less than historic are memorable. Around Burke's barbershop they may tell of the day in 1936 when Beryl Markham, the British aviatrix, plopped down in a bog at nearby Baleine after flying the Atlantic nonstop. Or the time during the first war that the rem ship went aground on the rocks. Much of the cargo rescued by the patriots of Louisbourg was later unaccountably lost.

They had a pretty fair celebration last year when the fish plant opened. George Lewis predicted the town's population would double in five years and some of the government officials who came up from Halifax for the ceremonies spoke eloquently of Louisbourg's historic past and its great hopes for the future.

A few days later someone stopped elderly Clarence Conrington who lives near the ruins and asked him what he thought of the prospects. "Well, I dunno," he said gravely. "Seems to me there's always been a curse on this place."

Conrington was not merely fulfilling his duty as town cynic. There is a legend that when the French were driven from Louisbourg for the last time they wished a hex on it. It seems more likely that the curse is much older. For the Louisbourg story almost from its beginning is a succession of disasters.

It began in 1713 when the Treaty of Utrecht, one of the breathers in the fight for North America, gave Britain the entire Atlantic coast, leaving France with only Prince Edward Island, a few islands in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and Cape Breton.

With large fleets fishing the Newfoundland banks the French needed a nearby port where they could refit their vessels and dry fish. They also required a stronghold to keep Ile Royale (Cape Breton) and to guard the entrance to the St. Lawrence and Quebec, the capital of New France. English Harbor was a natural site. With a narrow and easily defended entrance it afforded haven to fishermen and privateers. The townsite itself was flanked by impassable swamps.

The French have always put great stock in steel walls and huge guns. They began building their fortress in 1717 and kept at it for twenty-five years. Renamed for the reigning French king, Louisbourg took shape as the only walled city in North America. Two and a half miles of walls thirty feet high and twelve thick girdled the town. An eighty-foot moat yawned in front of it. Inside it was complete in every way with a large hospital, theatre, churches, gardens, taverns and the great stone citadel where Louisbourg's governors lived in splendor.

Around the walls were places for one hundred and forty-eight cannons and

HERE LIES

I intended to myself to dispense
My follies, so they won't disgust me,
But I've gotten so glib with each
objective fib
That I'm no longer able to trust me!

TOM TAGMAN

21 LAWN-BOY FEATURES let you take life easier

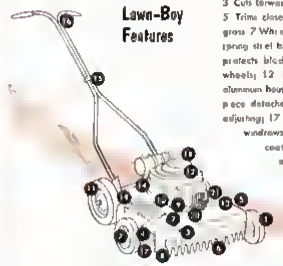


MADE IN CANADA

ONLY $95.00
f.o.b. factory
Peterborough, Canada

Yes, Lawn-Boy cuts your lawn to pieces—*effortlessly!* Lawn-Boy's amazing rotary action shears only by the grass, it's a mower, pulverizer, grass chopper, leaves nothing to rake. Large back wheels, offset front wheels give 6-wheel action, prevent footprints ... and Lawn-Boy is powered by dependable, quiet, running Iron Horse engine. Lawn-Boy is sold by leading merchants in your community. Get your demonstration today!

Check These Lawn-Boy Features



1 Offset wheels no scalping. 2 Only 35 lbs. 3 Cuts forward, backward. 4 Pulverizes clippings. 5 Trims close to walls, trees, etc. 6 Cuts any height grass. 7 Wheel adjustment for cutting heights 0 to 10. 8 Long steel blade. 9 Direct drive. 10 Slip clutch protects blade. 11 Rubber lined ball bearing wheels. 12 Iron Horse engine. 13 Built proof aluminum housing. 14 Exceptionally quiet. 15 2 piece detachable handle. 16 Handle height self adjusting. 17 Scientific discharge, no clogging, no windrows. 18 Instant starting. 19 Coast-to-coast sales and service. 20 Precision-built matched unit. 21 A Canadian product.

Write for free literature.

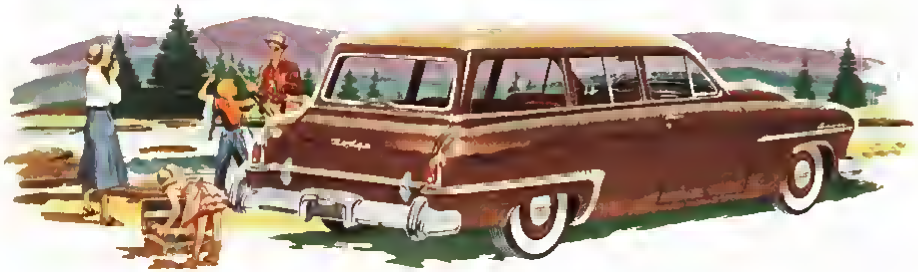
LAWN-BOY
ROTARY POWER MOWER

OUTBOARD MARINE & MANUFACTURING CO. OF CANADA LTD
Peterborough Canada

Also manufacturers of Johnson, Evinrude and Elto outboard motors, Iron Horse gasoline engines and generators.

COAST TO COAST SALES & SERVICE

designed for outdoor living



DODGE Suburban-Savoy

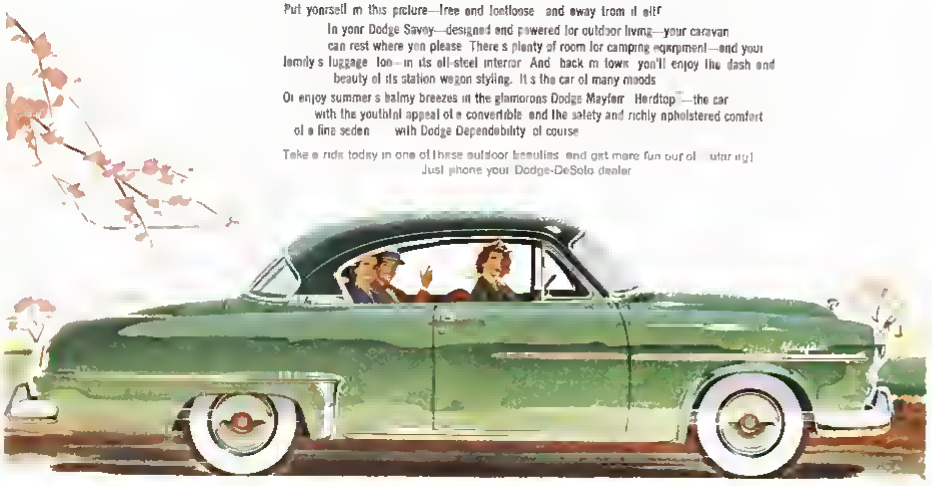
DODGE

Put yourself in this picture—free and footloose and away from it all!

In your Dodge Savoy—designed and powered for outdoor living—your caravan can rest where you please. There's plenty of room for camping equipment—and your family's luggage, too—in its all-steel interior. And back in town, you'll enjoy the dash and beauty of its station wagon styling. It's the car of many moods.

Or enjoy summer's balmy breezes in the glamorous Dodge Mayfair Hardtop—the car with the youthful appeal of a convertible and the safety and richly upholstered comfort of a fine sedan—with Dodge Dependability, of course.

Take a ride today in one of these outdoor beauties and get more fun out of motoring! Just phone your Dodge-DeSoto dealer.



DODGE Mayfair Hardtop

DODGE CORONET V-8 • DODGE MAYFAIR • DODGE REGENT • DODGE CRUSADER • DODGE SAVOY • DODGE SUBURBAN

MANUFACTURED IN CANADA BY CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED

sixteen mortars. A rocky island at the entrance to the harbor bristled with thirty heavy guns. Another twenty-eight, the Grand Battery, were mounted on the harbor mouth.

Louisbourg's first settlers, fifty fishermen and their families, came from Placentia, in Newfoundland. The French tried vainly to entice the Acadians to leave their farms in the lush Annapolis Valley, then under British rule, and move to Louisbourg. Catholic priests even warned them that their souls would be endangered by contact with the English but most of the Acadians stayed where they were.

Louisbourg flourished as the centre of the largest fishing industry in North America. Grand larceny was also big business. To its French officers, Louisbourg was Siberia. They wanted to get rich, quick, then go home. Grafting officials pocketed millions of livres. The rich stone sent from France for the walls was either put into the governor's quarters or resold to eager New England traders. Many of the timbers and bricks that went into the building of Louisbourg were delivered by the same British colonials who were later to attack it. Louisbourg became such a haunt for privateers that England and her colonies protested. The governor, a hard-drinking unpopular man named DuQuesnel, blandly pleaded ignorance of what was going on.

In 1744 war broke out again between France and Britain. The news reached Louisbourg before the British in Arcadia heard of it. DuQuesnel immediately sent out an expedition to sack the homeward-bound fleet at Canso, fifty miles southeast—a principal port of call for the New England fishermen.

The colonials, their vital fishing industry threatened by Louisbourg's might, decided that something had to be done.

What followed rates as one of the weirdest campaigns ever waged in the name of warfare. Military historians have been writing books ever since trying to explain why it was also incredibly successful.

Soon after the attack on Canso three men who had been held as prisoners at Louisbourg arrived in Boston. They told stories of motley among the French soldiers and Swiss mercenaries over their pay and poor rations. The fort's guard, they said, was down.

The idea of storming Louisbourg was pushed forward in Jan. 1745 by the governor of Massachusetts, Beetle-browed William Shirley, a lawyer from England. Sworn to secrecy, the lawmakers went home to think it over.

One of them, a deacon, knelt down that night to ask for guidance. He prayed so fervently that men in the street below overheard Shirley's plan. Practically overnight it flashed through the colonies. At first the plan was turned down, then reconsidered. On a second vote in the legislature the scheme was approved by a majority of one. It would have been a tie except that one of the opponents, hurrying to the meeting, dropped and broke a leg.

Within eight weeks a makeshift army of four thousand had been recruited in Massachusetts, Connecticut and New Hampshire. The rush recruits brought along their own guns. A request for naval support was sent to England.

Few of the volunteers had ever fired at more than a partridge. Later it was discovered that only six of them knew how to load a cannon. Their leader, William Pepperrell, a wealthy fish and shingle merchant and militia colonel, was chosen mainly for his popularity.

Governor Shirley drafted a madcap plan of action for Pepperrell and his ragged army of fishermen, farmers and bushmen. Arriving at night, unseen, they were to march on the fortress with four detachments. Two were to move to within striking distance, hold and keep in profound silence. A third was to attack the Grand Battery at the foot of the harbor, a mile from the fort. At that time the profoundly silent group was to rush one of the gates. The fourth detachment was to race along the shore, scale a certain spot in the wall and secure the windows of the governor's apartment.

New England had just undergone a "The Great Awakening," a Puritan revival sparked by a famous preacher, George Whitefield. Accordingly, the campaign against Louisbourg became partly a religious crusade against the papist French. The chaplain of the army was Sam Moody, a truculent seventy-year-old parson who frequently caned sinners. He climbed aboard a troop transport waving a hatchet declaimed to chop down the "Catholic idols."

After a day of fasting and prayer the provincials sailed for Canso. They were escorted by a few colonial warships, the largest carrying twenty guns. They took along some forty-two-pound balls—too large for their own guns—which they intended to use in the French cannons they would capture. Historians later compared this to skinning the bear before it was caught.

French Went On Dancing

At Canso they were joined by Commodore Peter Warren with four British ships. A freak storm blocked the entrance to Louisbourg with ice. The troops were able to train for another three weeks during which parson Moody preached constantly and the colonial officers piled their men with rum to get them to obey orders.

Warren's ships blockaded Louisbourg harbor, but the French didn't seem to be alarmed. A ball was being held in the citadel as the New Englanders approached Louisbourg. Their arrival was announced at dawn by a captain who rushed into the governor's bedchamber in his nightshirt. Bells rang, cannon roared and French troops were ordered out to meet the invader. But the colonials landed a small force and drove the French back into the fort. The siege was on.

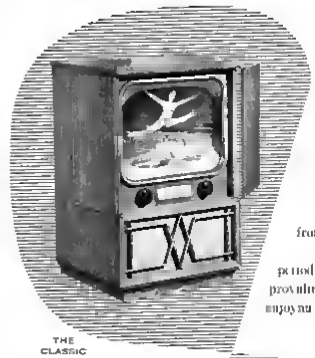
Pepperrell ignored Shirley's absurd plan and undertook one of his own that was successful largely on sheer luck. His aide, Col. William Vaughan, and four hundred men to scout the swamps and hills at the rear of the fortress. They crept out of the woods near one of the town's gates. In full view of the enemy they gave three rousing cheers and then disappeared into the woods again. A short time later they set fire to some storehouses.

Smoke from the fires blew into the powerful Grand Battery at the foot of the harbor. Thinking the entire colonial army was bearing down on them, the garrison of four hundred fled. They made only a half-hearted attempt at spiking their guns, apparently heeding an engineer who pleaded that they shouldn't be ruined. The attack on Louisbourg began next day with its own guns. Fourteen persons inside the walls were killed by the first shot. Parson Moody preached that Sunday on the text "Enter into His gates with thanksgiving and into His courts with praise."

Pepperrell decided to set up a battery on the slope of one of the hills behind the fort. The guns had to be moved through a swamp. The first gun vanished in the muck. Then the colonials came up with one of the most remarkable feats of the siege: dragging the guns on wooden sledges through

for fine appearance and performance—choose

Electrohome



THE CLASSIC

Electrohome offers an unequalled combination—the most beautiful cabinets plus the finest engineering in TV today. Choose from a wide range of table or console models in period or modern designs—all providing clear steady viewing enjoyment. $387.00 to $650.00



MODEL 88

Electrohome Deskraft-styled cabinets and fine-furniture-craftsmanship have become synonymous with the best in radio and record entertainment. From smart table models to the finest AM-TV combinations. Electrohome is priced to fit every budget, styled to complement every room. $37.50 to $109.50

Now, more than ever, you'll be proud to own

Electrohome TELEVISION and RADIO

furniture-styled by Deilcraft

Electrohome, Kitchener, Ontario—Makers of Electrohome Television, Radios, Fans, Heat Circulators, Humidifiers, Window Air Conditioners, Dehumidifiers, Home Freezers, Automatic Clothes Dryers, and Deilcraft Occasional Furniture.

the bugs two h
The French g
—DuQuesnel s
French and Swis
he allowed to re
colonial batteries. He suspected the
militiamen would keep on going.

As long as the island Battery at the entrance to the harbor was in French hands, Warren couldn't get his ships close enough for a shot at the fortress. Luck came through again. Years before, the French had dropped a reserve supply of forty two-pound cannon into the water at the east side

Boston at the island stronghold.

The enemy weren't the colonials' only threat. Because most of them couldn't land cannon properly, guns exploded wounding scores. Balls were so scarce during the siege that the New Englanders were paid a shilling apiece for retrieving them.

Inside the fortress supplies were running low, but the sixty four gun French warship Vigilant, loaded down with provisions, was on the way. Just off Louisbourg she sighted a colonial frigate and chased the smaller vessel through the fog. When the mist cleared the French captain found himself surrounded by British ships. Commodore Warren added her to his fleet. The supplies fed the colonials and French morale hit rock bottom.

On a moonless night four hundred colonial volunteers muffled their oars and rowed out to the Island Battery. One chronicler says many of them were drunk. As the first boats reached the island someone called for three cheers. The French opened fire. By morning sixty New Englanders were dead and one hundred and sixteen had been captured. It was their first and only setback. A short time later the island was reduced to rubble. Louisbourg surrendered. The impossible had taken forty-nine days.

The colonials lost one hundred men; sixty of them in the island raid and twenty two to Indians. Of the remaining eighteen, half were the victims of their own bursting guns. Three hundred were injured. The French casualties totaled three hundred.

The French were allowed to surrender with honor, keeping all their personal property, which deprived the New England soldiers of the plunder they had expected. One man wrote in his diary: "Ye French keep possession yet, and we are forced to stand at their Doors to gard them."

The navy made a fortune. The French flag was left flying over Louisbourg and twenty vessels sailed into the trap. Warren's take alone amounted to sixty thousand pounds. Each sailor got at least two hundred and fifty guineas. Pepperrell on the other hand, paid ten thousand pounds out of his own pocket to outfit his men.

By midsummer the colonials, hungry, homesick and angry were on the verge of mutiny. There were several clashes between officers and men. They were calmed only by the arrival of Governor Shirley who raised their pay from twenty five to forty shillings a month and gave each man half a pint of rum. But the worst was still to come.

Remorse Killed the Captain

That winter a plague of fever and dysentery broke out among the tattered unhappy colonials. As many as twenty-seven were buried in a single day in the cemetery behind the town. Within three months more than one hundred had died, eleven hundred were ill and only a thousand fit for duty. In the spring British regiments arrived from Gibraltar to take over the fort. The New Englanders at last went home, cursing the day they had ever seen Louisbourg.

In the summer of 1746 word came that the French were preparing a great armada to retake Louisbourg and Acadia and to burn Boston. New England hurried to rearm and the British at Louisbourg dug in. Nearly half the French navy, about sixty five ships, sailed from Brest under the command of the Duc d'Anville. He was a nobleman who rose to high rank in the navy without going to sea.

Off Nova Scotia the fleet was scattered and wrecked by violent storms. Scorbutic fever broke out among the survivors. After months at sea D'Anville limped into Chebucto Bay (Halifax Harbor) with the remnants of his armada. Overcome by remorse he died of apoplexy. His place was taken by D'Estournel.

Many of his sailors were starving and disease claimed scores every day. Grieving and ill, D'Estournel suggested to his officers that they abandon any thought of Louisbourg and go back to France. They met and voted against him. He went to his cabin, bolted the door and ran himself through with his own sword. Finally the fleet did set sail for France. Meagre rations were supplemented with rats caught in the holds. The men aboard one frigate were on the point of killing five English prisoners and eating them when a Portuguese ship appeared and supplied five sheep. They were pulled apart and eaten raw. The final toll from sickness was twelve hundred. As many more were lost in the storms at sea.

British troops meanwhile were guarding Louisbourg and enjoying it no more than had the French or colonial soldiers. The English governor Commodore Knowles, proclaimed it the dearest spot on the face of the earth and confided to his superiors that it wasn't worth holding. The Treaty of Aix la Chapelle in 1748 handed back to France all her former holdings, Louisbourg included.

The siege of Louisbourg had given the New England colonials their first test of arms. The subsequent treaty, which revived Louisbourg's old threat, left them with a bitter grudge. Both contributed to the American Revolution.

Back in French hands, the battered fortress was rebuilt and strengthened. Again it became the base of privateers and roving Indians. Louisbourg grew and prospered. It was the home of many romantic characters, among them Chevalier Johnstone, an aide to Bonnie Prince Charlie who fled with the young Stuart after the bloody Jacobite defeat at Culloden. He came to Louisbourg as an officer in the French army.

Louisbourg was stronger than ever before when the Seven Years' War, the last round in a fight that effected North America as the prize, began in 1756. Two years later a British fleet of twenty three ships and fourteen thousand men sailed from Halifax to attack the French stronghold again. Quebec was to be next. Early in June it anchored in Gabarus Bay seven miles west of the fortress. The first landing party led by a lanky redhead named James Wolfe waded through treacherous surf and fierce shore fire. And again the French and their Indian allies fled behind Louisbourg's stout walls.

Outnumbered three to one cut off from all help by a harbor blockade the French governor Drucour knew Louisbourg was doomed. But if he could hold the British off long enough they would have to wait until the next spring to attack Quebec. The French fought back stubbornly. They drew inspiration from the governor's wife, a plucky woman who fired three cannon shots every day during the forty-eight days of the battle. Meanwhile two French fleets destined to aid Louisbourg had been bottled up by the British Navy on the other side of the Atlantic.

Fighting for time, Drucour held out until the entire town was in ruins and only four of his cannon could still fire. Then he surrendered, having won a winter's reprieve for Quebec and Montcalm. Chevalier Johnstone slipped out just before the British marched in and escaped to Quebec where he became Montcalm's aide.

In the spring of 1760 Britain decided to get rid of Louisbourg forever. A shipload of sappers and miners tunneled under the fortifications and set off dynamite charges. The man who directed the demolition was Commodore John Byron whose reputation for bad luck at sea earned him the sobriquet "Foul-Weather Jack." Lord Byron the poet was his grandson.

When Commodore Byron sailed away he left behind a mound of blackened wood and broken stone, a monument to misfortune. In 1928 the old ruins were made a national historic site. They were partly excavated and in 1936 the museum was opened. Four years later the battleground became a national historic park.

Forty-eight years ago, long before the federal government got interested in them, Albert Almon, a plumber from nearby Glace Bay began picking among the ruins and leafing through old books to reconstruct the story of Louisbourg. Now a sprightly eighty-one, he has written several books and countless pamphlets and essays on Louisbourg's past. In 1947 St. Francis Xavier University called him to Antigonish, N.S., to receive an honorary master of arts degree. "I sat between two archbishops and in front of the editor of something of the New York Times," Almon observed. "Me I only went to grade nine!"

From time to time, fired with a healthy love of money, others have searched for the pot of gold that legend left to Louisbourg. The story is that just before the fortress fell for the last time a bridge spanning a pond in the city collapsed while soldiers were carrying kegs of gold across. One soldier was murdered, his body weighted and tossed in to protect the treasure. Thirty years ago two Louisbourg men tried to pump the pond dry. They gave up when they found it was being fed by the Atlantic.

Louisbourg's celebrated ghosts seem to have long since departed. Years ago eerie sounds of moaning and groaning were solemnly recorded as coming from Gallows Hill, an ancient execution ground. One day a man found human bones lying there. He dug a hole and buried them. The noises were never reported again.

Last summer D. W. MacKinnon who guides visitors around the Louisbourg ruins, was hard at work. He had two schoolteachers from the Dutch South in tow and was spelling off the details of the New Englanders' attack.

As they approached the museum one of the women stopped abruptly. "I'm not going to listen to another word of this."

"Why not?" said the other.

"It's all about those damn Yankees. They were over here!" ★

Here at last—NEW Shingle Colours to match your Modern Mood!

Are you in the market for a new roof? Borrett's gay new range of FROSTONE* and FULLTONE colours will give your home a lift!

If a colour you want is to put the crowning touch on a new home or restore youth to an old one we make a point of seeing these brand new FROSTONE and FULLTONE colours.

They are smart *frosted* pastels and *tone-on-tone* blends designed to match the trend in colour in modern home design and to give a house *roof interest.*

Before you buy *your* new roof be sure to see Barrett's asphalt roofing shingles in FROSTONE and FULLTONE colours at your Barrett Dealer's!



THE BARRETT COMPANY, LIMITED

*Reg'd Trade Mark

CALGARY SAINT JOHN MONTREAL TORONTO WINNIPEG VANCOUVER

Re-shingle in FROSTONE and FULLTONE colours—refer any building materials see your nearby Barrett dealer first!

Now—for you and all your family—

Hospitalization Insurance with The Travelers

at a cost you can afford!

Here is the kind of hospitalization coverage you've always wanted—*an economical* plan that provides a wide range of hospital and surgical benefits *for all your family under a single policy.* It allows you to enter *any* hospital for treatment. It pays all benefits to you—*direct.*

For each insured member of your family this Travelers policy covers: (1) *Hospitalization*—up to 70 days of hospital care—a maximum of $1050. (2) *Surgical Expenses*—up to $400. (3) *Miscellaneous Hospital Charges*—up to $150. (4) *Emergency Treatment* for accidental injuries ($75 maximum).

For your wife, it also covers hospital expenses of child-birth or prenatal complications, up to 10 times the amount of daily hospital benefit.

The benefits are paid if pregnancy begins after the coverage has been in force 30 days, even if hospital confinement commences before the coverage has been in force 10 months.

FACTS YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT *The Travelers*

Established in Canada since 1865, two years before Confederation.

Provides all forms of life, accident, group, casualty and fire insurance.

Paid out more than $11 000 000 in benefits in Canada last year.

All reserves set up for Canadian policies are invested in Canadian securities.

Representatives from coast to coast. Write for name and address of the one nearest you.

Offices in Montreal, Quebec, Toronto, Hamilton, Halifax, Ottawa, Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver.

***The Travelers** Insurance Companies, Hartford, Conn.*

SERVING CANADA SINCE 1865

HUDSON UNVEILS A NEW KIND OF CAR

IN THE LOW-PRICE FIELD

WITH PERFORMANCE, LUXURY AND SAFETY

COMPARABLE ONLY TO THE FABULOUS HUDSON HORNET!



A compact, economical wonder car with a hug-the-road ride like the Hudson Hornet itself!

HERE is a new kind of compact economical car with such high power performance such luxurious interiors such a remarkable ride, durability and safety that it can be compared only to the fabulous Hudson Hornet itself! And it's yours at a low price!

This exciting new motor car is possible only because of Hudson's exclusive "step-down" design, which creates the lowest center of gravity among Canadian or American cars. This enables the new Hudson Jet to hug the road tighter than any other car, except another Hudson!

That is why the new Hudson Jet safely handles more power in relation to weight than has ever been possible in any other car in the low price field!

The new Hudson Jet's super compression, six cylinder engine is uncomplicated in design, inexpensive to maintain, and delivers unusual gas mileage. The whole car is ruggedly built for low upkeep and servicing costs.

The new Hudson Jet provides complete comfort for six passengers in the most luxurious interiors ever seen in a low priced car.

By all means, try this new *kind* of car yourself!

Such a car as this would not be possible without Hudson's exclusive 'STEP DOWN' design!



HUDSON OTHER MAKES

The Hudson Jet has the floor recessed down within the basic frame. This provides the lowest center of gravity among Canadian or American cars, and makes it possible to safely put more power in relation to weight in the Jet than in any other low priced car.

HUDSON *JET*

Standard trim and other specifications and accessories subject to change without notice.

Dual-Range
HYDRA-MATIC DRIVE
and
TWIN H-POWER
either or both options at extra cost

The Biggest Brother Act in Pictures

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

so many pictures over the years that they aren't sure themselves what negatives they've got. Not long ago a book publisher called on them for pictures of each Canadian governor general since 1867 to illustrate a textbook.

"What are their names?" demanded Lou Turofsky, munching a dead cigar.

"Well, don't you know?" enquired the publisher. "Haven't you a file?"

"A file on governor generals!" exclaimed Lou, his eyebrows shooting up. "Hell, I dunno. Hey, Nat, have we got a file on governor generals?"

"Of Ontario?" called the younger brother from the darkroom.

"Of Ontario?" enquired Lou of the publisher.

"No," said the publisher patiently, "Governors-general of Canada."

"No," Lou shouted back to the darkroom. "Governor-generals of Canada."

"I dunno," replied Nat. "Ask Thurza."

This is how almost all business discussions conclude at the Alexandra Studios—with the words, "Ask Thurza." Thurza Beak, placid, unruffled, thirty-nine-year-old woman who brings order to the chaos in which the brothers usually find themselves. While they explain her vaguely to strangers as "the girl at the studio," Thurza is sort of combination general manager, secretary, auditor, clerk, accountant, mother confessor and ballast for her gentle, often childlike employers.

HEADWORK

Men who raise hats
When ladies are there
Have elegant manners
—And elsewhere

MARY ALKUS

Thus when Thurza was asked about the governors-general she calmly acquired a list of them at the public library. She checked the long rows of filing cabinets against the Alexandra Studios for the names of the governors-general then she went into the basement where large cardboard boxes contain thousands of negatives which the Turofskys have not yet got around to filing alphabetically. She found, wrapped in an old yellowed newspaper, a stack of films marked "Earl Grey" and in another cardboard box she came across "Lord Tweedsmuir" also the bands binding him and the back of a cigarette box identifying him. In a few days she had supplied the publisher with pictures of every governor general.

It has been suggested that if Thurza, who has been with the brothers for twelve years, ever were to leave them utter confusion would take over. "I don't think so," she replies calmly. "I know pretty well how they think and so I file accordingly. I know, for instance, that they wouldn't look for something under children. So I file it under kids."

The Turofskys rarely, if ever, solicit business yet few photographic companies in Canada have as many steady clients. Nat, for example, takes all hockey publicity pictures for Maple Leaf Gardens, and does the same thing for the baseball Maple Leafs. All these pictures are delivered free to Toronto's three newspapers, the Turofsky boys goes to the Maple Leaf hockey and baseball managements. In addition pictures are supplied to any newspaper outside of Toronto that is willing to run them and thereby promote interest in the hockey and baseball teams, or to any firm which wishes to display them. The two Maple Leaf teams, which have separate ownerships, pay Nat's expenses to Florida for spring training baseball and in St. Catharines for hockey and they pay him for every negative he prints, whether the newspapers use it or not. Maple Leaf Gardens spends about ten thousand dollars a year in such promotion and Maple Leaf Stadium less than half of that.

Lou Turofsky, on the other hand, takes promotion pictures for the Ontario Jockey Club. These pictures are also supplied free to Toronto newspapers and the tab is picked up by the Ontario Jockey Club—an estimated six thousand dollars a year.

While sport makes up the greater part of the Turofsky business it is by no means the only source of income and indeed is not even the largest single money earner. That distinction goes to the Canadian National Exhibition which in its annual two weeks runs up a bill of ten thousand dollars in buying prints of everything from the marathon swim winner to the boy with the most freckles.

The Turofskys do weddings, too, Lou being the specialist here although he points out that he won't take just any wedding. "It's got to be a good big wedding," he says. "Like the time I took R. S. McLaughlin's daughter for two thousand dollars—or one of the other big men we know's daughter."

During the war the brothers went to every air-force and army training school within one hundred miles of Toronto to take group pictures of graduating classes. They had thousands of these on file the day the story of the Dieppe raid broke in Canada and the Toronto Star ran five full pages of Turofsky pictures of one thousand soldiers, two hundred to a page. In many cases, these were the only pictures next-of-kin had of fallen relatives.

They took pictures in war plants, too—thousands of them at such companies as Massey-Harris, Ajax, John Inglis and General Electric. These served as identification for plant employees. They took pictures for the Department of National Defence of the tools and dies and machines that made the guns and shells and tanks and often they were requested to take pictures of war equipment which to this day is a mystery to them.

We were working on the atomic bomb, who knows?" observes Lou thoughtfully, placing his thumbs into the armholes of his vest, munching his dead cigar and staring impassively at the wall.

The Turofskys do close to $100,000 a year in business and each is worth something approaching that figure. They attribute a good deal of their success to the fact that they've been taking pictures for more than forty years and everybody knows them. During the war their orders were so large they could scarcely keep pace with them. They do a good deal of their work themselves although they always keep a man in the darkroom to develop and print pictures and over the years they've hired one or two staff photographers.

For brothers, the Turofskys are uncommonly close. Each turns to the other with personal problems and at one time or another during a day they'll sit down and talk to each other and discuss generalities. When Nat is away with the ball club in the spring

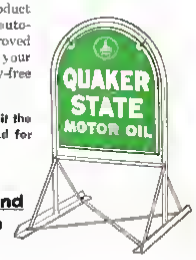


A typical engine crankshaft

REVOLVES 12,483,000 TIMES EACH YEAR!

MODERN automobile engines, like the one in your car, are high-compression, high-powered machines whose fast-moving parts demand motor oils of exceptional endurance, heat-resistance, and purity.

There is no finer motor oil in the world today than Quaker State. It is the product of nearly 50 years of specialization in automobile lubrication—performance-proved to keep pace with engine progress. Fill your crankcase with Quaker State for worry-free motoring!



Quaker State Motor Oil is made to suit the requirements of all makes of cars and for all types of service. Ask your dealer.

Modern Engines Demand Quality Lubrication

QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING COMPANY OF CANADA LIMITED, TORONTO

Member Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association



On your mark - get set -



GO! with Twin-Turbine Dynaflow

YOU won't believe it till you try it yourself—but this is what happens

You're at the wheel of a 1953 Buick, ready to move when the light changes.

It does. You press the gas pedal.

Before you take two breaths—and in one mighty sweep of power you're up to 30 miles per hour, local law permitting.

That, mister, is getaway, in any man's language—swiftest of any Buick in fifty years.

But it's also *hushed* getaway—with little sound or sensation of engine rush.

And, of course, it's absolutely and astonishingly *smooth* getaway—with no jerk, no lurch, no shift of mechanical linkage of any sort.

What works this wonder is a Dynaflow Drive* with two turbines instead of one—a simpler, more powerful and far more efficient Dynaflow than ever before.

Acceleration is increased 20%, but with substantial decrease in engine revolutions—which means you get underway quicker, and with less engine speed, less getaway sound.

But that's just half the story.

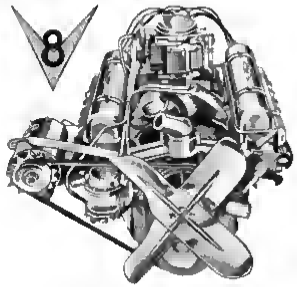
The other half is in power—engine power—the highest horsepowers and the highest compression ratios, Series for Series, in Buick's fifty great years. And it's power that gets more miles from each tankful of gas.

It all adds up to a performance story that could never be written before—a performance story that puts new thrill in every mile you drive.

As we said—you won't believe it till you try it yourself. So we cordially invite you to this eye opening experience—at the wheel of a Golden Anniversary Buick. Why not drop in soon?

*Standard on Roadmaster, optional at extra cost on other Series.

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE



Most Advanced V8 Engine In The World! powers the 1953 Buick ROADMASTER and SUPER. 8-to-1 compression—vertical valves and a host of other exclusive engineering features add to its spectacular performance. Newly designed F-263 Fireball Straight-8 Engine with record high horsepower and compression, puts new brilliance and thrift in the performance of the Buick CENTURY.



When you set this little lever in Drive position a brand-new Dynaflow Drive goes to work. With Twin Turbines instead of single it is now a simpler unit—with only four instead of the five parts formerly used. Ratio is up to 2.64 to 1—which means more power, higher efficiency. End result: much faster and quieter acceleration—less engine revolutions—and infinite smoothness through all speed ranges.

The greatest **BUICK** in 50 great years



WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

he'll call Lou for a chat about once a week and they correspond regularly. Lou, who is married and has two daughters, insists that bachelor Nat have at least one meal a month at his home.

Nat gets a great deal of enjoyment out of life though a somewhat needy childhood made him keenly aware of the value of a dollar. He has a warm sense of humor and a facility for butchering the language. He detests an argument whether he is involved or not. Two of his friends, Sammy Gold and Sammy Shefsky, argue him considerably because, as Nat says, "they'll argue till they're black and blue in the place." One time two baseball writers were arguing at Fort Lauderdale, the Maple Leaf training base in Florida, and Nat became more and more agitated as the reporters—one of whose was Gordon Walker, of the Toronto Globe and Mail—grew louder and louder. Finally Nat walked over to Walker and grabbed him by the shoulder. "Walker, you'll regret about anything," he said. "You and Gold and Shefsky are a pair!"

Nat always turns for corroboration to Thurza Heak and she invariably humors him. One time he started in on an anecdote about a former Toronto pitcher.

"What a guy he was," enthused Nat. "I remember one time—what was his name, Thurz?"

"Tom Drake."

"Yeah, Tom Drake. I'll never forget it."

Once a friend asked Nat if he could meet him for a cup of coffee at ten o'clock. "Well, now, I'm not sure," replied Nat. "I'll have to go look up my fixtures."

Both Nat and Lou look considerably younger than they are. Both have short-clipped, tight curly hair. Nat's quite gray and Lou's almost black. Both are of medium height. Nat, slightly the more heavy-set, and both have trim neat dressers. Nat's features are heavy and rather carelessly arranged. He has deep furrows in his forehead, merry twinkling eyes and a rather haphazard set of teeth most of which are his own. A few years ago he lost six teeth in a collision with Ted Kennedy, Maple Leaf hockey player. He was trying out a new stroboscopic camera during a hockey practice and he wanted to see if it would stop movement at one three thousandths of a second—as it was supposed to do. He asked Kennedy and another player, Syl Apps, to skate toward him at top speed as he took up a position near one of the goals. As Kennedy whirled around the net, a skate caught in the mesh and he tumbled at full speed into the photographer. Kennedy's stick caught Turofsky on the chin, part of the camera flew clear to centre ice and Nat fell on top of another part, landing on his mouth. He was carried to the dressing room where Tim Daly, veteran trainer of the Leafs, patched his chin. Nat paid three hundred dollars for dental repairs.

Lou frequently reminds Nat, who lives in a bachelor apartment, of his good fortune in not having to raise a family in these days of high living costs. "Shoes sixteen dollars for a little girl. Sixteen dollars. Lou married when he was forty-five, will lament. "Think of that for a while, Nat. Sixteen dollars for shoes for a little girl. It's something you hadn't thought about, isn't it?" One pair of shoes, sixteen dollars."

"Ah—what are you crying about?" Nat will invariably reply. "In a hundred years from now, what'll it matter?"

Lou married Ruth Siegel in 1936 and the little girl he speaks of is Carol, thirteen. His other daughter is Rita, seven, who is usually called Rickey. Lou met Ruth seventeen years ago after Nat had taken pictures of the golden wedding anniversary of Ruth's parents. She went into the studio a few days later to see the proofs. Nat was out so Lou showed her the rough pictures. When Nat returned, Lou announced, "Miss Seigel was in to look at the proofs. I'm going to see her again. In fact, I'm going to take her out."

In recalling the incident Nat observed: "That led up to the hollow cast."

Lou is the quieter, more reserved and more considerate brother. Possibly because he's married he shows more interest in the employees and is more inclined to worry about business. He refuses to reveal how many cigars he smokes in a day, on the grounds that his wife knows how much they cost, but he is rarely seen without one. He carries it at a jaunty angle that matches the high arch of his eyebrows and serves to give him a look of constant surprise.

Although he goes to the races every day Lou rarely bets on the horses, feeling that he knows so many owners and trainers who give him good tips on any given race that he can't bet on any of them.

"How can they all win?" he asks, to the consternation of those who'd bet on a horse if they even heard the owner cough.

Lou seems to get his greatest satisfaction out of horses when he throws away old negatives. He'll stand over a large wastebasket, running through a mental of negatives of winners for ten years back discarding the ones that have been retired or destroyed or are no longer running. He holds them up to a light, identifying them from memory in most cases, and then drops them or keeps them muttering all the while. "Imagine if a guy had bet two dollars on every one of these! Imagine if a guy parlayed his bet on all these horses. What'd a guy be worth, Nat, who bet on all of these?" If Thurza happens to walk past on her way to the filing cabinet Lou will call to her: "Hey, Thurz, imagine if a guy had been on every one of these. How much dough would he be worth?" Lou rarely gets an answer. In his ruminations he never expects one.

Lou lives in Forest Hill Village, a handsome Toronto suburb, in a large house which has, for one thing, a crystal chandelier in the dining room. He is a sensitive, sentimental man and when Nat is away on sports trips he misses him greatly. He has concluded every letter he ever wrote his younger brother by asking him not to worry that everything is fine and to have a good time. His mood around the studio fluctuates with the daily cash income. Even if the studio has covered a large assignment for which money will be forthcoming the first of the month Lou will be glum. If no cheques or cash arrived that day. On the other hand, while current business may be excessively slack, Lou's spirits will be high if a few cheques have been in.

On quiet days he'll suggest to Thurza that they go over their books and draw up statements of outstanding accounts.

"Give me a list of 'em and I'll send out statements," Lou will say.

Thurza will hand him the list.

"Instead of statements, maybe I'll just phone those guys eh, Thurz?" he'll say then.

After a few moments of looking at the list he'll turn again to Thurza.

"It wouldn't look right if I phoned these people, he'll say. "Thurz, you phone 'em."

Thurza, the diplomat, picks up the phone, advises that Mr. Lou Turofsky and Mr. Nat Turofsky are out of town and that she is just checking the matter of a small outstanding debt.

Nat remarked one time that the business was called the Alexandra Photo Company when Lou bought it in 1910 for one hundred and twenty-five dollars. "There was the picture of a queen wearing a crown right inside the words Alexandra Photo Company. Hey, Thurz, who would that queen be?"

"Queen Alexandra, naturally."

Nat gave her a beady stare. "Who asked you?" he demanded.

Before Lou bought the place he had been interested in photography as a boy in Chicago where he and Nat were born.

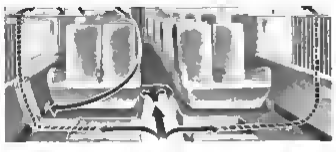
"The kid had one of them pinhole cameras, just a box with a pinhole in it, no lens or nothin', with a plate in the back," Lou recalls. "I wanted one so I got one—cost a dollar thirty-five.

"My father was a tailor in Chicago where he'd come from Kiev, Russia. I don't know when and then he moved us to Cleveland and then we came here. I don't know when; around 1900, I guess. When he came here he sold them Swiss cheeses. He was sort of



"DC" means Douglas... builder of the famous DC-3 and DC-4... the ultra modern DC-6 and DC-6B (*above*)... tomorrow's DC-7

How 10,000 horsepower *is hushed to a sleepy hum*



First airplane with radiant heating! In the Douglas DC-6 and DC-6B fresh warm air is circulated through ducts in the floor and in the walls. You enjoy "living room" comfort on all flights. Next time, go by air! Ask for reservations on a dependable *Douglas*.

Through the four great engines of a Douglas DC-6B develop 10,000 horsepower, you find the cabin remarkably quiet and free from vibration. Mica and thick layers of spun glass fill the walls. There's a two-inch rubber pad under the carpet. The engines themselves are mounted on rubber, and their exhausts are on the *far* sides of the cabin. You can talk in normal tones—and sleep like a baby!

"Queen of the Fleet" on these leading airlines of the world is the giant modern Douglas DC-6 or DC-6B:

AA *Argentina* • *ALITALIA Italian* • AMERICAN *U. S.*
BCPA *Australian New Zealand* • BRANIFF *U. S.* • CMA *Mexican*
CONTINENTAL *U. S.* • CPAL *Canadian* • DELTA *U. S.*
*FLYING TIGER *U. S.* • KLM *Netherlands* • LAI *Italian* • NATIONAL *U. S.*
PAL *Philippine* • PANAGRA *U. S.* • PAN AMERICAN *U. S.* • SABENA *Belgian*
SAS *Danish Norwegian Swedish* • SLICK *U. S.* • SWISSAIR *Swiss* • *TAI *French*
TRANSOCEAN *U. S.* • UNITED *U. S.* • WESTERN *U. S.* *Soon

Twice as many people fly **DOUGLAS** as all other airplanes combined

IS YOUR SUBSCRIPTION DUE?

Subscribers receiving notice of the approaching expiration of their subscriptions are reminded of the necessity of sending in their renewal orders promptly.

The fewer the copies in till new orders is no great that we cannot guarantee the mailing of even a single issue beyond the period covered by your subscription. To avoid disappointment your renewal order should be mailed to us promptly when you receive the "expiration" notice.

For this summer's vacation



I'm saving regularly at

The Canadian Bank of Commerce

137 2M



for wear...versatility... finest shoe value for all the family... insist on

SismanScampers*



*The play shoe of the nation! Look for the name Sisman. Construction patented. Trade Mark registered.

T. SISMAN SHOE COMPANY LIMITED • AURORA, CANADA

a whattayuh call it a general grocer Yah a delicatessen he had a delica tessen I guess you'd call it Anyway I remember I was a little kid in short pants cleanin off the Swiss cheese

Then Lou worked from eight a m until midnight every Saturday at Toronto's Centre Island amusement park taking pictures of people in a mock airplane Then he graduated to Eaton's where he flashed postcards in a darkroom Nat meanwhile recalls playing hockey from school to play cent-a game rummy with some older boys

In those days a fee of one dollar was required of students wishing to try their entrance exams "My mom didn't have a buck so I never tried my entrance" Nat recalls There were six children in the family Herry Eva Lou Bess Nat and Sammy and they did well to get enough to eat in their early days in Toronto

One day Lou heard of a job at the Alexandra Photo Company By 1910 he was able to scrape up enough from his family to put with what he'd saved to buy the place for nine hundred and twenty five dollars

"We all realized it was a lot of daugh," he remembers, "and I guess a lot of us did without so we could get this business started Two cowboy suits and one Indian suit came with the business and we used to dress people up in there and take their pictures A year later Nat came out of school and I gave him a job at five bucks a week"

"You made me a partner," interjected Nat

"Yeah a partner," corrected Lou "At five bucks a week We got a telephone an umbrella a top hat a tennis racquet and a cowboy hat to go along with the Indian suit and the cowboy suits and people would get their pictures taken"

They moved to 322½ Queen Street West seven years later Sometime during World War I the brothers bought a bicycle and started traveling around the city to take pictures for the old Mail and Empire They were pretty good athletes too Lou playing rugby for Judsons and Nat leading the city senior baseball league in batting in 1916 Yellowed clippings establish a point Nat would have trouble selling to his friends today he hit 407 A year later he was expelled from the league when it was discovered he'd been taking seven dollars a game from the team's sponsor

No longer a player, Nat began taking group pictures of baseball and hockey teams in 1918 and Lou started going to weddings to make pictures They sold these to the papers and in this way began the practice that grew into today's business

In 1919 the brothers drove to Chicago to cover the World Series Roads were bad and the horseless carriage was still something of an innovation The trip about five hundred miles, took six days They mailed their pictures back to Toronto and some of them got into the paper even before the series ended Each day they chatted with the players and Lou still can't be convinced that Swede Risberg and Hap Felsch could have been implicated in the fix "They were great guys," he remembers. "They'd do anything for you I guess it just proves that you never know eh Nat"

"You're not telling me, you're telling him" observed Nat.

"I'm not telling anybody" remarked Lou "What was I?"

One of the longest stories in Nat's repertoire involves the time he photographed the Duke and Duchess of Windsor for the Toronto Star The pager had a tip the couple was fishing on the Restigouche River and sent Nat to investigate To summarize the story Nat found them after hardship that increases with each telling

"There was this woman, the best dressed woman in the world, sitting there in her flapping bloomers and skirt and sweater, talking to me for an hour" he recalls "She was so refined, so elegant We were waiting for the Duke to change his clothes and we just sat there chatting She is the most charming woman I ever met and she sent me a letter from the Waldorf Astoria thanking me for the pictures" He got a bonus of one hundred dollars from the Star for the pictures

His other greatest moment came when King George VI and Queen Elizabeth presented the King's fifty guineas to George McCullagh The presentation was made high on the judge's stand and photographers were not permitted. Nat asked the president of the Jockey Club if he could get up there and was brusquely refused And before the race a mounted policeman approached the photographers enclosure and asked for Nat Tarrisky

"I thought I was going to be thrown out of the Woodbine" he recalls. "Instead the Mountie took me up on the stand and squeezed me in behind a post where I was able to get pictures of the whole thing"

We never got an extra dime" interjected Lou shifting his cigar

"Yeah they used them all over the world" explained Nat "but when the King and Queen were here all the pictures were pooled"

"Not an extra dime" repeated Lou

"Ah what's the difference?" enquired Nat "In a hundred years from now, where'll you be?" ★



I Survived!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

other boys I thought they needed a rest They weren't very interested but they finally agreed

It was then one of the airmen noticed I had been issued with two left cookalinks. I asked if anyone had any distress flares. Flight Lieutenant Jim Wynn, a Korea airlift pilot who was highest-ranking officer on the course and had been chosen course leader assured me that after another mile or two I wouldn't know one foot from the other anyway Furthermore he said we were thirty six miles from the closest town and twenty miles from the closest telephone, so I might as well plod on for camp.

We plodded on My legs were stiffer than crutches, and I was now shivering under my sweat-drenched clothing It was rolling foothill country with the Rockies prominent on the western horizon The forest was predominantly open stands of second growth poplar where the snow lay two feet deep with denser patches of spruce and pine where the snow was shallower We finally reached camp.

There were four shelters, large enough for about eight men each. Each looked as if the builders had started out to construct a log cabin given up halfway through and turned it into a combination lodge tepee and spruce bough wigwam We broke up into four camps —one for each shelter I joined a six-man camp headed by Wynn.

Stripped to the Gooseflesh

There was Flight Lieutenant Peter Cribb a soft-spoken Briton who has been in Canada two years and is a week end flyer with Toronto's reserve Vampire squadron Cribb has a D.F.C and bar for eighty operations with Spitfires for the RAF during the war Flying Officer Bob Mortimer was a lanky twenty one-year-old from Vancouver now flying Sabre jets out of Bagotville Que. Flying Officer George Zlatnik, twenty was a husky six footer from Glenside Sask— a pilot with the photo and mapping 408 Squadron at Rockcliffe Fifth member of the camp was Leading Aircraftsman Glen Graham a safety equipment technician at Centralia Ont Graham a rugged two-hundred pounder with a snub nose that makes him look like a pugilist is a former cowboy rodeo rider and circus barker from Nevis, Alta

We moved our packs into the shelter It was too low to permit standing upright The floor was covered with a thin tramped mat of spruce boughs. In the centre was a ring of blackened stones for a fireplace with a hole directly above in the parachute roof where smoke could escape Numerous holes in the spruce bough walls looked suspiciously like emergency windows where previous tenants had poshed their heads through for fresh air when the smoke grew too dense inside.

The thought of stripping off bare to shed my wet underwear started a spasm of shivering, but I had to get a fire started and dry out before the night cold really set in. I looked around for a pile of newspapers and a can of coal oil I might as well have looked for the electric blanket that kept tormenting my memory I whittled shavings off a piece of kindling and after several misfires got a fire blazing The shelter filled with smoke in thirty seconds We discovered that you lived in the shelter on your hands and knees because only the area two feet off the floor was free of smoke

I finally got stripped to the gooseflesh and dressed again in trousers, shirt and dry socks. I hung the underwear and wet socks on the roof poles over the fire and they started steaming like a geyser I pulled on the mukluks and parka and stepped outside where Sergeant Instructor Bob Sprout was beginning a demonstration on using an axe

When my turn came for a try-out the axe seemed to be off balance I couldn't hit closer than six inches to the spot at which I was aiming Sprout yelled for everyone to stand back.

We had to climb a hill to find a tree for a tree-felling demonstration and Sprout showed us how to climb lacing the rear knee stiffly at each step to take the weight off the thigh muscles "You can walk twice as far in a day that way" he said I tried it and felt like a storm trooper doing a reverse goosestep I gave up I had walked far enough anyway I couldn't see why anyone would want to walk twice as far

Next, Flying Officer Jim Goodey another ex Mountie with years of Arctic experience, gave us a demonstration on shelter building and pointed out that a parachute was a downed airman's department store A parachute can provide shelter a raft sail, emergency clothing rope fishlines a packsack boot material material for hand made knives and plastic bands for a catapult. I gathered that if you ever jump from a plane it is wise to make sure you have a parachute with you.

Then Chief Instructor Goodey told us very apologetically that the emergency food packets were in short supply and while at base camp we would have to survive on ordinary groceries such



CAREER AHEAD
...helped by a father's foresight

His father would have been both proud and happy, if he had lived to see this day

He did not live—but the life insurance he provided for his family enabled his boy to complete his education in preparation for the career of his choosing

Today, thanks to his father's foresight, the boy sets his foot on the first rung of the ladder, trained and ready to climb steadily toward high responsibility

London Life
Insurance Company
HEAD OFFICE - LONDON, CANADA

Ask the London Life man to show you how your life insurance can be arranged to provide the maximum income from your policies



The Open Door

For those who suffer in body or spirit, The Salvation Army holds open the Door to Help and Hope

To the weak the erring the unfortunate, The Salvation Army is an unfailing friend Its understanding heart and human touch can heal the scars of misfortune or misdeed and set the wayward on the path to useful living

YOUR dollars are needed to help keep the doors of The Salvation Army's hostels havens homes and hospitals always open To The Salvation Army these dollars are a sacred trust to be used wisely in relieving human need

Give from the heart!

THE Salvation Army
RED SHIELD APPEAL

an pork chops, bacon eggs and fresh vegetables. Nobody could raise a tear.

We drew rations went to our shelters for the night and ate a supper of tea and bacon sandwiches lying down to keep below the smoke.

The temperature dropped to around zero. Eyemyenn was exhausted and felt like going to bed but no one wanted to move from the fire to do it. We spread sleeping bags out on the spruce-bough floor and waited for someone to make the first move. Graham the big ex-cowboy went first. He was stripped to his underwear and inside his bag in thirty seconds.

"It's colder inside than out," he yelled.

Graham appeared to be still breathing. Encouraged we all dashed for our bags at once. My underwear and socks felt almost dry so I took them with me and shoved them down into the bag where, according to the RCAF's textbook, no survival they would complete drying out from my body heat.

I was tempted to crawl in wearing everything I had, including the parka but this is a survival inbox. The books say strip down to your underwear. I took stock and decided my bed clothing was going to be limited to woolen shirt, a sweater and socks.

I pulled off the parka and immediately became chilled through. My barelings were shaking so wildly that they missed the sleeping bag until jabbed into the spruce boughs underneath. I aimed again and this time got them inside, squirmed downwards and pulled the top of the bag up around my neck. I tried straightening out slowly but my knees touched the wet bundle of socks, underwear and trousers in the bag beside me and bounced back up to my chin.

My legs stopped shaking and started aching instead because of their cramped position. I tried rolling over but the movement opened the top of the sleeping bag and a blast of air shot in. In one second I lost all the heat I had taken five minutes to produce. I had to choose between being kept awake by the leg cramps of my doubled up position or being kept awake by the glacier which seemed to be waiting in the bottom of the sleeping bag when ever I tried straightening out. I straightened out. My feet felt as if they were in an ice pack. I can't say that I felt comfortable any time that first night, but at least the degree of discomfort changed a bit for the better and my tense shivering limbs slowly relaxed. I fell asleep, but seemed to waken again immediately. The fire was out now except for a couple of small embers, so I must have slept close to an hour. I straightened out and dozed off again.

The rest of the night broke itself up into hourly intervals of waking up with leg cramps, straightening out, falling asleep, knees creeping inward again, then waking with a new session of leg cramps an hour later.

The thermometer on the instructor's shanty that morning read eight below. My underwear had completed drying during the night so the sleeping bag and I pulled on the heavy woolen longies, keeping the lighter cotton longies in reserve. The woollies still felt as if they were lined with smoldering cigarette butts, but at eight below they were very comforting.

My legs were so stiff and sore I thought I had become an advanced arthritic overnight. I forgot the arthritis promptly and prepared myself for an attack of double pneumonia when I rolled up my sleeping bag and saw the shape of my body outlined in thick white frost on its bottom surface where body vapor had permeated through the down filling and frozen against the spruce mat on the ground.

Survival was never quite as tough again as that first night. Lectures continued for five days but we learned most from experience. We learned to make ourselves more comfortable at night by loosening up the spruce boughs under our sleeping bags and adding fresh ones every day or two. We learned the trick of rolling over inside the bag so that the neck didn't open and let the heat out. And we learned to keep a pile of kindling close so that we could start a fire in the morning without getting out of bed.

I also learned that RCAF research and experience have produced a mass of knowledge that every angler and hunter should take away for the emergency when lost stranded or injured he might have to use it to save his own life. In sub-zero weather the greatest menace to survival surprisingly is your own sweat. Damp clothing loses its insulating properties and after sweating you can freeze to death easily. If sweating can't be controlled it is always safer regardless of the temperature to strip and dry underclothing even more than to leave it on damp especially socks. An extremity crippled by frozen feet, your chances of surviving long are lost. Don't rub frostbites with snow. It does more harm than good. Thaw out frostbitten parts gradually with warm hands and gentle massage.

One of the first RCAF survival rules is build a camp and stay with the downed aircraft. It applies equally to anyone lost in forest country. Aimless wandering reduces the chances of rescue and uses up strength you should save for hunting to keep yourself fed. Climb the closest hill to reconnoitre, but don't travel long distances unless you are certain you know where you are going and have the strength to get there. If you do travel and rest times out of

MIDNIGHT TRAIN TO DAWN

The long slow shrieking bannered out
Beneath a quoit of mile of smoke
Treading the engine's trumpet-throat
For, far behind
Yelk when it spoke
Immediately we seemed to hear
The metronome wheeling rush
Like time itself, more loud more near
Then warning whistle
Now the hush
Of soundlessness The falling snow
Will carry hours down the night
As steadily on wheels that flow
In rhythm, from the dark to light

MARTHA BANNING THOMAS



ALL CANADIAN!

On highways and in cities, towns and villages from the Rockies to the Atlantic, the Sign of the White Rose marks the service stations and other retail outlets of the petroleum industry's leading All Canadian company. Ranking high among the major oil companies of the country, operated entirely by Canadians and with 98% of its stock owned in Canada, this company is unique in its field. By any test you care to make, Canadian Oil Companies Limited and the Sign of the White Rose are as Canadian as Lake Louise and Halifax Harbour, Quebec City, Dolphin and Union, Bay.

As a company, we're proud of Canada and we trust Canada is proud of and will yearly grow more proud of us! Our present expanding! With a capital of $23,000,000 refinery — which operates exclusively on Canadian crude — and with the most modern oil and grease manufacturing plant on the continent, Canadian Oil is today attaining new high levels in volume of production and in service to the Canadian motoring public. Present plans call for further extension of our facilities with many new outlets at key locations to become realities in the near future.

In short, we are a Canadian company that is really *growing with Canada!*

98% OWNED by CANADIANS

CANADIAN OIL COMPANIES, LIMITED
REFINERS AND MARKETERS OF
WHITE ROSE
PETROLEUM PRODUCTS

HERE

IS THE SENSATIONAL NEW

Refrigerator by Deepfreeze!

Model A-tt50 Illustrated



One glance will tell you this new
rigerator by Deepfreeze is the
of them all!

A weekly trip to market can
eep the genuine Deepfreeze
reezer Compartment stocked
with approximately 50 lbs of
tamin rich, flavorful frozen
ods Electromatic Defrosting—
ust set u and forget it!

Gallon milk ,ugs and even a
uge turkey slip easily into place
among the lifetime aluminum
helves Hugetwincrisperskeepa
alf bushel of vitamin rich vegr-
ables and fruits garden fresh

You ll appreciate the exclusive
door that Stores More,' too!

Unions "Handy Jugs' give you
fingertip storage for juices The
Butter Box keeps butter at your
favorite spreading temperature
The removable Handy Bin
preserves small fruits and vege
tables There s even extra-capac
ity storage for eggs and bottles

There are seven models to
choose from, ranging from 9 3 to
11-5 cu ft in capecity, with in
teriors of gay Bermuda Green

You ll appreciate the exclusive
door that Stores More,' too!
See them today!

Deepfreeze

HOME APPLIANCES

Deepfreeze Appliance Division, Motor Products Corporation North Chicago, Illinois
Specifications subject to change without notice Canadian Distributors H & Carson Lethbridge
Lake-Levelsent Division, Montreal Ward Johnston Electric Co Regina & Saskatoon, Onward
Manufacturing Co Kitchener Thomas Rothwell & Co Winnipeg, Taylor & Pearson, Edmonton
Taylor & Pearson 1B C) Vancouver Taylor Pearson & Carson Calgary Electrical Distributors
Trade N 5

ten you shouldn't, blaze a trail behind you and leavr notes telling where you are heading Don t let yourself get rxhausted

On a beach or clearing lay out signal fire of green boughs that will smoke heavily Have them close to camp where they can be fired quickly if an aircraft flies over

Rabbits can be easily snared with shoelace loops in their runways but a week on solid rabbit diet will make you ill They re too lean. Eat any greens you see rabbits have been eating bulrush roots, the soft inner bark of poplar (not too much it is laxative), but avoid berries you don t recognize as edible

In the bush always be prepared by carrying a compass a hunting knife or small axe, matches in a waterproof container snare wire, a fishing kit fly dope, and a map of the area in which you are. travrling

Deer Were Not Cricket

On the fifth afternoon we were issued X rations and received instructions for the trek to begin next morning

"This is where you ll have an opportunity to put your survival knowledge into practice" Chief Instructor Goodey told us He made it sound as if he was offering us two week vacations in Florida Each camp will get a civilian guide and trek into the bush—make abritem und live there five days. You ll have one box of X rations per man per day and for the rest of your food you ll have to snare or shoot game Shooting big game like deer is not permitted, but you ll live fairly well off rabbits partridge and roast porky"

My ears pricked up momentarily then I realized he meant roast porcupine

"Some of the emergency food is not too palatable" Goodey went on "It s designed to give maximum nutrition in a minimum of space We wouldn t sacrifice twenty calories to make a thing taste good Eating is largely habit anyway A healthy man can live ten or twenty days easily without food Our actual survival you should fast the first two days because you don t need food for a day or two and to eat then is only wasting what might save your life later Our rations could be carried easily under one arm"

We assembled at one arxt morning A fresh snowfall of several inches had filled in the trails and our packs were considerably heavier now with rations, cooking pots axes guns and ammunition But we were hardened veterans now—or so we thought and the packs didn t feel half so unmanageable as they had during the trek in from the bus.

Our guide was Mike Kelly a short husky Athabaska Indian who figures he's walked fifty thousand miles on his trap line during the past thirty years. Our camp was picked xext by Joe Smith an Edmonton doctor on the RCAF reserve squadron there

Kelly took us north on the lumber trail and for the first two miles the walking was fairly easy Then he said we had to head into the bush We turned onto a narrow foot trail single file Kelly leading It was filled in with arw snow but the old snow beneath had been packed down by previous parties The trail was less than a foot wide on either side was two feet of soft snow and every half-dozen paces one fret would slip knee deep into the snow at the side It was like walking a greased tightrope If Headin had wanted to try something really tough he should have tried his tightrope stroll across Niagara Falls wearing two left mukluks and a heavy packsack with a frying pan handle jabbing between his shoulder blades.

After half an hour the shoulder straps of the packsark had practically amputated both my arms Kelly was plowing ahead at at least fifteen miles an hour Doc Smith asked him if he was trying to reach Montreal for lunch Kelly said unless we got rearking we wouldn t reach the Mr Loud River—half a mile away But we did and stopped for a rest. I asked Kelly how many miles more He said we d done about four miles. I didn t have the wind to start an argument, but I knew it was at least fifteen Then he said the walking was a bit hard on account of last night s snow I guess he thought we had a helmet "Maybe we d better camp" he suggested

With frying pans and spruce boughs we shovded out an area of snow for our shelter and erected a framework of poles so that a parachute would fit as the roof We concluded it would be a tight fit for five so Smith and I started work on a lean to of our own. Kelly was building his lean-to a hundred yards away because he was a regular rations and the RCAF figures morale might suffer if instructors ate their steak and onions in front of students on bhkan on dried meat bars

We had the framework erected when it was lunch time Each of us opened our first X ration box On the top was a suggested menu for breakfast mooning lunch noon lunch supper and evening lunch The RCAF doesn't do any kidding—there wasn't a word about dinner

The box was packed tighter than the toes in a woman s shoe with a package of cocoa (milk powder and sugar included) an oatmeal block to be eaten as is or cooked into porridge, chocolate bars a packet of biscuits, two dried meat bars two tea bags chicken noodle soup powder, six sugar cubes a small package of hard candy salt a box of windproof matches and a small plastic spoon It weighs one pound, twelve ounces yet contains twenty-eight hundred calories—eight hundred more than the RCAF considers a man needs to sustain life indefinitely

The most nutritious items are the meat bars which contain a thousand calories alone They are seventy percent fat thirty percent meat harder than a hickory axe handle, and represent a pound of beef and a pound of pork dehydrated into six ounces The biscuits too of them are brittle as shingles and about as tasty The candy is excellent you can t taste a trace of the fat and vitamin C with which they are fortified

According to the menu I was supposed to eat half a meat bar two biscuits a piece of candy and one third of my cocoa The meat bar looked like a plank of varnished wood and tasted like sawdust with a faint flavor of hot Sunday s roast. I understood why they recommend fasting for two days You have to starve yourself before you can eat more than the first mouthful I put the meat bar back and started to work on the biscuits I wondered if all the chewing such rations required wouldn t use up more energy than they provide The doc and I heated up a billy full of cocoa and finished it off with a candy According to the RCAF book on survival I should now be satisfied I always knew my stomach couldn't read

We threw spruce boughs on our lean to framework until we had a roof a foot thick and packed another foot of boughs on the ground for a mattress Wynn and Cribb went out to get rabbit snares The rest of us spent the next two hours scouring the vicinity for firewood I found where beavers had girdled and killed dozens of poplars The trees were well seasoned they were also a quarter of a mile away



through two-foot snow Doc said it would be easier to dig a coal mine But it was getting very cold we guessed it for zero—so we dragged in firewood and it looked as though we had enough to steam up the Queen Mary

Our legs and backs felt as if we had dragged the Queen Mary along as well and my long since empty stomach was making noises like a tomcat in a tin drainpipe It was getting dark when we assembled for supper The menu called for chicken noodle soup half a meat bar two biscuits and cocoa The soup was excellent but it vanished in thirty seconds. I looked scornfully at the meat bar and figured I had to do something with it. I decided to stew it I shaved it up with my knife, covered the shavings with water and hung it over the fire to boil I added the biscuits for dumplings Doc said it couldn t possibly taste as bad as it looked but it did However after the first three spoonfuls the inside of my mouth was coated so thickly with the fat that I couldn t taste anything afterward I was still hungry but my stomach had become less vocal

Doc and I walked across to our lean to and started a fire We crowded close and our mukluks steamed and our shins toasted while our chilled backs rippled with shivers It was the coldest night yet The instructors had assured us that there is little danger of freezing to death in your sleep in spite of the traditional warnings Cold always wakens you before it freezes you they said unless you are exhausted I was sure I was exhausted I told the doc to crawl in and get some sleep I would get into my sleeping bag and stay awake to keep a fire going I d wakeu him in an hour or two and then he could tend the fire while I slept

We got a hot fire blazing and removed our outside clothing We warmed down into the cold sleeping bags It was the last thing I remember I awoke with a start and noticed that the east was grey with approaching dawn The fire was black out and the back of my sleeping bag was rimmed with frost from my breath But down inside the bag I was as cozy as a baby kangaroo in his mammal s pouch Both of us had slept all night without waking once The thermometer burk at camp that night dropped to fifteen below

We started a fire without getting out of the bags. I intended to boil up my oatmeal block into porridge, but I tried a nibble raw and found it tasted like an oatmeal cookie It was so tasty I ate it that way and used the melted porridge water for tea instead I finished breakfast in bed. By drinking plenty of weak tea I was able to get down two biscuits and a quarter of a meat bar (the others said I should eat half a bar)

For the next hour my stomach felt flatter than the frying pan Then the hunger pains suddenly stopped up and I didn t experience anything more than a mild stomach discomfort during the four days of X rations that followed After about twenty four hours of rumbling rebellion our stomachs adjusted comfortably to a quarter or third of the food normally eaten Goodey was right Eating is largely habit

That morning I borrowed a shotgun and a pocketful of shells promised bear steaks for dinner and went hunting I didn t even see a snow flea The game must have gone into hibernation en masse the night before I waded snow for an hour and had just decided that I was three miles from camp when I came across a man track I studied his trail and noticed at once that the unfortunate chap was wearing two left mukluks like me I figured he was lost and decided I d better find him down Ten minutes later his trail was joined by another chap and the other guy was wearing two left mukluks too Now I had two lost men to rescue Ten minutes later the trail was joined by the tracks of a third man also wearing two left mukluks I stopped and began to apply my seven days of bush experiences to the problem I knew that even the best of woodsmen sometimes walk in circles without knowing it so I followed the trail backwards for a brief reconnoitre I landed back in camp in two minutes I hadn t found any game because I hadn't got farther than two hundred yards from camp the whole morning I told the boys there wasn t a game animal within ten miles and five minutes later Wynn and Cribb returned from their hunt with three rabbits and a partridge.

The Meat Bars Survived

That evening we tossed everything into a pot and had a very satisfying meal of rabbit partridge meat barchicken noodle stew thickened with oatmeal Doc demanded that we include the rabbit and partridge stomach contents for vitamin C The rest of us said firmly we preferred scurvy

It had turned mildly chilly during the day and that night we went to bed warm and with a pleasantly full feeling around the middle

We spent two more days and two nights in the camp snared and ate a couple more rabbits but most of the time we strictly followed the first rule of survival—conserve energy By diligently steaming our mukluks beside the fire Wynn somehow we came out a bit tougher than we went in. On the last day we trekked the four miles back to base camp then the six miles out to the bus at the highway, and felt we could turn around and do it over again if we had to

I survived and I didn t eat grasshoppers either I can light a fire in one minute flat I can hit the same spot twice with an axe and I can make a bed out of spruce boughs that will keep me warm at fifteen below But I have six meat bars left which survived too They still taste like sawdust

If I ever have to survive on X rations again I hope it will be in summer so that I can eat toasted grasshoppers and save the meat bars for fish bait. ★

THERE

IS ONLY ONE GENUINE

Deepfreeze Home Freeze

Model C-75 Illustrated



To get the home freezer that will pay greatest dividends in convenience, savings and better eating, insist on a genuine Deepfreeze Home Freezer It has by far the most experience behind it!

Convenience features? No other has so many practical advancements. Exclusive one-pint casseroles to some models enable you to freeze, heat and serve in the same colorful containers Ultra-modern, 'Silent Signal' lights

simplify the control of tem
cure. Sliding baskets and s
able dividers make all foo
ily accessible

Everywhere you look, y
see that Deepfreeze has pu
ity ahead of price And
you *don't* look, too! The
hermetically sealed mecha
for instance And the "s
proof" cabinet. It all adds
top dollar value

Six chest type models, 7
cu ft, and two new delu
right models give you th
est possible choice Interio
finished in beautiful Be
Green" Choose yours too

Deepfreeze

HOME APPLIANCES

Deepfreeze Appliance Division Motor Products Corporation North Chicago, Illi
Specifications subject to change without notice Canadian Distributors H & Carson Lethbr
Franke Levenseur Division Montreal Ward Johnston Electric Co Regina & Saskatoon, On
Manufacturing Co Kitchener Thomas Rothwell & Co Winnipeg, Taylor & Pearson, Edmon
Taylor & Pearson 1B C) Vancouver Taylor Pearson & Carson Calgary Electrical Distrib
Trade N 5

Mermaid His Stomach

ED FROM PAGE 19

there any more coffee in the ... suppose?" and raised a ... the wreath of rosebuds that ... high-piled dark red tresses ... feeling that it must have ... heveled from the tumult of ... She wore rosebuds in her ... morning because she was ... writing of young love, of fresh dewy innocence. "Most likely he misjudged last night," she went on referring to Mr. Potter. "Probably all the breakfast he wants is a raw egg and Worcestershire sauce. Or black coffee and aspirin."

Miss Tone, before answering, tilted her chair forward, cranked herself to ground level, spun around three quarters of a circle until she faced the stove and picked her empty coffee cup off the little chintz shelf that had a most conveniently adjustable arm and was part of the chair.

"We'd have heard him when he came in last night if he'd misjudged," she said. Mr. and Diana Creston were among those present at the Huntley-Mathewson's ball last night, the paper says. He'd hardly misjudge at a ball. And if he had we'd have been sure to hear him. Remember last week how he wrestled Mr. Allan and they got overexcited and knocked their heroine down and broke a chair? The poor boy may be lying in his bed, too ill to cry out, writhing in mortal agony stricken and not a soul to tell."

She had stepped from the chair and moved slowly across the blue linoleum to the chromium trimmed electric range. "There's lots of coffee," she said. "I'll make fresh for Mr. Potter." Lifting a saucepan lid she stirred for a moment and a waft of fragrant chicken soup escaped.

Regardless of the exorbitance of the fees they paid there was no justification for making fresh coffee for boarders who overslept. But Mrs. Webster did not comment.

Somebody ought to take poor Mr. Potter up some breakfast. Miss Tone said as she surveyed the blue linoleum, carrying the glass coffee pot. Her round blue eyes were very wide and her voice sank almost to a whisper. He may have been stabbed in some vital part with a dagger in an effort defending the honor of his betrothed. He may have crept home to die. He may be bleeding to death. To get bloodstains out of sheets they should be put to soak in cold water immediately."

The somebody who should carry breakfast was Mrs. Webster because Miss Tone, a spinster, did not venture upstairs when the young gentlemen were at home, it being known that they were careless about wearing their dressing gowns or anything else for that matter in the hall. The mild rebuke was hardly noticed though for Mrs. Webster's mind was examining the scene in the dark alleyway. Mr. Potter and Miss Diana Creston, his fiancée, splendid in evening dress on their way home from the Huntley-Mathewson's ball; the blackness of the alley, the garbage cans on either side, the drunken hoodlum, counter, the gleam of steel in the moonlight, the blood on Mr. Potter's white shirt front—

She recalled herself sharply and brought her eyes down from the ceiling where she had been estimating the red stain that would spread slowly through from the room above where Mr. Potter lay. It was time the kitchen was repainted anyway.

"I can't imagine anyone fighting over that spoiled sunwayy-faced debutante," she said practically. "And besides if he was ill or anything, Mr. Allan would have said something when he came down. He wouldn't have eaten three sets of griddles if Mr. Potter was dead in the bed upstairs."

Miss Tone mounted her chair and remained herself up a foot. "I'm not like him to miss his breakfast," she said, fanning her big round red face with her apron. "It's not good for him to miss his breakfast." High strung excitable young men like Mr. Potter who can't stay out of love for two days running, poor souls, need their meals regular."

Mrs. Webster, stirring thick cream and sugar in her coffee, paid no attention. She was thinking that perhaps Miss Tone, having been brought up on a farm, might have some useful information about cow barns. The trouble was that cow barns had probably changed a lot since Miss Tone's time, probably they didn't have electric milking machines thirty or forty years ago and that was the sort of thing needed for atmosphere. For instance, the sound of the curly headed hot-eyed stranger's approach might be covered by the whir of the electric milking machines so that the first Mary would know of his presence would be his big hard sensitive brown hand on her white shoulder.

"Perhaps." Miss Tone said loudly, "perhaps it was one of those girls he has the photographs of on his bureau. She may have done it with a thin jeweled dagger or a paper knife, plunging it deep down into a vital part and twisting it. One of those eight or is it nine? One of the ones he scorned when he took up with Diana Creston that's who the police should investigate first."

"Oh for Heaven's sake," Mrs. Webster said under her breath. Out loud she said, "I'll go up and see in just a minute, dear. Just let me finish my coffee," and she picked up her cup and drained it, adding silently that God only knew how anyone expected her to get her story ready for the typist by twelve o'clock or anything else done for that matter with a crazy loon like Miss Tone around the place.

"Tell him it's griddle cakes and sausages," she heard Miss Tone call as she left the room.

She thumped upstairs, promising to hire a housemaid, two housemaids, to run up and down the stairs all day finding out if people had been murdered. If she had some help with the beds and the cleaning and the picking up the young gentlemen's clothes off the floor she might get somewhere with her writing. But the wish was fleeting because an intruder in the companionable kitchen was unthinkable. And there was a pang of something that might almost be fierceness at the idea of losing touch with her young gentlemen which she would do if she didn't tidy up their rooms.

She paused at the landing to settle the flowers on top of her red transformation and to touch up her cheeks and her lips from the big red leather bag that she carried with her always. And then munching on a stick of gum that she took from the bag she climbed on, her heart beating a little faster than usual because Mr. Potter might come bursting out of his room at any minute dressed in whatever it was he wore in bed which wasn't pyjamas because he didn't own any, she had packed up his wardrobe from the floor enough times to be sure of that. And her heart beat faster, less in anticipation of the corpse she might find in the big high-ceilinged room where Mr. and Mr. Allan lived frantically in a welter of clothes and squash racquets, skis, fishing rods, books, shotguns, gramophone records, girls' portraits, magazines and it sometimes seemed to Mrs. Webster, a hundred thousand ties.

IT WAS dim at first when she pushed open the heavy dark-oak door after Mr. Potter called "Come in." But the dark red curtains drawn across the windows were billowed out by the breeze and in the changing light her heart skipped a beat because the shape that lay so whitely still, hunched on the bed under a sheet, might easily have been a dead body. But after a second she made out the short black hair that lay in tight curls over Mr. Potter's square head and saw that his bright black eyes were looking at her hostilely. There was no blood.

She tucked her grim into her cheek, cleared her throat and said nervously, "Are you all right?"

"I'm fine," he answered in a polite flat voice. "Just dandy."

Then there was silence. Mrs. Webster settled her gum securely and said, "When will you be down for breakfast?"

"I'm not coming down for breakfast," he answered, looking at her belligerently. "Or lunch either—maybe." He pulled a bare arm out from under the sheet, ran his fingers through his close thick curls and tucked his arm away again.

Then the fresh breeze that blew in from the summer morning street outside suddenly billowed out the red curtains violently, letting sunshine spill in, and the door behind Mrs. Webster blew shut with a crash. She started and swallowed her gum. The red curtains fell straight again.

"When she was recovered she said cajolingly, "Maybe a cold shower? And then a nice fresh country egg in Worcestershire sauce. Miss Tone could fix you one. I've heard it's good after a person has misjudged."

Mr. Potter hunched his five feet ten of solid meat a little further down under the flimsy sheet and shut his eyes.

"How about some nice black coffee and cigarette?" Mrs. Webster persisted.

"I'm not that," he answered crossly. "I'm just staying in bed, that's all. Can't I just stay in bed without everyone getting all excited?"

"Did you get tired perhaps?" Mrs. Webster asked, sympathy welling up.

"No. At least not yet. I haven't," he said. "I'm just not going to get up. That's all."

"But they'll be expecting you at the office."

"Oh to hell with them. See if I care."

Mrs. Webster disturbed moved into the room and stooped mutinutically to pick a disordered heap of clothes from the centre of the floor, a long tailed evening coat with a brown edged gardenia in a rumpled evening shirt, black trousers, green-striped underwear socks. She carried her load over to a big crowded table that stood in the window and served as writing desk, workbench, bar and clothes horse. The explanation came to her.

"A lovers' quarrel," she said and, when he didn't answer, she gave him advice from her extensive experienced novelist's store. "Don't let it upset you. Young girls are all alike. The thing for you to do is to get up now and get dressed and go to work and then this evening take her flowers. White roses. Or violets." The scene began to somehow recede in her mind. For inspiration she glanced to the bureau where Diana



ll the confidence in the world – in YOU

A SUDDEN TRAFFIC LIGHT ... an unexpected roadblock ... a sharp curve ... – these mean nothing to the little girl in dreamland

When she's older she'll realize how wise you were having Dominion Royal Masters on your car. They give as much as 60% more *safe* miles ... have the best straight line stopping ability ... bring you to a safe swift halt—even when pavements are slick. That's why so many car owners insist on Dominion Royal Masters with the famous Royaltrx tread.



EVERLASTING WHITEWALLS!

Protected from defacement and damage
Royal Master Whitewalls, with exclusive Cork Guard
lengthen the appearance of any wheel base
lower the appearance of any car and flashing style and beauty

THE SAFEST TIRE EVER BUILT

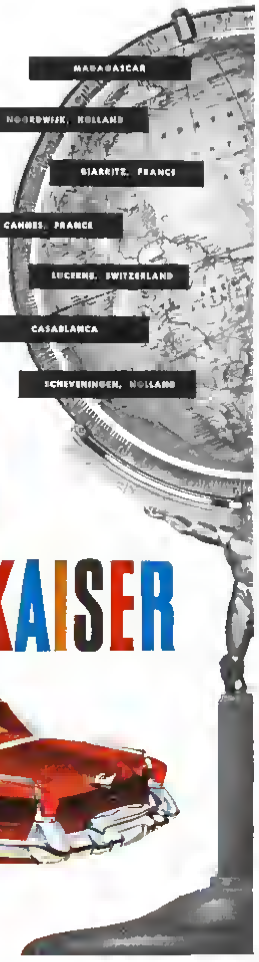


more world beauty prizes than any other car of our time

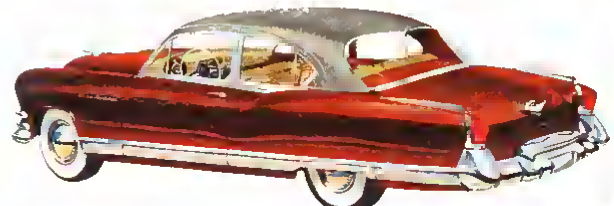
Throughout the world, automotive experts and motor car owners alike, have acclaimed Kaiser... the world's most beautiful car.



There's more to this beauty than meets the eye. Ask your Kaiser-Frazer Dealer to show you the many advantages of Kaiser's Safety Engineering that offers you more vital Safety Features than any other car ever built.



world's first safety-first car... KAISER



1953 Kaiser Manhattan 2 Door Club Sedan

KAISER-FRAZER OF CANADA LTD

Brighter Future Seen For Boy, 4 and Sister, 2



Father and Friend Protect Children!

Last winter in Winnipeg, a young father asked a Confederation Man: "How can I *protect* my family—in case anything happens to me? You know how much is left of my $8,000 income after payments on my house . . . food and clothing bills . . . and all the other expenses. How much protection can I afford?"

"A lot more than you think, Jim," replied the Confederation Man. "We have a plan that can yield safety well provide for your family $10,000 in cash at death . . . and $100 every month until your daughter is 21. Then they'll receive the $10,000 in front of death after your daughter is 21; this plan provides $20,000 in cash."

For the Answers to Three Questions . . .

- Will the income from your life insurance be income tax free?
- Will the proceeds from your life insurance be subject to administration costs?
- Could creditors take the proceeds of your insurance intended to provide family income?
- Do you know the amount payable each year if income may be arranged "IF" to 25 . . . by one settlement?

Consult Your Confederation Man!

PROTECT THE ONES YOU LOVE . . . *consult a*

Confederation Life
Association

fine assets . . . prudently managed . . . liberal policies

PREFERRED IN SELECT COMPANY FOR OVER 250 YEARS



One of the three best Scotches in the World

Creston's photograph stood with seven others, all inscribed with intimate dedications. The reconciliation would take place in an expensive modern living room. Diana Creston flashed nobly gaunt... would sit on a backless tremendous sofa wearing stripless pastel blue nylons and her eyes would be made up slightly wise. Mr. Potter, in a white dinner jacket, would kneel at an old fashioned way or a thick white rug at her feet. "Be bold but very gentle," she went on slowly. "Be inexorable but very gentle. Impetuous but bloodied young men sometimes forget that girls are shy things. They are delicate like wood violets. Take her in your arms gently and reverently but inexorably and ask her forgiveness. Promise her that whatever it was that gave the offense you'll rectify it on!"

When she stopped Mr. Potter said kindly distantly. "But that's not the truth. I can't rectify it. Or wash it off or any other thing."

Wrenched back from the chromium living room Mr. Webster said blankly, "What can't you?"

Mr. Potter was holding the sheet up tightly around his thick neck and his black eyes were very bright. They glittered in the dim light. "My mermaid." He said shortly and then because Mrs. Webster didn't answer but stood beside the desk with her mouth open he added bitterly. "My mermaid. She's only a little one. Really. But she's tattooed on. Really she's quite small. There's no need to make all the fuss."

Mrs. Webster said almost inaudibly. "A mermaid."

Mr. Potter propped himself up on one elbow and wiped his face with the sheet. The movement disturbed a round shaving mirror that had been hidden under the pillow. It slipped off and fell to the floor with a clatter. It did not break and Mr. Potter paid no attention to it.

"Don't you think it's sort of unreasonable for a girl to get sore simply because her fiancé goes and gets a moment tattooed on him?" he said. "Honestly is that reasonable thing to get all worked up over or not? They told me she'd like it. Actually that was why I had it done. The man said girls thought mermaids tattooed on were nice. Much nicer than snakes. He ran his agitated fingers through his short black curly hair again.

"What man?" Mrs. Webster breathed. "Who told you?"

"Why the man in the tattoo place. It was when we were downtown the other night after my stag dinner and Herb McGowan said let's go in this place and we did. And then they all said how I ought to have something tattooed up for Diana. Something she'd like. Well I knew they were exaggerating a little but the man seemed so certain and it did seem like a good idea somehow so I had it done."

He paused and his black eyes wondered. "I guess Diana hasn't a sense of humour or something. His voice shook a little and his face remembered something very unpleasant. Last night at the Huntley Mathews' Herb McGowan had to go blatting his big mouth off and the fellows got me out in the conservatory and made me open up my shirt so they could see. The way I can make her wiggle, my mermaid I mean. I had her done on my stomach. And of course Diana had to hear about it."

He stopped to pull the sheet up and mop his face again. "I'll have to go away. I think I'm going to Alaska. I'm just lying here thinking about it. I bet people in Alaska aren't foolish about a little thing like tattooing."

Mrs. Webster swept sway by pity for all the world's young lovers who quarrelled over foolish trifles, who misunderstood one another tragically saw wolves and snow and Mr. Potter in an oracle trimmed parka, supporting Diana Creston who had years later, come out to find him. But then he had to go and spoil everything by muttering. "Diana a wood violet. Oh, my God. A wood rattlesnake's more like it."

The circle of bearded miners who stood about the lovers' lifeless bodies, with bared heads, vanished. Mr. Potter was she saw suddenly just an ordinary rude ungrateful young man. Cried like all the rest. She remembered her manuscript and Miss Archibald who would arrive at twelve-thirty to pick it up. If Mr. Potter and Diana Creston refused to behave worthily she had no more time to spend on them. They could go without.

"Look," she said briskly. "You ought to get up and go to work." Going to work did wonders for young gentlemen she had noticed during the past fifteen years.

"I can't," he said. "Diana's father is my boss and she'll have told him all about it. And anyway even if he didn't mind, she's going to take advice on their investments very much from a man who everybody knows publicly has a mermaid tattooed on his stomach." And with a tremendous flurry of sheet he turned over so that he faced the wall.

MAKING her way downstairs, when the bank of his head remained stubbornly unresponsive—she asked how everyone expected anyone to win short-story competitions if they had to spend all day running with rude young men who wouldn't get out of bed. She would have to let the housework go until after lunch; she was so upset already it would take all of two hours to get the manuscript ready for Miss Archibald.

Crossing the kitchen to pick up her papers, she gave Miss Tone the news briefly.

"Oh, the poor sweet lamb!" Miss Tone said from the sink where she was washing dishes. "Has he tried baking soda? I'll put the kettle on. Hot water and baking soda does wonders often."

"No, no, no," Mrs. Webster said, gathering up her things. "He's mermaid. I said. Mermaid. He's tattooed on his stomach, on the outside. It's a picture. If the laundry comes before I get back be sure to remember about the shirt Mr. Smith says is in his. It's on top of the refrigerator in a brown paper bag."

"A mermaid. Think of that. Is she in full colors? If Diana Creston objects, there's some of those others on his bureau won't mind. I'll bet a dollar."

"Oh, dear," Mrs. Webster said from the doorway. "It's more than that. He's worried because Diana Creston's father is his boss and won't like it. He says the customers won't come to him for advice now he has a mermaid on his stomach."

"Not he's got to have his breakfast," Miss Tone shook her head. "If he knew it was griddles he'd come. Did you say it was griddles?"

"He won't come down. I tell you," Mrs. Webster's voice rose a little over the sizzling urn and then five more.

Elastoplast
THE ORIGINAL ELASTIC FIRST AID BANDAGE
2 KINDS

CHOOSE REGULAR FABRIC



Soft protection at both ends and edges—special

CHOOSE WATERPROOF PLASTIC



Special protection edges—with greases and oil

BOTH ELASTIC | BOTH ADHESIVE



ALL THE SHAPES AND SIZES YOU'LL EVER NEED

Elastoplast
FIRST AID BANDAGES
20¢ and 40¢ red tins at your druggist

IS YOUR SUBSCRIPTION DUE?

Subscription renewing notices at the approaching expiration of their subscriptions are reminders of the necessity of sending in their annual orders promptly.

The demand for copies is still now orders is so great that we cannot guarantee the mailing of any a single issue beyond the period named by your subscription. To avoid disappointment you are requested to send in your renewal subscription should be mailed in promptly when you receive the "expiration" notice.

A vision of Mr. Potter's costume aroused hurriedly swept over Mrs. Webster. "Oh, no, no," she said. "He'd know we were fooling him and he'd be angry."

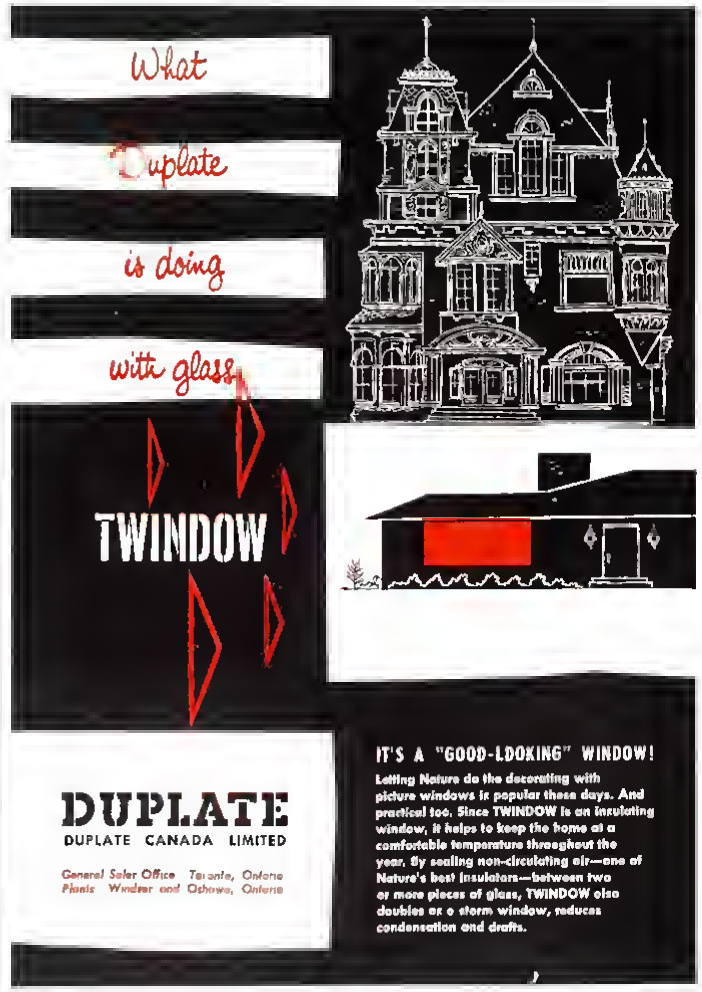
"Well then we'll have to set fire to the house, then," Miss Tone said thoughtfully. "Only a little, of course. Then he couldn't be angry with us."

Mrs. Webster held onto the doorknob very tightly. "He's not coming down to breakfast. He's not coming down to lunch either, maybe. I wouldn't be surprised if he never came down again. He's trying to decide whether to shoot himself or go to Alaska. Now once and for all did you hear what I said about Mr. Smith's shirt?"

"Who? The laundry? Of course, dear. What gone he going to use?"

Mrs. Webster unclenched her teeth far enough to say "Oh, my God. How should I know!" Mr. Albino shotgun, probably before she turned and pulled the door shut firmly behind her.

ESTABLISHED at her desk in her upper bedroom at the head of the third floor stairs, with the door open so that she could hear if any crisis hap



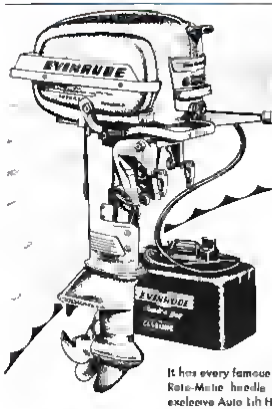
"You buy the BLACK LABEL"



"Glad to! We both agree on Carling's Black Label. It's the lighter lager — really smooth . . . the most refreshing lager under the sun! Why don't you have a bottle right now?"

CARLING'S *Black Label* LAGER

AA-2



It's Terrific — the all new Evinrude 15

The amazing 15 h.p. Super Fast wins with dramatic speed and power; and slow trolling brings a new performance mega to the middleweight outboard class. It has every famous Evinrude feature. Gearshift, Rote-Matic handle, Cruis-a-Day tank, plus new exclusive Auto Lift Head for easy motor service and it's engineered for Evinrude's new Simplex remote control.

See the complete 1953 Evinrude line: 3, 7.5, 15 and 25 h.p. at your dealer's now. Write for complete FREE 1953 literature.

Made in Canada with Nation-Wide Sales and Service for over 25 years. Your Dealer appears under "OUTBOARD MOTORS" Classified Yellow Pages your Telephone Directory.

EVINRUDE

PETERBOROUGH MOTORS CANADA

Horsepower O.M.C. Certified at 4,000 r.p.m.

Division of Outboard Marine & Manufacturing Co. of Canada, Ltd. also manufacturers of 2 to 5 H.P. Lawn Boy rotary power lawn mowers and Iron Horse gasoline engines and generators

pened, she took up her pencil. But her breathing was heavy and her hands trembled. She could not write legibly enough for Miss Archibald.

"Mr. Allan's shotgun. Pah!" she said under her breath and thought of other, even more cleverly sarcastic things she might have said. Though it was a waste because poor Miss Tone didn't understand a quarter of what you told her. Set the house on fire to get Mr. Potter to come down. "Only a little, of course," Mrs. Webster echoed. "Really, I don't know how I stand it." She said it out loud and tapped on her teeth with her pencil.

But the thing to do was to free her mind from petty trivialities to become coma. to let her soul awieg to free spare picking up vibrations from the infinite. She took up her pencil again.

Mary lulled by the hum of the electric cow milking machines and the low moos of contented cows, sat dreaming the long, long dreams of youth. When the stranger approached a sticky young man with short, very curly black hair glistening in the evening sunlight, she did not hear it, nor did she feel the hot violence of his black eyes as he

The grammar was vaguely disquieting, and then the scene was gone and she was back in her narrow bedroom, motionless, suddenly conscious that the first floor telephone extension on the landing at the foot of the stairs was linking gently in sympathy with the kitchen extension which someone was dialing. It must be the kendrymen calling his office about the shirt. She turned her eyes back to her papers.

But she hadn't heard the back door bell ring. It must be Miss Tone. But Miss Tone never telephoned. Miss Tone complained that her fingers got caught in the little holes and the nose of the dial turning gave her a feeny feeling as if she was being tickled.

Mrs. Webster stood up after a moment and walked slowly down the stairs to the telephone. After hesitating a moment, after twice stretching out her hand and pulling it back again, she lifted the receiver very gently and put it to her ear. Miss Tone was saying:

think you should come at once. He may be going to shoot himself we think. He's lying upstairs perfectly in his bed. First he says he's going to Alaska and then he fiddles Mr. Allen's terrible big shiny shotgun and examines it. He won't eat any breakfast. No one should shoot themselves on an empty stomach. It's 1475 Beech St. We don't know what to do. Hurry! Miss Croston, please hurry.

"I'll come," a girl's voice said shakily. "I'll be there right away. It won't take me more than a few minutes."

"Hullo," Mrs. Webster said. "Hullo, Miss Croston. Hullo."

But there was no answer. Nothing except two little clicks and then the wire hummed emptily.

Everything conspired against her. The dog eared telephone directory slipped off its hook when she reached for it and fell down into the floor; her reschade tumbled from her hair when she stooped to pick it up; a torn page delayed matters, then she sneezed suddenly and had to stop to blow her nose. When she found the list of Crostons at last, there were two full columns of them and she didn't know the initials of Diana's father or what their address might be.

So in the end she had to go downstairs and ask Miss Tone.

"You shouldn't have done it," she said as she pushed through the kitchen door. "I've got to call her right back. Whatever would Mr. Potter say if he found out? I hate to think. Besides, he's in bed. She can't come here. What's her number? How did you know her number?"

Miss Tone elevated in her chair and lying back at a luxurious angle, didn't deny anything. She pumped herself upright, saying, "But you said he was going to shoot himself." Her blue eyes were wide and anxious. "Somebody had to do something."

"I did *not* say he was going to shoot himself," Mrs. Webster's voice shook a little. "I said no such thing. What's her number? I've got to call her back."

"You did say it, you did." The corners of Miss Tone's mouth began to tremble. "With Mr. Allan's shotgun, you said. I heard you, dear. And now you blame it all on me. The poor lamb. If only he'd just eat a little something first. I said to myself, I said—"

"Look," interrupted Mrs. Webster. She spoke very patiently and quietly and slowly and distinctly. "It doesn't matter now what I said. The thing is, we've got to call her back and tell her it was a mistake. What was her number? How did you find it?"

Cardinal 4552, Miss Tone told her. "You said he wasn't coming down to breakfast or lunch, either or dinner. And the only reason he would miss his meals is because he's dead. He's one of the loveliest eaters we've ever had. With Mr. Allan's shotgun, you said. Anyway why shouldn't she come?"

Mrs. Webster perched on the counter, had dialed and waved her hand at Miss Tone, signaling her to keep quiet.

Cardinal 4552 was busy first and then turned out to be the residence of a quavery old women who had never heard of a Miss Croston.

Perhaps it was Cardinal 4255. Miss Tone admitted. Come to think of it, it was Cardinal 4255 after all; she remembered now. She knew the number because she had written it down only two days ago when Diana Croston had phoned and left a message. But it

COMPROMISE

We wedded, and pooled our collections of records
Your Bach and Beethoven, my Crosby and Louie,
My Clooney and Tatum, and your never ending
Concertos and trios that give me a pain.

Your culture denied you much pleasure from my skiff
And listening to yours made me restless at nights.
I'm glad that we turned in the lot and got TV
For now we're both happy, enjoying the fights.

J. E. PARSONS



Washes Your Motor While You Drive!



Protect the investment you have in your car by making sure your oil is always at a *safe driving* level. And for further protection always use B-A Peerless Heavy Duty Motor Oil. The detergents in B-A Peerless keep sludge, carbon, varnish and other impurities in harmless suspension — never allow them to cake and cause scoring or pitting. It pays to have your oil checked regularly at the sign of the Big B-A.

THE BRITISH AMERICAN OIL COMPANY LIMITED
The Largest Oil Company Owned by Canadians

B A



turned out that she was wrong. Carnival 4255 had been disconnected. The nearest thing to it in the phone book was M. M. Croston, Carnival 3476; but when applied to a frightened half-deaf child I denied there was anyone named Diana there. Perhaps Miss Tonu thought now, washing dishes dangerously fast at the sink, perhaps the exchange had been Terminal or Central after all. She simply could not understand how it had gone so completely out of her head so quickly.

And then the doorbell began to ring.

MRS. WEBSTER'S stomach sank heavily. What'll I say? she asked, hiking her dry lips and lifting the telephone directory slip off her lap onto the linoleum.

Just tell her the truth, dear, tell her you made a mistake. Tell her how we tried to call her back when you found out the mistake you had made." Miss Pratt spoke cheerfully, drying her hands on a dishtowel.

The bell rang steadily, one insistent peal after the other.

Maybe it's the laundry," Miss Tonu said. "Don't forget that shirt of Mr. Smith's."

But it was not the laundry; it was Diana Croston. Mrs. Webster recognized her easily. She was a tall girl and she was very pretty, even with her gold hair in curling pins only partially covered by a blue handkerchief. Her eyebrows were thin, lavender lines over anxious eyes and her cheeks were very white. Her lipstick was smudged. She wore a camel hair upon a coat over a green cotton dress that had obviously been retired from public wear some time ago. She had feather-trimmed slippers on her feet.

"Is he all right?" she cried. "Am I in time? I drove through two red lights. Oh, where is he? Oh, can I see him?"

"Look, Miss Croston," Mrs. Webster started and then stopped to swallow and compose her mind. "Miss Tone, who had followed along behind, interrupted.

"Before you see him you'd best plan a minute what you're going to say and do, young woman. Giving us such a dreadful fright. What in all this about you telling him it was wrong for him to get himself tattooed? What's wrong with a man getting himself tattooed, I'd like to know?"

"Nothing," the girl said breathlessly. "Oh nothing. It was just that he hadn't told me. And everyone was laughing and whispering about it and I didn't know what was going on in mind—and I guess I got angry because he was keeping a secret from me, that's all. I guess we've both been going to an awful many parties lately, we're sort of run ragged. They kept talking about his new girl and raising their eyebrows. Where is he? I want to see him and tell him how sorry I am."

"You made him miss his breakfast," Miss Tone said. Her round blue eyes were indignant. "Giddily, cakes and sausages in love. He thinks your father won't employ him any more because he has a mermaid tattooed on his stomach. He thinks the customers will object. Why do the customers have to see his stomach?"

"Oh how silly he is," Diana cried. "He's an artist. Of course Dad won't mind. Dad has a snake tattooed all over his stomach himself. Please can I see him?"

Mrs. Webster will take you up," Miss Tonu said.

"Oh, no, no, she can't go up. Mrs. Webster started. "Mr. Potter is not—" but Diana was already halfway up the stairs.

It's the first door on the right," Miss Tone called, and Mrs. Webster followed.

He was still lying with his face to the wall when Diana pushed open the dark oak door and passed inside. The red window curtains billowed out into the room, letting sunlight fall onto the floor. He was probably asleep, because his lay quite still while she ran lightly across the carpet and, kneeling down beside the bed, put her hand onto the curly black hair that showed above the sheet.

"I'm sorry, Paul," she said in a low voice.

Mrs. Webster, chaperoning from the hall outside, felt her throat tighten and tears welling in her eyes.

Mr. Potter spun over with a flurry of sheet. "Diana," he said hoarsely. "Where did you come from? What are you doing here?"

"They called me," the girl said briskly. "They said you wouldn't get up for breakfast and I come right over to tell you I'm sorry. I'm sorry I was sore last night. You can have a dozen mermaids tattooed all over you. And don't worry about Dad. He has a snake. He can't criticize."

Mr. Potter pulled a bare brown arm out from under the sheet and put it around Diana's shoulders. "Diana," he began earnestly. "I did it for you. Honestly. When they—"

And then the treacherous morning breeze blew the door shut suddenly, without any warning, bang right in Mrs. Webster's face. And it was a long full minute before she realized that it was probably not going to be opened again.

She turned and started blindly down the stairs. Miss Tonu would know what to do. Miss Archibald was sewing at twelve-thirty for the manuscript. Miss Tonu would have to do something. Perhaps it might be necessary to let the house on fire—just a little after all. ★



The "Revolt" of the Army

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

himself with alarm. As the two men faced each other across the desk of the old-fashioned office in the East Block, King told his Canadian lieutenant the truth.

The government said King, faced an uprising by the military. If it did not enforce conscription instantly. Incredulous but ice-cold, St. Laurent replied that if the military proposed to control the government it must be resisted. Otherwise Canada, he added, in a memorable phrase was reduced to the status of some South American banana republic. The Cabinet must fight the uprising. Fight! King retorted. Fight with what? Our bare hands? No, if conscription were resisted longer not only the government and nation but the whole war effort would fly to pieces.

On hearing King's further explanations St. Laurent agreed then and there to accept conscription. He took his own political life in his hands and hoped—it was no more than a hope—that he could persuade Quebec to follow him.

When parliament met in the afternoon only King, St. Laurent and McNaughton knew what King intended to do. All the rest of the cabinet still assumed that there would be no conscription and a smashup by evening. Instead adjourning the House after a few formalities and then adjourning the Liberal caucus immediately afterward, King alerted the cabinet chamber that night and recommended the passage of order in council No. 8891 to conscript sixteen thousand of The Home Army zombies immediately.

That is King's version of the famous secret interview with St. Laurent, and what followed in public.

It was true as far as it went but it was not the whole story. King held back the final fact which would have gone far to justify his great decision. He said repeatedly, growing more emotional with each repetition, that he had been faced at that dreadful noontime by a military uprising but he never supported his statement with any clear facts. Those facts, he said rather mysteriously, would be revealed in his autobiography, complete with names. He died before he could begin the autobiography.

When I visited Ottawa a few weeks ago certain military men who had kept silent for more than eight years suddenly thought the time had come for full explanation. They knew I was puzzled by King's incomplete story as I had fully admitted in my book, and that I suspected like most other people that King clutching wildly for a way out of the crisis had greatly exaggerated the danger of an open split between Canada's political and military leaders.

But King did not exaggerate. Up to Nov. 22 1944 the army command had loyally attempted to carry through King's policy of voluntary enlistment under McNaughton. It did not believe the policy would work but it was willing to try to make it work with every resource of persuasion in its power. While the cabinet wrangled and split, the General Staff and its district commanders exhorted the zombies to volunteer for overseas service. All but a few of the zombies replied that if the government wanted them overseas it should conscript them. Against that hard rock of resistance, the recruiting drive was failing. By Nov. 22 the army leaders judged that it had completely failed.

On that morning McNaughton and his leading military advisers. His overseas commanders were not, of course, among those present but most members of the Ottawa-based Army Council were. Some of those present did not speak at all and I have not been able to ascertain whether they all accepted the opinion of the majority. For that reason although I know the names of most of the men who attended the meeting I am not identifying any of them as individuals.

When the meeting came to order McNaughton must have realized at once that he faced a situation without parallel in the record of the Canadian Army which he had recently commanded overseas. The men responsible for that army at the Ottawa level now had before him a shifting memorandum. It recommended that the zombies be conscripted because they could not be persuaded to go overseas voluntarily.

Then there was the end of the voluntary method which McNaughton had undertaken to carry through when he replaced Ralston as defense minister. On the word of the men ultimately responsible for the maintenance of the overseas army the King McNaughton policy was a failure. If the army commanders could take no further responsibility for enforcing it, no government could hope to maintain it, even as a fiction.

The memorandum as to the official files and press mainly will be published at the proper time. But it was the lesser half of that memorable interview. The larger half was verbal and never recorded. It explains everything.

When they had handed their memorandum to McNaughton the army officials rejected bluntly that of their recommendation in favor of conscription was not accepted they must resign forthwith. That was the terrible news,



HILARY PAGE asks

"Do you select your children's toys as carefully as you watch their diet?"

There are still many responsible parents who do not fully realize that the right toy is the right time can play an important part in a child's development.

KIDDICRAFT Scientific TOYS are specially graded to cover the whole period of childhood. They are designed by Mr. Hilary Page, the well-known play specialist who has a scientific knowledge of how best to occupy young minds and what ages is every age from 3 months onward. KIDDICRAFT Scientific TOYS not only delight the child but they actively help his progress through each successive stage.

K.325 KIDDISCALES

(As Illustrated). Age Group 4 to 7 years.

A fascinating and ever-new way to learn simple addition. This is favourite of children who 7 and 2 make 9. It is not all red pencil balancing with 15 and you numbered weights. The balance says "correct" only when the numbers of the weights above the one and equal those on the other.

KIDDICRAFT

27 Wellington Street W., Toronto

Please send me FREE your 24-page colour booklet of Kiddicraft Scientific TOYS for Baby and Young Children, described by Mr. Hilary Page.

Name

Address

City or Town

Prov.

Kiddicraft Scientific Toys can be found at the leading stores, toy shops and baby shops throughout Canada.



the body blow, which Mr Naughton quickly communicated to King by telephone

Mr Naughton must have known and King now instantly built a general resignation among the chief army officials was not only unprecedented but unthinkable. It would destroy the government of course—a government which had lost the confidence of its military advisers but that would be an incident in the larger damage to the unity of the nation and to the whole war effort. In King's judgment government unity and war effort were looking down the gun barrel of total catastrophe

Nothing less than that danger would have altered King's policy or moved St Laurent. The danger was so overwhelming that King did not dare to confide in his cabinet

That night a few minutes before he asked the cabinet to impose conscription ostensibly because the recruiting drive had failed he appealed to C-D Power. His minister for war to refrain the resignation which Power felt bound to offer because he had promised his people never to support a conscriptional policy. Yet King never hinted to Power his oldest confident that the army commanders were ready to resign

This fact is cited by King's critics as proof that the whole story of conscription in the army was pure invention. For if it were true why was Power not told and persuaded to remain in the cabinet? The question was raised in my book but not answered

Now the answer is obvious. Knowing the gallant and unshakable Power King knew that just as he would never accept conscription he would be just as ready to resist the army command

Had Power been told the whole truth he would have made King's position still more difficult. So he was told nothing

The rest of the cabinet could not be told either for the secret thus widely shared would have leaked as all the cabinet's recent secrets had leaked and for both political and patriotic reasons King could not afford to let the public know that the nation had come within an inch of what he was to call "anarchy"

He used that word a few days later in parliament guardedly obliquely in a tortured speech—and he meant it. The House did not understand his meaning because it did not know what lay behind it

Nor did the Horse Guards and St Laurent's curiously reticent speech of Dec 6 in which he said

"The Prime Minister has told the House that on Nov 22 General McNaughton himself in conference with his staff had come to certain conclusions and had presented them to the government on the evening of that day. As a result of that presentation I had to bring my mind to bear upon two different aspects of the problem which had not before impressed me as they had perhaps already impressed some of my colleagues.

These two aspects were the technical difficulty of getting fully trained infantry reinforcements and the dangerous psychological effect on the fighting army overseas if it believed that those reinforcements would be inadequate

When King referred to the possibility of anarchy and St Laurent to McNaughton's "conference with his staff" both had in mind the secret they could not divulge the awful knowledge that the army high command would resign and perhaps could not be replaced if conscription were longer resisted

For similar reasons of patriotism the military men kept their unspoken vow of silence so long as it was required. They had only one interest to maintain the overseas army at full strength by any method which would work. They were concerned solely with the facts not with the politics of any government or party. They had no selfish motives of any kind. They had come to the point of resignation on an act without precedent in wartime—simply because they placed the safety of their army above their own careers or any other consideration

How many of them actually would have resigned if King had rejected conscription will never be known. The final threat was not put in writing along with the officers memorandum and in that tense harried interview no one seems to remember exactly what was said or who said it. There can be absolutely no question however that the information given me quite voluntarily from military sources that the resignations would have been wide and distinguished enough to produce disastrous consequences

As he grew older King may have exaggerated those consequences. He spoke repeatedly of a military uprising and of anarchy. Nothing of the sort was initiated by the officers who only intended to resign quietly when they could no longer take responsibility for the existing policy

At the time of the crisis King took no one into his confidence except St Laurent (McNaughton necessarily being the third confidant) until the cabinet meeting on the night of Nov 22. And then he withheld the final facts as too damaging to himself to the government to the nation to the army and to the war effort. He was waiting for the publication of his autobiography which he would never write ★

....at 21 you never think of 60!



Yes 60 seems a long time off—but actually if you are now 21 it is only 468 months—not a long time in terms of saving. At your present rate, what amount will you have saved by age 60?

To be sure of your future security and funds available in time of need before retirement age, obtain a *SECURITY AT 60 POLICY* in The Mutual Life of Canada

Life insurance is the sure way to persistent, steady saving—the kind that builds security for you and provides emergency protection for your family

Whatever your age, married or single, ask your Mutual Life of Canada representative about the attractive features of our *SECURITY AT 60 POLICY*

THE MUTUAL LIFE of CANADA
HEAD OFFICE WATERLOO ONTARIO
Canada's first mutual
Established 1869

MM-13

I Married a Corporation

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

an arrangement with the auctioneer, who would take the article back to be palmed off at a subsequent auction on some other eager bidder. Since she invariably bought items that were rank burglar at the price she bid this arrangement worked quite well. But some of the bargains he purchased, notably beds cost a couple of dollars carriage, had that war a dead loss.

I did not learn of my wife's method of solving this economic block to her trading until the secretary-treasurer of the magazine which employed me remarked to me one day. "Do you know Mr Johnstone (he called everyone Mr) I had the strangest impression driving down Bay Street today. I thought I saw your wife walking along the street carrying an enormous bed or her back. Of course it couldn't have been her. But the lady looked most extraordinarily like your wife."

"Of course not." I agreed with an uneasy laugh. Then I rushed to a phone and laid down the law in no uncertain terms. She told me that she had beaten the cartage company by four dollars already, and only after I threatened to hand in my resignation at the office did she agree to abandon the practice. But I am certain to this day that she merely took to the lanes not likely to be traversed by prying secretary-treasurers.

The Princess Couldn't Stay

Then I went to Ottawa to work for the National Fire Board, and at the conclusion of the ballet season my wife joined me. The Ottawa Civil Servants Recreational Association was then embarked upon an ambitious program to cater to the after work needs of thousands of new wartime employees, and my wife was engaged to direct a broad dance instruction program. About seven hundred civil servants enrolled for classes that ranged from ballet to ballroom, and included modern, dancing, tap dancing, folk dancing and jitterbug.

My wife, who is primarily a ballet and modern dancer, rushed off to New York where she took an intensive teaching course in ballroom dancing. Then, further fortified by Arthur Murray's book on the subject, she undertook to offer instruction to classes that ranged up to one hundred pupils at a time. The only snag was that in a group of eighty students there would be seventy-six girls and four bewildered men. Soon all our male friends were invited to attend as assistants. We numbered at most ten, and it was a frightening experience which still haunts me to hear my wife cheerily midway through the lesson, "Change partners," and to see fourscore eager-eyed girls bearing down with the fixed determination to secure at least a male coat sleeve for the final waltz.

During that sojourn in Ottawa one of the local ballet teachers one season invited my wife to take over her classes. The pupils included among the children of the diplomatic corps one of the daughters of Holland's present Queen, then Princess Juliana. It is my wife's fixed opinion that parents at dance classes only distract the children. So, when Princess Juliana arrived one day to watch her daughter perform she was gently but firmly informed by my wife that it was not permitted. The Princess raised no objection.

It was about this time that my wife made her debut as a public speaker and I got my first taste of the nature of my future collaboration in that field. A friend in Peterborough invited her to speak at a meeting of the University Women's Club there and the topic was to have something to do with dancing. My wife has never been able to resist the opportunity of appearing before the public first she told me almost tearfully, she had no idea of how to prepare a speech and she was frantic with anxiety at the approaching ordeal. Generously I agreed to write the speech for her and I did so laboring far into the night for several evenings until I had what I modestly considered to be a charming and effective effort. She read it carefully, I'll say that for her. Then she went off to Peterborough leaving my script behind. She spoke to the University Women's Club and she threw in a lecture at the high school. But she carefully avoided all the material in my speech. I learned that from the report that was subsequently published in the Peterborough Examiner. It was well received too and that hurt me worst of all.

Yet on the whole I cannot complain too much about that period. Late will find my laundry was always in order. Furthermore, when my wife took her annual three-month summer study course to New York she was able to pay for the expenses with her earnings from the Recreational Association and the dance school. I did think it rather silly at the time that a person who had danced professionally for more than ten years should still think it necessary to tour the New York dance studios taking three and four professional classes daily in ballet, modern dancing, oriental dancing, Spanish dancing and what have you, and in the middle of a blasting hot New York





the oil that helped the first plane fly...

Mobiloil

When the Wright Brothers ushered in the air age half a century ago, Mobiloil protected the engine of their plane. The first oil to fly, Mobiloil has been used by all the important air pioneers. The first choice of pace setters in every field, Mobiloil has lubricated the world's fastest car, the world's fastest speedboat. Here's a history-making record no other oil in the world can match! Mobiloil — the heavy-duty oil that cleans as it protects — the oil that drastically cuts engine wear — the oil that saves oil — for fifty years the greatest name in engine protection.



A SOCONY-VACUUM PRODUCT
made by the makers of Gargoyle Industrial and Marine Lubricants

Sold by
IMPERIAL OIL AND LEADING DEALERS EVERYWHERE

summer at that. I complained, but after I'd it was her money. My laundry used to get all out of order in her absence. Only the fact that my job kept me traveling most of the summer only way reconciled me to her holiday.

At the end of the war we came to Montreal, where I was employed by a publication in that city. As my job took me out of the city for the greater part of the time, I lost track of just what my wife was up to. It probably wouldn't have made much difference anyway for by this time she had the hat between her teeth. She started teaching dancing and soon had quite effective dance group organized. This group she employed in fulfill choreographic assignments which she received from Montreal theatrical organizations. She was a hard taskmaster. I shudder when I recall her measured praise for one of her soloists when the latter had performed at one of those amateur variety concerts which were given at the McGill stadium. The girl prostrated herself at the end of the dance in my wife and asked her anxiously: "How did I do?"

My wife reflected. "Well, you didn't fall off the platform," she offered cautiously.

But dancing, teaching and choreography failed to keep her sufficiently occupied, though she worked for such groups as the McGill Revue, the University of Montreal Blen et Or Revue, Les Compagnons du St. Laurent, Henri Deyglun Parti, Dagenais, André Audet and, principally, my other organization which required dancers or dance numbers in their presentations. She decided to become a radio actress.

Soon she was performing on the air in French programs, German programs, and in English programs. She studied English diction with Eleanor Stuart and French diction with Mme. Ardel. She studied the recorder with Myra Deschenes, and the piano with Herman David.

Herbert Whittaker, now a Toronto theatre critic, was active then as a director with the Montreal Repertory Theatre. He selected Elizabeth to play the title role in Remember Mama, and even crusty old Munger Powell, then chief dean of critics, accorded her a rave notice.

She continued her career as a public speaker, both in French and in English, and added that of fashion commentator. And she continued to badger me for help in the preparation of lectures, although she never made use of the notes which I painfully compiled. Her lecture methods were decidedly unorthodox. On one occasion, lecturing at the Montreal Repertory Theatre, she started to speak, then paused a hand dramatically to her forehead, then slumped slowly to the floor. When front row spectators rushed to her assistance she gracefully rose to her feet and announced brightly: "I love to act." That was the theme of her lecture.

She did one film stint, a nightclub dance solo in the picture Forbidden Journey. The film, produced by Sidney Kirk Productions, had some excellent photography, but no story and was destined to flop.

In the last year, television has claimed her attention and she has added that medium to her repertoire both as a performer and as a choreographer. But she has not allowed these diversions to interfere with her activities as a dance teacher, choreographer and performer for the Jive stage. This month she is playing the lead in Anna Christie for the Montreal Repertory Theatre. That will be her third successful year of participation in the Canadian Ballet Festival, where she appears with her dancers in ballets of her own devising.

We have been in Montreal about eight years now and things have changed for us very much for the worse. True, we have accumulated some worldly goods, a home in the country, a car, a dog and a cat, and the most bewildering collection of old furniture gleaned from a haunting of country auctions on my wife's part. She will buy anything if it is cheap enough. One day she came home triumphantly with a wooden yoke, which used to be employed on the farm for carrying two pails of water. Fortunately we have running water in the country, and I pointed this out. But I only paid six cents for it," my wife objected indignantly. So I turned it upside down and fastened it by its hooks to the ceiling and she keeps ivy in it.

Busy with dancing, radio, television, speech making and her private lessons, my wife now finds little time for my socks and shirts. But she discovered that nylon socks never seem to spring holes. So now my bureau drawer is piled deep with nylon socks. And nylon shirts which can be rinsed out in the bathtub at night and save laundry expense. And nylon underwear. But the cotton thread used in stitching nylon and rayon eventually wears out, and my nylon shorts developed many draughty vents until my brother's wife took pity on me recently and sewed up a couple of pair. The gesture revived some dormant sense of conjugal loyalty in my wife's breast and she promptly sewed up the balance of the seams, using nylon thread for the purpose.

Her sense of humor is something that has puzzled me ever since I met her. It was a year after our marriage that we met a couple of her former dancing associates on the street one day. She introduced them, and they had back



To remove stains from linens
And bleach them
snowy white

add Javex to rinse water, immerse, rinse (See special directions on label for extra stubborn fruit, ink, etc., stains.)

Javex Canada's Favorite Bleach

most housewives know 20 EASY WAYS Javex MAKES THINGS WHITE! BRIGHT! SWEET! CLEAN!

breaking names. Then she turned to me and looked at me with puzzlement. "And what is your name?" she asked me. "I've never been able to figure out whether she was kidding or not.

There was also the time that an old lady came to the door of our country home, which is in an area where only French is spoken. I heard the old lady mumble something about *propagateur de la foi*, which I considered to be a church for the church. I saw my wife slip her dollar and I asked afterward: "What did she want?"

My wife blandly replied: "I am buying some *pâte de four grass*."

I waited weeks for the *pâté*, and then I looked up *foi* in a French dictionary.

Even the dog took lessons

She considers herself something of a psychoanalyst and reads Freud with diligence. When she found that the Dr. A. A. Brill translation of The Basic Writings of Sigmund Freud was not too accurate because Brill apparently misunderstood some of Freud's more subtle points, she wrote to her father, who is a philosophy professor at Hamburg University, requesting him to send her Freud in the original German. She was determined not to fall into Brill's errors. And she makes the rounds of analyses of backward pupils on the drop of a hat. When I remonstrated with her that psychoanalysis was somewhat more subtle than her methods, she replied: "Oh, I refer the really complicated cases to real analysts."

She is a great believer in lessons and study. She spends her summers occasionally in New York or in Europe studying dancing every aspect from ballet to primitive dance. She finds that yoga exercises are excellent in dance training and she employs them in her modern-dance classes. Fencing and judo she has also included in her own studies though I have seen no pierced or flying forms in the dinner dresses so far.

Her faith in lessons — any lesson on anything — is so powerful that she enrolled our poor bewildered red boxer dog in an obedience class and didn't attend with him until he had won the first prize for advanced obedience. But around the dance studio he is thoroughly spoiled and specializes in hiding out of each pair of slippers that she possesses. He made that mistake only once with my shoes and now leaves them severely alone. Kindness and a good swift kick will work wonders with dogs, I find.

Some women like to spend money on clothes. My wife likes to get her clothes secondhand from friends who have good taste. She accepts them unblushingly and even gently hints that it is time they should freshen up their wardrobes. As a result she is probably one of the best-dressed women in Montreal. Instead of buying clothes she buys plants usually on the dollar-down system which I never before knew to be applied to plants. But she puts the dollar down and then watches the plant or the flower stamp for weeks. When she is finally convinced that the plant has not been forced and therefore is likely to have a long life she parts, reluctantly, with the balance of the price tag, to nudge some other small item as a bonus for having returned to complete the purchase. Florists wince when they see her come in the door.

She is proudest of a couple of small plants which she brought back from Hamburg last summer. The gift of her mother, who had grown them from a slip which she had fished from a railway stalling flowerbed in Switzerland. They didn't cost a cent.

She never throws anything away. When she considers a thing absolutely past help she sends it to her mother in Europe and in due course it comes back in good repair, ready for another couple of years' use. There is a certain carmel hair coat which she had when I first met her. She wore it. Her sister wore it. Her mother wore it. Her mother took it apart and turned it inside out. It is now in pieces, neatly wrapped away in mothballs awaiting some inspiration that will put it to good use. If we just been brought up-to-date. She made it into a spring coat for one of her sisters-in-law.

Alice Bradshaw, a very talented Toronto artist, moved to Montreal and my wife helped her pack. Alice collected a number of her old drawings and paintings that she didn't like and dropped them in the ash bin. They have turned up on the walls of our country cottage and now Alice looks at them ravenously.

Other artists have learned to their cost that to bargain with Elizabeth is like kicking an angry cobra with your bare feet. She bought a painting from Montreal artist Jori Smith and a bit of the paint flaked off. Years passed. One day when the unsuspecting Jori was visiting Elizabeth drew her attention to the blemish. Jori took it back and invited Elizabeth in the meantime to replace it. In due course Elizabeth visited the artist at her studio and selected a replacement. But she liked the original painting too. So she emerged happy with both. Never was the old dauphin executed in more masterly style.

Her bargaining with the villagers of St. Marc when we have our country cottage has gained their grudging admiration. Beautiful old handmade kitchen chairs which sell for twenty dollars each when scraped and offered in Montreal antique shops are offered



CHOOSE THE PENCIL THAT EXPERTS DEMAND

Experienced artists and draughtsmen insist on TURQUOISE for its extra point strength, smoothness, blackness and wear. These same superior points make TURQUOISE the finest all-round pencil that your money can buy. Try it yourself, to-day.

"What has Tyrone Power got ... that I haven't?"

(STAR OR LOOK ALIKE?) SEE ANSWER BELOW

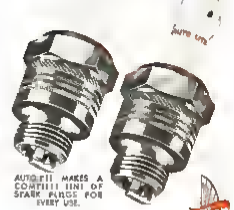


Spark plugs also look alike but AUTO-LITE gives SMOOTHER PERFORMANCE ...QUICK STARTS

AUTO-LITE Resistor

Almost everyone knows famous stage and screen star Tyrone Power by sight. But remember, even the best-known people have look-alikes and *so do spark plugs*. So don't let appearances fool you! For smoother performance and quick starts, replace old worn-out spark plugs with Resistor or Standard type Auto-Lite Spark Plugs. Both are "Ignition Engineered" and both are specified as original equipment on many leading makes of our finest cars and trucks.

If you thought the man shown above was really Tyrone Power, you were wrong. He is James P. Kerrigan of Bronx, New York, who is frequently mistaken for the popular star. But you'll be right every time when you ask your dealer for Auto-Lite Spark Plugs — world famous for quality and performance. Remember, you're ALWAYS RIGHT WITH AUTO-LITE.



AUTO-LITE MAKES A COMPLETE LINE OF SPARK PLUGS FOR EVERY USE.

SEE TYRONE POWER STARRING IN "MISSISSIPPI GAMBLER" A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE CUTAWAY TECHNICOLOR

Tune in "SUSPENSE" — Every Thursday Night — CBC Dominion Network

THE CANADIAN AUTO LITE LIMITED, 12 RICHMOND ST. E.—TORONTO 1

AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS

A PRODUCT OF AUTO LITE—MANUFACTURERS OF SPARK PLUGS, BATTERIES AND ELECTRICAL SYSTEMS

for POWER—for ECONOMY

smooth riding '53 CONSUL

the OUTSTANDING LOW-PRICED 4 cylinder car

Smartly-styled '53 Consul is a BIG car with spacious "big-car comfort". Seats are Centre-Slung between axles for smoother riding. Consul for '53 has far greater visibility—larger safety windows and extra big" 15 cu. ft. luggage space. Powerful gas-saving 4-cylinder Overhead Valve engine delivers outstanding economy and performance.

Before you buy any "economy" car—see and drive the long roomy '53 Consul. It's your kind of car.

THRIFTY TO OPERATE



FORDS FOR THE NEW CONSUL

Ford Motor Company of Canada Limited

5-STAR FEATURES

★ 4-Wheel Hydraulic Brakes ★ All-Steel Welded Body
★ Overhead Valve Engine ★ Independent Front Wheel Suspension
★ Centre-Slung Seating

SALES AND SERVICE FROM COAST TO COAST

Here's top measure in

Cruise pleasure

...A GREAT LAKES CRUISE!



7 DAYS from $129.50

from Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago or Duluth. Over 2200 miles of exciting cruising.

3-DAY sailings from $115.75 and 2-DAY sailings from $34.50 also from Detroit only.

Rates, subject to federal tax, include transportation, meals, berth in OUTSIDE cabin, entertainment

Until you have cruised *America's Great Inland Seas* you haven't seen America . . . nor have you experienced the ultimate in a restful relaxing and truly fascinating vacation.

ALL OUTSIDE ROOMS

OIL-FIRED SHIPS
No Smoke, No Soot, No Cinders

See Your TRAVEL AGENT or for Free Booklet mail this coupon

GEORGIAN BAY LINE
Dept. M
Foot of Woodward Ave.
Detroit 26, Mich.

Please send me a free copy of your 1953 Great Lakes Cruise Booklet.

Name.....
Address.....
City Zone State

GEORGIAN BAY LINE

to her for a dollar each. She counters with fifty cents. After a month of haggling she gets them for sixty cents and usually with an old pot or something thrown in. A friend of mine recently visited one house that had been the scene of this interminable bargaining and saw a bench that caught her eye. "How much is that?" she asked.

"Oh, it's no good," the housewife replied. "Or *Mum* Johnstone would have bought it long ago."

I rang mild butterfly that it was only in St. Mure that she is "*Madame* Johnstone." At his studio I am "Mr. Leese." I have an office there and keep a vigilant eye on her accounts. But on the apartment directory in the lobby she is top billing in letters an inch high and I type. My name, in anaemic Gothic is barely half an inch.

Like most people who pride themselves on their sound business sense she is a mushy sucker for stray kittens and humans. At night when we walk through Montreal streets after a late rehearsal I have to drag her forcibly past anything that mews plaintively in a doorway. And on one occasion I had to move to a hotel and threaten to stay there to make her find other lodgings for one old reprobate whom my wife has on occasion hailed out of jail and nursed through numerous emotional and financial depressions.

A program that includes dancing, teaching, acting, lecturing, creating dances, purchasing plants, handling secondhand shops, reading, studying, practicing the piano and training the dog is one that causes a drain on the constitution—particularly mine. My wife herself finds no difficulty coping with her week. She has developed a Spartan diet of yogurt, wheat germ and honey which she consumes in appalling quantities. She is also good for about two quarts of coffee a day and the same

CANADIANECDOTE



How Tom Burnley Missed His Million

WHEN he was laying plans for the visit to North America of the Prince of Wales (later King Edward VII) in 1860, the Governor-General of Canada was faced with a problem of transportation. He soon saw that right travel between centres would be necessary. He asked for designs for a railway coach that could be used for sleeping quarters, as well as for daytime traveling.

No one had heard of such a coach before but Thomas Burnley of Brantford, Ont.—sketched a model and was awarded the contract. The car was built in Brantford under Burnley's supervision. Carved panels of arms decorated the exterior. The interior was as princely as marble washstands and ball fringed draperies could make it.

The Prince was delighted with the unique carriage that was to be his home for two months. He used it for the complete tour.

But Burnley didn't patent his invention. In his mind it was a one-time affair to meet a situation. Who else would want to sleep on a train?

George Pullman, an employee of the Buffalo and Lake Erie Railway, had to visit Brantford often. He saw Burnley's car being built, examined it closely. Quietly in Buffalo he built his own sleeping coach and put it on the market.

The rest is history. While the word "Pullman" is now synonymous with luxurious railway travel Burnley, the name of the real inventor, has become lost in the mist of years. Hibbert L. McDonald



For little-known humorous or dramatic incidents out of Canada's colorful past, Maclean's will pay $50. Indicate source material and mail to Canadiana editor, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. Any contribution can be returned.

CLICK!

—it's in-turned. The Bostitch B-11 way holds better than tape. Looks smaller than pins. Costs less than tape. It's an easy—with the Bostitch B-11.



FLICK!

—only Bostitch has the attached staple remover. Wipes out staples quickly, cleanly *safely*. Makes paper removal stapling as temporary as you wish.



QUICK!

—flip it open and the Bostitch B-11 becomes a tacker. Hold it in your hand and it's a stapling plier. Or use it on your desk for dozens of different fastening jobs.



CANADIAN-MADE

BOSTITCH B-11

WITH STAPLE REMOVER

ASK YOUR STATIONER FOR A DEMONSTRATION

STATIONERY DEALERS—write for details of this new plan. Bostitch Canada Ltd., 55 Main Street, Minden, Toronto 16.



AMONG THE MISSING!

Has valuable clothing and belongings you didn't mark with Cash's WOVEN NAMES

Mark everything, and avoid losses. Permanent. Attach with a few stitches, or use No-Se Cement. From your dealer or

Cash's — Kitchener 15, Ontario

CASH'S NAMES	12 doz. $1.00	6 doz. $2.00	100-150 names per order $5.00
	6 doz. $2.00	12 doz. $3.50	

amount of orange juice. This latter laced with a couple of ounces of brandy when she has to face a rehearsal of her third evening class. She smokes too many cigarettes. In addition to about two packages that she buys daily herself she cadges many—and no package of cigarettes left carelessly in view in the studio by some unwitting adult pupil is safe from a sudden raid.

Right now she is engaged in a search for larger studio space to accommodate swelling classes. She confided to me: "I want a place with two stories and lots of room so that I can open a little shop on the side. I'd like to sell old things, and plants, and maybe coffee and milk shakes. A health bar would be nice, too."

All this I have ordered with a certain resignation. After all I started the chain of events back in Toronto twelve years ago. But there is one straw which is threatening to break the camel's back. Since during weekdays there is little time for the kind of meals that once convinced me that I was the luckiest of all rentals—soups and stews are the staples at the studio apartment. I always look forward to our week-ends in the country as occasions for gastronomical orgies. And, when my wife does not stay in town for Sunday rehearsals they still are. But who cooks them? You guessed it. I do.

How to Handle Husbands

Last Christmas with touching solicitude, she presented me with André Simon's encyclopedic treatise on all phases of cooking, together with some excellent recipes. I feel and I think with some justification that I have developed a certain culinary skill. Like all artists, I recognize that it is not merely the recipe but the chef's interpretation of the recipe that is all important. My soups are beyond reproach. My salads she has admitted handsomely are a triumph. But she detests onions, and no matter how I disguise them subtly blending them with other ingredients she spots them in a flash and complains bitterly. I'm getting awfully sick of that.

And last week she pulled the cheapest trick of all. I had prepared a really excellent Saturday evening dinner with steaks broiled to perfection, mushrooms done gently in butter and a crisp green salad. The whole finished off simply with a nicely matured cheese which I keep in a crock in the cellar. It was washed down with a fine Liebfraumilch wine. Her favorite. Then there was coffee and a liqueur. I washed the dishes afterward, too, and tidied up the kitchen, scoured the pots and pans. When I retired that night I slept the sleep of the just and the full.

Next morning she nudged me. "It's awfully late," she complained. I glanced at the bedside clock and it was past eleven. I roused quickly, scuttled down stairs and soon had a brisk fire in the old-fashioned range. The coffee percolating and breakfast well under way. She had her coffee and orange juice according to custom in bed. Then at the breakfast table she complimented me unstintingly on the sausage and scrambled eggs. I mix the latter with water rather than milk as she likes them better that way. Following breakfast as I reached for the cornies she began bustling about hauling the rugs out on the verandah, running the vacuum cleaner waxing the floor. After some bitter protest I joined in and when I had finished polishing the last piece of pleasant furniture she said to me brightly: "Wasn't it such a good idea that I put the clock three hours ahead!"

Sometimes I feel like going straight home to mother. ★

Prized Possession!

Wiser's DE LUXE

Canadian Whisky

in its **New Decanter**



Now! This fine old whisky comes to you in a beautiful decanter . . . at no additional cost! Ideal for your table — perfect for your linen chest



Available now at all Government Liquor Stores across Canada

WISER'S DISTILLERY LIMITED

The Car of the Future

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

over send our cars scooting down the highways. The difficulties of size, weight and safety are too great. Many people seem to think that atomic energy could be used with the present automobile engine. They have vague ideas about dropping a pill into the gas tank and travelling thousands of miles on it. It isn't quite that simple.

The energy that drives an automotive engine must be produced in the engine itself. In the engine cylinder, air is heated by combustion of gas, it expands and drives a piston. Now, nuclear fission will certainly produce plenty of heat, but that heat must be transformed into driving power. This would probably be done with a steam boiler which is heavy and cumbersome, and as we shall see, not very satisfactory in other respects. Also, nuclear fission is dangerous. Scientists working with it in laboratories are protected by a screen of glass and oil thirty-six inches thick. Lead or other materials can be used instead, but the weight and bulk required to protect the occupants of the car from radioactivity make the whole idea impractical.

Then there are jet engines. They send aircraft through the air fast enough. Why can't they send cars along the road just as well? Let's take a look at the jet engine to see how it works. Basically, air is drawn in through the front of a chamber, compressed, heated in a combustion chamber, passed through a turbine that drives the compressor, and then allowed to escape through a jet pipe at the other end. It is this escaping air that provides the forward thrust that drives the plane.

The first difficulty of using a jet engine in a motor car is high temperature. The air shooting out the back is between seven hundred and fifty and twelve hundred degrees Fahrenheit. How would you like to drive behind that? Just picture a line of traffic with each car spewing air heated to around one thousand degrees F. to the nose of the one behind. Second, aircraft people have found that jet engines are not efficient at speeds under five hundred miles per hour. They may be used to racing cars but hardly in the family automobile.

Then there is the gas turbine. This works on the same principle as the one described above except that the heated air passes through another turbine which turns a propeller or wheels. This has already been tried on the Rover car in England. It has the advantage of using kerosene instead of gasoline and requiring no cooling system.

It also has a few disadvantages. A gas turbine small enough to fit into a car is a relatively inefficient engine, since it converts less than twenty per cent of the heat produced into work as compared with twenty-five to forty per cent of the heat produced into work as compared with twenty-five to forty percent for the internal combustion engine. In other words it takes about fifty percent more fuel than a gas engine. Also, although kerosene is cheaper than gasoline at present, it is made from the same petroleum (which is scarce, remember) and if it did replace gasoline it would soon be taxed enough to bring up the price.

Another phrase you sometimes hear concerning automobile driving power is the "closed circuit". This sounds like something pretty fancy but actually is nothing more than a variation of the steam car. Steam has been tried many times since those first cars, as in the Stanley steamers, the White steamers and others. The theory is wonderful. You just heat water and it drives your car. There is plenty of power at any speed and all you hear is a slight hiss.

Actually steam has drawbacks. In the first place some of the water boils away. The early steamers required twenty gallons of feed water every one hundred miles (later improved to three hundred miles). You had to get more water where you found it, which often meant using hard or alkali water that played havoc with the boiler. Besides sitting on a high pressure steam boiler that might get overheated wasn't the most comfortable feeling in the world.

An alternative is to substitute for the water a chemical with a low boiling point such as sulphur dioxide. The vapor passes through an air-cooled radiator where it is condensed back to a liquid and used all over again. Unfortunately when you need the most liquid and power (say, when laboring up a hill or starting) you get a minimum cooling effect because of the relatively slow air speed through the radiator or condenser.

Also there is bound to be some leakage, however slight, and sulphur dioxide, when mixed with water becomes sulphuric acid which will corrode almost anything including the human skin. Besides we are still faced with the problem of providing a suitable fuel to heat and vaporize the liquid. This again would probably be a petroleum product. You can't get around that.

Gas at 11 Cents a Gallon

During the past war producer gas was used in many countries to power trucks, buses and some cars. This gas was made by heating wood or charcoal in a steel stove mounted either on a frame at the back or side of the chassis, or pulled along on a trailer. Perhaps the car of the future will pull its own furnace around with it.

Before this happens there are two ways of supplementing the diminishing petroleum supplies. The first is to make gasoline out of something besides petroleum and the second is to get more economical engines in our cars.

Gasoline can be made from bituminous or other coal of which there are still in the earth an estimated six thousand billion tons or enough to last about four thousand years at the present rate of coal consumption. At present gasoline can be made from coal for about eleven cents a gallon.

Also about one gallon of alcohol can be added to four of gasoline without decreasing efficiency. Alcohol can be made from our surplus wheat (one bushel gives two gallons of alcohol), beets, sulphite liquor (a by-product of pulp wood manufacture), or from trees.

We can make the gasoline engine more economical by making it smaller and by throwing away the carburetor entirely.

It is ridiculous to provide one hundred horsepower or more to carry three or four people around. After all, before the horsepower went under the hood two horses were plenty for anybody. Greater horsepower simply provides



Do we use all our nickel in Canada?



"No sir, not here. Right now a great deal of our nickel is going into defense equipment. Here in Canada we produce about 90 per cent of the world's nickel. So we share it with Great Britain, the United States and other peace-loving countries to speed the defense program going on those countries as well as in our own."

"But when the threat of war is over, will we keep all our nickel at home?"

We can't do that either, sir. If we did this country could use only about 10 per cent of the nickel we produce. There's another reason too. We bring in a lot of things we need from other lands—things like cotton, oranges, rubber, tea and coffee. The nickel we export helps provide the money to pay for these things."

INCO Nickel

The International Nickel Company of Canada, Limited • 25 King Street West, Toronto

increased speed We're going too fast for safety now

Now for the carburetor In the carbureter gasoline is partly vaporized mixed with air and fed through a long pipe called an intake manifold to the cylinders where it explodes and drives the pistons that drive the car But the distribution of the gasoline to the cylinders is uneven Tests on aircraft and automobile engines show that the amount of tetraethyl lead (the substance that keeps your engine from knocking) may vary in different cylinders from four to twelve percent Besides carburetors are tricky In Great Britain last year 12 41 percent of all cars that stalled on the road did so because of carburetor failure

We can replace the carburetor with a fuel-injection system a series of little pumps that spray gasoline directly and independently into each cylinder This system is used in aircraft engines and has been tried experimentally in car engines where it increases efficiency

But this still leaves the complicated electrical system for igniting the gas in the cylinders Trouble in the ignition system was responsible for no less than 19 66 percent of all engine breakdowns in Britain last year The Ford Motor Company is reported to be experimenting with a method of igniting gas with shock waves that produce temperatures of up to forty thousand degrees centigrade

But why bother about all this? By using a diesel type engine that requires neither carburetor nor spark plugs—compression in the diesel cylinders raises the temperature of the air so high that it ignites the fuel—we could eliminate thirty-six percent of engine headaches at one stroke.

What about the safety and comfort of the car of tomorrow? Undoubtedly puncture and blowout-proof tires will be used on most cars. We will have special glass to cut down glare Cars may have stronger materials in top and sides for greater protection One designer has suggested an oval-shape car with bumpers all around so that even in most head-on collisions it would receive only a glancing blow It may be advisable to sacrifice a little comfort for safety

Today's cars are just about as comfortable as our living rooms. Heaters keep us warm in winter Ventilators bring in fresh air from outside But we still roast under the direct rays of the sun Why not put a refrigeration system in the car? Refrigeration like all other work can be accomplished with heat Thirty to forty percent of the heat produced in a car engine goes out the exhaust as waste A small refrigeration unit possibly of the Servel type with no pumps or other moving parts might change that heat to cold to keep your car at a lovely seventy degrees temperature under the hadiag sun. In wintertime you could switch it over to heat your car

No Limit to Leopard Skin

What about design? Your guess is as good as mine There is talk of doors that slide open instead of swinging out into the street of three-wheeled cars that are easy to park of engines in the rear of convertibles with retractable hard tops and so on

It seems to me though that there will be not one car of the future but two The luxury car and the functional car For the luxury car there are no limits to the amount of chrome gold silver leopard skins gadgets and cost The functional car will be simple sturdy reliable economical and comparatively cheap It will be an extra set of gas as necessary to most of us as the two we were born with It will range in size from the two-seated puddle jumper to the ten passenger station wagon It will probably be powered with an internal combustion engine possibly using gasoline made from coal with alcohol added The body will be made of light strong nonrusting metal or plastic and the design will change little from year to year This car will last as long as we take care of it

When will we get such a car? Just as soon as enough of us want it. As long as we ride the present crest of prosperity we'll want new and finer cars each year And the manufacturers will be happy to accommodate us However the popularity of small English cars seems to indicate that men and women drivers are looking for nifty rather than style American and Canadian manufacturers know a trend when they see it They will give us what we want. ★

CHANGING YOUR ADDRESS?

Be sure to notify us at least six weeks in advance otherwise you will likely miss copies Give us both old and new addresses — attach one of your present address labels if convenient

Write to

Manager Subscription Department
MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE
481 University Ave. Toronto 2 Ontario



DEWAR'S
"SPECIAL"
SCOTCH WHISKY
- it never varies

Distilled, Blended and Bottled in Scotland

AVAILABLE IN VARIOUS BOTTLE SIZES



Spring Summer
or Autumn—come to
Jamaica, romantic isle in
the Caribbean where the
temperature hovers
around 78° all
through the year.

In this kind of tropical
splendour, you'll bask
under a warm sun in a
pleasant holiday
atmosphere Here too,
thrill to Jamaica's special
vacation sports—swim,
fish, golf or just relax on
the soft, sand beaches
Tour exotic beauty spots,
explore primitive native
villages enjoy the
luxurious resort facilities
of modern hotels And
remember—*rates which*
include meals and
entertainment are lower
than on the mainland

Plan now for the ideal
holiday—vacation in
Jamaica For further
details see your travel
agent, any airline or
shipping office, or write
to Jamaica Tourist Board,
47 Fraser Ave., Toronto



2-3

CAT'S PAW
Rubber HEELS & Soles
at all fine shoe repairers

London Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

irrepressible humor when standing up to the bombardment of questions and making the House roar with delight at his replies?

It is the seventy-eight year-old Churchill a little hard of hearing although that does not matter much since he was never a great listener "I think I should tell the House" he says "that this morning I received the Russian Ambassador who came to Downing Street at my invitation and I asked him to express to his Government and to the Russian people the British nation's gratitude for the money so generously sent for flood relief"

That was all A lesser figure would have dramatized it, or expressed a pious hope that this might lead to better relations or even meditated aloud on the brotherhood of men when disaster overtakes them Churchill had invited the Russian Ambassador, the Ambassador came and thanks were expressed That was all but the House was gripped as by a great drama

Then minutes later "The Government has decided to grant an amnesty to all deserters of the 1939 war who are not guilty of any subsequent civil or criminal offences." Churchill looks around the House and then says in quiet tones "I think it is the right thing to do"

Here is the paradox of this man of paradox In the election of 1945 although the supreme figure of victory over Germany he was a liability to the Conservative Party In the election of 1950 he was less of a liability but a very doubtful asset In the election of 1951 he was to some extent an asset but by no means an irreplaceable one The unfortunate fact of Churchill the Warmonger" and as Torres a lot of damage and there is no doubt that under Eden's leadership we would have had twice the majority that we now possess.

Heaping paradox upon paradox I must now set down that if we go to the country this autumn or sometime next year Churchill in spite of the weight of years will be our ace of trumps.

It is so hard to explain the movements of British public opinion as it is to predict the vagaries of the British climate But there is one truth exists Churchill today is almost as completely the spokesman of the nation as he was in the war His is the authentic voice the voice that links the greatness of Britain's past with the problems of Britain's future As he approaches the evening of his ninth decade he is winning his victories in the realm of the mind and the spirit

But Churchill cannot go on for ever and we turn our gaze on the crown prince or the perpetual bridesmaid—whichever you prefer Anthony Eden is very tired There are dark shadows under his eyes as if he could sleep for a week if he had the chance One day he faces an angry House of Commons and then he flies to Paris or Lisbon or Bonn or New York for a conference The Persians are gun running another tanker the Nazis are rearing their cropped heads in West Germany Chiang Kai-shek holds up a British merchant ship British Catholics protest at Tito's visit—Egypt acts as if the days of the Pharaohs have returned—the United States demands his presence

His close friends urged him not to take the Foreign Office when the Tories won the last election At this stage of our history they said, there can be no triumphs in foreign affairs, only a mitigation of disaster But Eden insisted that he should take on the

ONLY
Sunbeam
SHAVEMASTER
has the bigger
single SMOOTH head
and the lightning-
fast single cutter

Even if you've got the toughest heaviest beard plus a tender skin you'll shave faster and smoother with Shavemaster than by any other method wet or dry

Why we use ONE BIGGER, SINGLE head instead of a multiplicity of small heads


Multiple Heads


Sunbeam SHAVEMASTER Single Head

The smooth, comfortable continuous round Sunbeam head has over 3000 shaving edges and the lightning fast single cutter makes over 24 million shaving strokes per minute—more than any electric shaver with multiple heads.

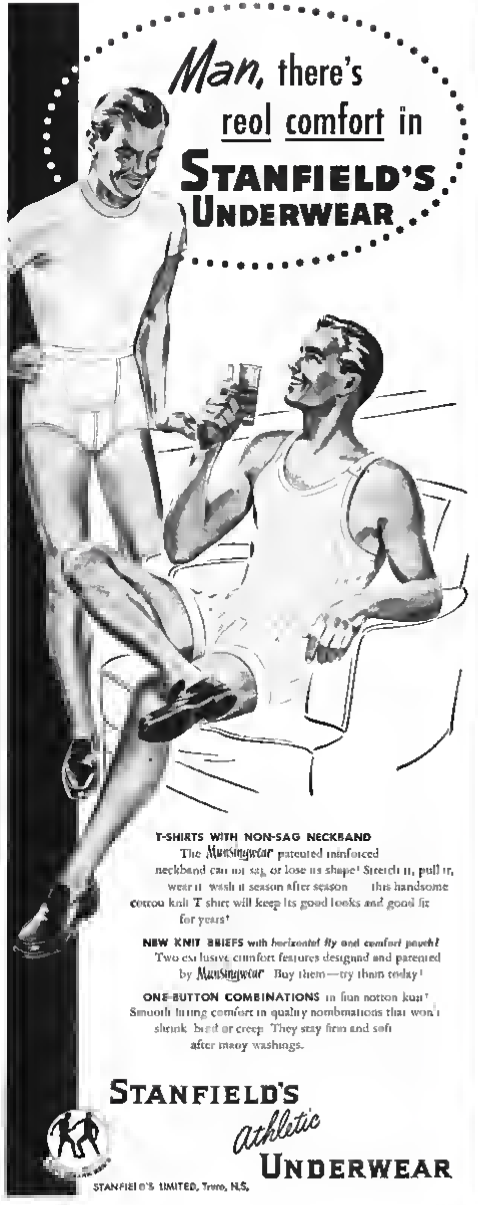
Grand Gift for Father JUNE 21

The ONLY Shaver with the powerful 16-bar armature self-starting REAL Motor

See the new Model W Shavemaster at your dealer's.

Most dealers are prepared to have you try the new Shavemaster right in their stores.

SUNBEAM CORPORATION (CANADA) LIMITED TORONTO 9, CANADA



T-SHIRTS WITH NON-SAG NECKBAND
The Munsingwear patented reinforced neckband can not sag, or lose its shape! Stretch it, pull it, wear it, wash it season after season — this handsome cotton knit T shirt will keep its good looks and good fit for years!

NEW KNIT BRIEFS with *horizontal fly and comfort pouch!*
Two exclusive comfort features designed and patented by Munsingwear. Buy them—try them today!

ONE-BUTTON COMBINATIONS in fine cotton knit!
Smooth fitting comfort in quality combinations that won't shrink, bind or creep. They stay firm and soft after many washings.

STANFIELD'S *athletic* **UNDERWEAR**

STANFIELD'S LIMITED, Truro, N.S.

task for which he was best fitted.

Lord Beaverbrook's newspapers have conducted a merciless campaign against him and some of his own Tory colleagues have criticized him openly in parliament. It is to Eden's credit that he has kept his head and has shown little bitterness no matter what is boiling up inside him.

Inevitably there has resulted a lively discussion as to his future. No longer is he the acknowledged unquestioned heir to the throne. Other pretenders have appeared to the open humble of their supporters.

The strongest challenge comes from R. A. Butler who has achieved the greatest metamorphosis in modern politics. This bookworm, this intellectual, this diffident fellow, this unpublished second grade minister of other days is not possible that he is really our powerful Minister of Finance who lays down the law to bankers and industrialists while actually mutilating the welfare state that Aneurin built?

We altered his budget madly last year. Then when it began to hurt we treated him pretty roughly. The financial journals said he was mad. The socialist newspapers howled that he was the despoiler of the temple. "I am going to make this country solvent," said Butler, "and there is no sum so significant or insignificant he will not be made to help."

Instead of doing everything for the casualties of Britain's economic existence, he offered inducements for the workers to produce more. "I didn't invent human nature," he said bloodily, "and since it exists I must deal with it as a fact."

I am writing this before he introduces his 1953 budget. However with the spirit of prophecy upon me I predict that it will be greeted with shiners, yeas, doubts, frowns and deep-seated feeling that Butler is a man who knows not merely where he is going, but where the nation is going.

But who is this other Tory minister who looks rather like General Buller of Boer War fame, that bland fellow who speaks in the grand Victorian manner, this political Left over from the great days of the past?

Can he be the Harold Macmillan who married the boss' daughter when he was ADC to the Duke of Devonshire at Ottawa? Is this the old Etonian and ex Guardsman who became so selfish that he was almost drummed out of the Conservative Party?

Macmillan was a successful administrator in the Hitler war and had a right to expect high office in the present government. Instead Churchill gave him housing, the department that did as much to lower the prestige of Aneurin Bevan. Macmillan was keenly disappointed but like a good Guardsman he summoned his departmental chiefs to a conference and nearly startled them out of their chairs by his opening sentence:

"Gentlemen, since we are the Ministry of Housing, what do you say if we build some houses?"

Neither Whitehall nor the builders nor the suppliers of materials nor the workers quite knew what had hit them. "I don't want to hear why houses cannot be built," he said. "That does not interest me."

He and I are very old friends, in fact we were in the same military hospital in 1918 and we dined together a couple of nights ago. "The greatest value of a minister in a department like mine," he said, "is that he is an amateur. Experience breeds fatigue and a too ready recognition of difficulties. The inspired arrogance of the amateur can always be useful up to a point. Now I understood the difficulties of housing so I should be transferred to something else."

But during his period of "ignorance" Macmillan broke all records. He is in fact one of the outstanding successes of the government and must now be included with Butler and Eden as a potential prime minister.

Therefore as Hamlet observes, look on this—and this. Look first at the Conservative Party of 1945, bewhipped, bethread and bewildered, a party of extinct volcanoes as Herbert Morrison said at the time. And now look at the Conservative Party today, so strong in personnel and purpose that nothing that can be seen or foreseen could prevent a decisive victory at the polls if Churchill decides on an autumn election. And this has been accomplished in a year of vast upheaval, sharp humiliation and mounting danger.

I do not claim that the British Conservative Party is a galaxy of all the talents, nor do I deny that the socialists are also developing new men of high ability, but the astonishing fact remains that eight years after its crushing defeat and Bevan's boast of "Twenty-five years of Socialism" the Conservative Party is strongly entrenched and is producing leaders from a womb that was supposed to be barren.

Meanwhile the emperor's antechamber is becoming somewhat overcrowded with heirs apparent and presumptive. ★



"Your first Patterson?"

Has the

cost of motoring got you down?

(or have you discovered what 80,000 Canadians now know)

There's nothing new about the high cost of living. Grandpa worried about it when T bones rose to 35¢ a pound, just like you worry about it when the price of gasoline or rubber takes a hike.

But there *is* something new about the high cost of motoring.

Now you can beat it!

And you can beat it without any Spartan denial.

That's what the more than 80 000 Canadians who now drive AUSTINS have discovered.

They've discovered that riding in an AUSTIN A 40 Somerset from here to a thousand miles from here is about as comfortable a way to travel as you will find—anywhere.



But Don't Take Our Word For it

Go to your nearby AUSTIN dealer and try out a new Somerset.

First look will leave one impression—this is a good looking automobile. But don't stop there.

Get Inside . . .

. . . and you'll find a handsomely appointed interior complete with built in air conditioning heater. Feel those seat cushions and backs. They're deep, soft riding, form fitting foam rubber, covered for a car lifetime of handsome wear with *real* leather.

Then Drive The Car

The first thing you'll notice beyond an unusually handsome wheel will be a greenhouse view of the open road through the wide curved one piece windshield.

You'll see fender clearance on both sides down to the exact inch.

And if the Somerset doesn't surprise you with its liveliness, its smoothness and its handling ease—just hand back the keys. But you won't—particularly when you learn that this finely engineered car will *all but cut your car operating costs in half!*

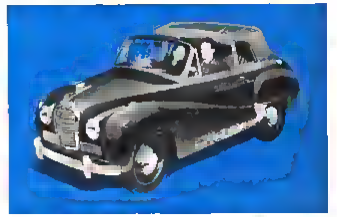
No Extras To Buy

And that's not all. The quoted price of "$1895 is the *complete* price. There are no extras to buy when you buy AUSTIN. Standard equipment includes:

- Deep foam rubber cushioning
- Genuine leather upholstery
- Constant speed electric windshield wipers.
- New super heater with full air-conditioning
- 12-volt electrical system
- Directional turn signals.
- Full kit of tools.

So look up your nearby Austin dealer now and take the most revealing car demonstration you've ever had.

ALSO SEE AND TRY THESE TWO GREAT NEW AUSTINS



The New Austin A-40 Somerset Convertible—with three-position top

No Extras To Buy
A Complete Car At *$2195



The Austin A-30 4-Door Sedan—the 1953 edition of the most famous small car in automobile history

No Extras To Buy
A Complete Car At *$1495

*City and Provincial taxes extra in some areas.

Wherever you go . . . you'll see

Austin

—The ideal answer to the high cost of motoring

FOR RADIANT HEATING



ANACONDA

Copper

TUBE IS BETTER

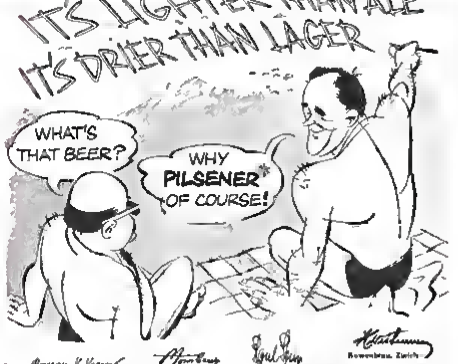
■ Anaconda Copper tube assures you of long-lasting, trouble-free radiant heating system. For Anaconda Copper tubes can't rust, resist corrosion and have high heat conductivity. Smooth interiors mean an unobstructed flow of water. Ask your heating contractor about the advantages of Anaconda tubes for radiant heating.

ANACONDA AMERICAN BRASS LIMITED

Main Offices and Plants: New Toronto, Ont.
Montreal Office: 930 Dominion Sq. Bldg.

C-5116

First IN COPPER, BRASS AND BRONZE



*The only beer in the world endorsed by brewmasters from seven other breweries . . . look at the BACKS of the labels! →

The swing is DEFINITELY to Labatt's

Cure to Four Millions

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

Louis Bégin, Raymond Rauleau and Rodrigue Villeneuve—in the provincial capital, Québec City. Another canon was Légr's comparative youth. All his French-speaking predecessors and his English-speaking contemporary, James Cardinal McGrigor, had been at least ten years older when they were raised to the purple. At forty-eight, Légr had become the second youngest cardinal in the world and one of the youngest ever received into the Sacred College since medieval times.

By all the standards on which the Vatican gauges the strength of a particular Catholic region, Léger's domain is without peer among the domains of the church. Three and a half million people—eighty per cent of Québec's population—belong to the Roman Catholic Church. Their faith was built solidly on historic Gallican foundations. It grew to great political significance in rural isolation, unimpeded by the schismatic influences of Europe, the United States and other provinces of Canada. The future of the church is guaranteed by publicly supported Catholic schools. Catholic festivals are properly observed through the proclamation of religious holidays. Between the American border and the Arctic, between Hudson Bay and the Atlantic, there is hardly a hamlet which has not pushed up to the clouds the tall silver spire of the characteristic Québec church. And although the eruption of post-war industrialization is shaking its tranquil country, traditions, the future will hardly disintegrate as long as one hundred thousand workers are organized in staunchly Catholic unions.

As captain of such a resolute and compact Catholic redoubt, Léger's voice is heeded in the Papal Senate. His large, wealthy, volatile North American archdiocese, second in size only to Chicago, has meant his appointment to three of the twelve committees of cardinals who transact the global business of the Vatican.

Léger was born at St. Anicet, in the extreme southwest corner of Québec where the St. Lawrence becomes Lake St. Francis and runs deeper inland to form the border between Ontario and New York State. He was the eldest of two sons of Ernest and Alda Léger who kept a little clapboard general store and observed the classic Québec life of thrift, austerity and piety. Léger's brother Jules was to become private secretary to Prime Minister Louis St. Laurent and today holds high rank in the Department of External Affairs.

Léger's vivid imagination was evident in his boyhood. He sat wide-eyed on his father's cracker barrels listening to villagers tell lurid legends about wolves, hunting and ghosts.

Lake St. Francis fascinated Léger. One day he fell in and was pulled out looking as white as a sheet by a man called Mallette. The experience contributed to his boyhood nervousness, but he proved he had not lost his fundamental courage a few years later when he rescued his brother from the same waters.

After this the two boys kept away from the lake and played around St. Anicet church. The bells regulated their daily life. Unlike most little boys, Paul Emile Léger went eagerly to Mass every day. People who remember him climbing the church tower to write his name in chalk on one of the bells now see the act as symbolic. Miss Lucy Leahy, a childhood friend of Léger's mother, recalls seeing him perched high in a tree sadly rhapsodizing the *Libera* prayer for the dead. His pale dexterity was the talk of the district.

At twelve he entered the Seminary of Ste. Thérèse in the nearby town of Salaberry de Valleyfield, where he studied so hard that he almost wrecked his constitution. When he was fifteen a Montreal doctor said he was suffering from "a deep depression" and ordered him not to open a book for two years. The prospect of slipping behind his classes left Léger distraught.

After a year of rest he began secretly swotting up Latin with his friend, neighbor and fellow pupil, Percival Caza. Although his physical health had improved, his temperament was still shaky. "He admitted to me years afterward," says Caza. "That when he was walking home from our house by the shores of the lake he was frightened of his own shadow in the rays of the moon."

Back at Ste. Thérèse at seventeen Léger caught up on his class with such remarkable speed that his tutors singled him out as an exceptional pupil and sent him to the Grand Séminaire in Montreal run by the Sulpician Fathers whose predecessors were among the founders of the city.

Léger's zeal, however, attracted him to the Jesuits who pledge themselves to "poverty, chastity and obedience" who give up all their personal property, eschew all ecclesiastical honors for a life of learning and instruction and who agree to go anywhere in the world to promote the cause of the church.

The Local Boy Makes Good

Within a month of his entry into Jesuit college he was found unsuitable. A Québec City Jesuit, who recalls his brief novitiate says, "He was so remote and he used to cry during spiritual exercises. Our life demands men of different fibre." Léger returned to the more easy-going Sulpician Fathers. In 1928 he entered the priesthood.

Impressed by his scholastic brilliance and his sense of vocation the Sulpician Fathers sent him to La Solitude, their mother house at Issy-les-Moulineaux, near Paris. Here the Gentlemen of St. Sulpice receive the pick of students from seminaries in England, France and North and South America. Léger continued his studies at the Paris Catholic Institute. During the next four years he rose to be assistant to the superior, the only Canadian ever to attain this post. The news was received with pride by the Sulpicians in Montreal.

As a Canadian in Paris he was indefatigable in helping visiting compatriots. When Canon J. H. Martel, an elderly pastor from St. Pulpice, Québec, visited Lourdes it was Léger who got him the coveted permission to say Mass at the shrine. Through Léger's influence the pastor's turn came right behind the Cardinal of Paris. A dozen such little favors were soon talked about in Québec. And they reached the ears of the high-ranking clergy.

In 1933 Léger was suddenly transferred from Paris to Japan. Here, he knew later, was the church's test of his calibre. From the atmosphere of study he was plunged into the rugged particularities of missionary life. He became a humble priest in the diocese of Fukuoka. In six months he could say the catechism in Japanese. In twelve months he held conduct retreats in that language. After four years he was made superior of a new Canadian Sulpician seminary in Fukuoka and began lecturing in philosophy to Japanese in their own tongue.

Léger was so intent on speaking Japanese correctly he refused to chat with a servant in the presbytery because she spoke a dialect which, he feared, would impair his own accent. When he learned that Japanese students have more respect for professors with beards he obligingly grew a heavy black specimen that gave him a volcanic aspect.

In 1939 he shaved the beard off because he was recalled to Canada and appointed vicar-general in his native diocese of Salaberry de Valleyfield. He ranked as assistant to the bishop and his duties were largely administrative.

About this time St. James Cathedral found itself deprived by the war of European preachers to hold its famous Lenten services. By tradition these services constitute a breakaway from local subjects and send out into world affairs. Léger with his European and Asian background made an ideal substitute. Old friends noticed that the fragility and confusion which had marked his adolescence had given place to a robust form of speech and a precision of thought.

Although Léger still remained unknown to Québec as a whole it was now evident to the clergy that he had a future in the church. Léger himself has revealed: "Three cardinals had a profound influence on my life. Cardinal Rouleau guided my steps on the uncertain road of youth toward the seminary. Cardinal Verdier guided my steps through the first illusions of the priesthood toward the ideal of complete self-giving. Cardinal Villeneuve guided my steps along the road... toward Rome."

This last event, which determined Léger's destiny, took place in 1947 when he was sent to the Eternal City to become rector of the reopened

YOU WILL RUMEMBER



The wonderful qualities of this fine "Navy Type" Rum have made it a favourite throughout the world since the days of Nelson.





THE MOST you'll ever peel the potatoes or set the table—but so completely automatic is this Enterprise control panel that it cooks the whole dinner, following your instructions to the letter, whether you're at home or miles away!

Just set the clock and selector switch of your Enterprise 8160 Deluxe Electric Range, then go out of the kitchen and forget about dinner till it's ready to be served. That switch provides automatic control of the oven, a top element and an extra appliance outlet. And the control panel is high up, easy to see and reach, out of range of heat from the cooking surface. Soft, warm light from the full length lamp floods the cooking surface.

You'll be delighted with the convenience of the Divided Top, the big 16-inch oven with glass door and inside light and dozens of other Enterprise advantages. Ask your dealer to demonstrate them for you, or write for free descriptive folder on any enterprise range or heating unit.

Full Automatic Cooking + Plus Automatic Heat
Enterprise 8165 Combination



Here is a combination electric range with fully automatic controls and built in automatic oil heater—for extra kitchen warmth in winter and freedom from heat in summer. Ask to see Enterprise No. 8165.

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR Enterprise

THE ENTERPRISE FOUNDRY CO. LIMITED
Sackville, N.B.

Mail to THE ENTERPRISE FOUNDRY CO. LIMITED, SACKVILLE, N.B. or write nearest dealer. MM-5

Please send me literature describing Enterprise

Electric Ranges
☐ Combination Electric Ranges
☐ Gas Ranges
☐ Combination Gas Ranges
☐ Coal and Wood Ranges
☐ Oil Ranges
☐ Warm Air Furnaces
☐ Winter Air Conditioning
☐ Oil Heaters
☐ Coal and Wood Heaters

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY PROVINCE

Another Canadian youngster who believes in

"THE BANK AS A PARTNER IN MY COMMUNITY"

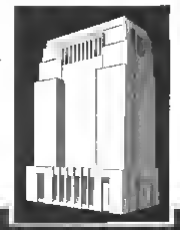
"When Community Chest drives, Red Cross, etc. are made, you can find the bank man working hard with other citizens."*



Albert Mott
Saint John, N.B.

THERE are over 400 branches of The Bank of Nova Scotia both at home and abroad. Each one is in charge of a friendly manager, whose job goes further than just running his branch. He has a responsibility to his community—a responsibility to help everyone who comes to him, within the framework of the Bank's services—or even outside it. Through him and the other members of the branch staff the Bank makes the thousands of friends which are its strength.

You will find practical proof of this when you make use of the Bank's services. Whether you want to open a Savings Account, buy Travellers' Cheques, rent a Safety Deposit Box, arrange for financial assistance for yourself or your business, see the friendly staff of your neighbourhood branch of The Bank of Nova Scotia. You'll find they're good people to know.



A student from Albert Mott's prize winning essay in nation wide competition for High School students sponsored by The Bank of Nova Scotia.

The Bank of Nova Scotia

• YOUR PARTNER IN HELPING CANADA GROW

Canadian College in the Via Quattro Fontane the heavily shattered lime mallowed Street Of The Four Fountains

Because Canada has no diplomatic representative at the Vatican, Léger, to some extent, won the confidence in state matters between Ottawa and the Holy See But he was never too busy to get visiting Canadian bishops and statesmen an audience with the Pope or a good seat at ceremonies in St Peter s Nor did he overlook his duties as adviser in the forty Canadian priests who were studying in residence at his college Some of the priests were musicians and on his forty fifth birthday they composed a symphony in five movements and played it for him

One of the units which kept Léger constantly under the eye of the Pope was his organization of the Croix d Or This brought thousands of dollars worth of food medicines and clothing from Quebec for the relief of Italian distress.

In 1950 the new postwar industrial revolution was igniting new tinder in the Archdiocese of Montreal The miles were restless under a political regime which had been elected by the hamlets Maurice Duplessis Union Nationale Government was on the side of the farmers and the financiers and cool toward the workers and the unions Catholic though they might be Two battles were developing one between capital and labor and the other between rural and urban communities

Here lay a great opportunity for the church to act as a conciliator But here also lay a severe test of the church s unity The then Archbishop of Montreal Joseph Charbonneau by his open support of the unions in the bloody Asbestos strike of 1949 had in the eyes of many clergymen, overstepped the bounds of discretion. It was argued that he had allowed his Christian charity for the workers to blind him to tactics on the part of certain union leaders which hinted at power politics

The Crusader Banned Binge

When Charbonneau resigned because of ill health the Vatican looked for a man who knew Quebec well and could be counted upon to exercise diplomacy To the lofty in Montreal the elevation of Léger was unexpected The general reaction was Who is he? The library of the Montreal Star had little to supply but about him au fin

In Montreal as archbishop Léger soon rode like a crusader with all laughs sounding against all affronts to Catholic doctrines He attacked euthanasia divorce and contraception He denounced comics movies and radio plays dealing with sex and crime and also nobaretes He banned binge then played regularly by hundreds of Catholic communities to raise funds The church is not a gaming house thundered Léger His decision was widely applauded though there were many who looked on his strictness of such pastimes as dancing and such innocent profit making pursuits as church bazaars as old fashioned

Another of his highly publicized moves was getting the Montreal City Council to order the closing of all stores on religious holidays The Catholics were unified in their approval of this but upon flouting of the bylaw by Protestant-owned stores led to the imposition of trivial fines and much ill feeling

Léger helped spark a cleanup of prostitution and a more rigid enforcement of liquor laws Other efforts have included the organization of shelters for the city's down and outers the building by volunteer Catholic groups



SELLERS—MARK IT!

There s nothing else that makes me rail
And rant and rave daggone it
like merchandise displayed for sale
Without a price tag on it

So skip the subtle selling gag
You like suspense — so do I
But as for me I want the tag
Right out where I can see it

And when you send a gift collect
The tag and so arrange it
That I with promptness and dispatch
Can dash out and exchange it

P J BLACKWELL

of a home for old folk, during which Léger himself sawed lumber and pushed a wheelbarrow The opening of a reading room where non Catholics could receive written and verbal answers to their questions about the church and the establishment of an Association of Catholic Businessmen as an alternative to the "unsafe" service clubs like Rotary in which Catholic participation is discouraged

On political issues he lightrepes between two extremes repeating papal warnings that only the western world reconciles the differences between capital and labor by Christian co operation it cannot erase the threat of Communism

Léger has never supported a Quebec union merely because it is Catholic The long bitter textile strike at Louiseville was allowed to sizzle into failure last February without a word from Léger probably because the Catholic union leaders by preventing the factory executive staff from entering the premises had violated property rights the church espouses When he does raise his voice on labor matters his public words are seldom couched Thus What he says in private seems to be heeded by both employers and unions Last year a department-store strike in Montreal ended when Léger quietly let both sides know how he thought it should be settled

There has never been an open quarrel between Léger and Premier Duplessis but tension is believed to exist Their relations are the subject of much haunted gossip A Quebec City journalist says Duplessis always reminding the public that he helped the Salvation Father out of bankruptcy during the depression Thus is it disbelief in dignity Léger A prominent Montreal Catholic layman says 'Duplessis likes to think he can get along without the church. But has gone in haven t been of a time getting along without Léger '

Even though he is a typical Quebecer, jealous of his provincial rights Léger is believed to look upon Duplessis extreme nationalism as out-of-date Many times he has praised the Commonwealth ideal in Canada. He paid a moving tribute to the late King George VI and always refers to Elizabeth II as "our gracious Queen "

On social doctrine he sometimes

Your gift of Irish Linen

—will share their lifetime of happiness

How many times does the problem arise, "What should I get them for a wedding present?" And as many times the answer is lovely Irish Linens No other fabric can promise so much to a newly married couple. For Irish Linen is a sensible luxury.

Its lint-free thirstiness dries dishes faster, cleaner. Its lustrous texture lends grace and distinctiveness to dining room settings And repeated launderings will not deprive it of its cracker crispness

Add to these the wonderful wearing qualities of Irish Linen and truly it's a gift that will share their happiness for a lifetime

THE IRISH LINEN GUILD—137 Wellington St W., Toronto Canada

IRISH LINEN







spoke bitterly. Last year he told the Montreal Chamber of Commerce: "The day that commerce no longer rests on the solid foundations of religion it will become a vampire at the throat of economic life." Two years ago at a Catholic workers' rally outside the huge St. Joseph's Oratory on Montreal mountain he said: "Freud says has given us electricity and forgotten that God gave us the sun."

Léger tells his hearers that Communism is the logical development of liberalism. Liberalism he says started from a false concept of freedom—the freedom of every man to pursue his own interests without regard to the welfare of others. "How could the order of common good spring from the clash of deep rooted egotisms?" he asks. In the early industrial world, he says, there was contempt for human dignity.

"This so-called free enterprise which had been dreamed of soon became an odious economic dictatorship. From the heights of a wonderful dream mee fell rapidly into the sad reality of a society crowned in anarchy. And so, leaving liberalism aside, he took the highway that led to totalitarianism."

Then he says, the vaunted individual freedom became submerged in the omnipotence of the state which protected its authority with bloodshed and terror.

In the West, Léger insists, there is still time for reform. But he warns: "Only anarchy lies ahead as long as big business battles to hold the empires of monopoly and big unions battles to break down the bulwarks of capitalism."

A Student of Other Faiths

In Léger's ideal Catholic world neither capital nor labor would hold the place of power. The economic system would be built on Christian corporations. Its practical application would be the establishment of industry wide councils. Workers would be organized and represented by the best brains at these councils. The employers would be united and similarly represented. Every phase of the industry would come under the jurisdiction of the combined authority and be free from the tamper ings of the state. The government would step in only to curb any tendency on the part of both capital and labor to monopolize the machinery in a conspiracy against the consumer.

Léger maintains that the Roman church today is by virtue of its adherence to doctrines stemming direct from Peter the one stable force on earth. Yet he neither abuses nor criticizes other churches. He is in fact a student of their beliefs. Last year he was guest of honor at the Montreal Council on Christian Social Order presided over by a Church of England priest. Canon R. St. John Léger spoke on "God, Man and Human Labor." Canon Naylor says: "I have never in my life seen such a depth of good feeling and warmth at an interdenominational gathering."

At six o'clock every morning Léger says Mass. Then he takes a frugal breakfast. By eight he is at his desk dealing with correspondence and giving audience to callers. Then he acts as tour a whirlwind tour. He visits children's hospitals. Boy Scout headquarters, the Catholic Women's League, speaks at luncheons and dinners, celebrates Mass for European immigrants at the docks, talks of plans with Catholic Action and the Knights of Columbus, addresses university groups and fulfills a bewildering catalogue of obligations.

On a recent visit to a rural parish he found the local pastor faced with a long line-up of penitents awaiting to confess. At once Léger took a second confessional box and helped him out.

Nothing interferes with his daily religious service. Crusade of the Rosary on the Montreal French language station CKAC. Ferdinand Biondi, the program director, gave Léger the "spot" gratis three years ago. Its commercial value was nil because almost every family was listening to Quebec's favorite soap opera Un Homme et son Péché on the rival CBF at that time.

Within a few months it was estimated that six out of ten Quebec families were tuning in to CKAC taking out their beads kneeling by their radios, and repeating the Hail Mary prayer from St. Luke in response to Léger's broadcast interpretations of the peter noster. CBF hastily moved Un Homme et Son Péché fifteen minutes forward.

Léger has not missed more than a dozen broadcasts in three years. When he is in Rome he makes recorded programs of the service with an Italian congregation and has them flown to Montreal.

The effect has been remarkable. Last summer Léger heard of one little boy who had built an elaborate altar in the back yard beside which he knelt to take part in the radio service. The next night Léger sent out broadcasting from the boy's altar while hundreds of neighbors at windows, on walls on rooftops and in adjacent gardens looked on reverently.

At his consecration with twenty-three other new cardinals last January, a four-day ceremony in the beautiful basilica of St. Peter's, Paul Emile Léger kissed the slipper of the Pope who then placed on his head the huge crimson hat with fifteen golden tassels, a garment which is never worn again, and it is seen for the last time on the cardinal's casket.

The Pope said: "Receive ye the red hat, the special badge of the cardinal's rank. By this you are to understand that you must show yourself fearless even to the shedding of your blood in ranking out Holy Faith, respected in securing peace for the Christian people—and in promoting the welfare of the Roman Church."

Then the new cardinals prostrated themselves before the Pope's throne, their rich crimson robes spread wide.

At a final conclave attended only by the College of Cardinals Léger went through a ceremony known as "the closing of the mouth of the newly elevated." Whatever secrets of the church this ceremony is designed to guard it has in no way impaired Léger's loquacity or the passion which has shaken him since youth.

On his arrival back in Canada he faced the crowds before him at Windsor Station stretched out his arms and cried: "Montreal! Oh my city! I give you my life . . . all my life!"

From any other man such effusion would have sounded false. But most of those in the crowd knew that Paul Emile Léger meant exactly what he said. ★

When You Have Read This Magazine . . .

please send it to a member of the armed forces serving overseas. If you know no one in the services, enquire locally if some organization is collecting magazines for shipment. In most cities some organization is performing this valuable service.





Withstanding terrific pressures, steel pipe pierces the earth's surface to a depth of more than two miles to tap oil in Western Canada. For 1156 rugged overland miles, steel pipe then carries that oil to waiting ships at the Lakehead, delivering over 10,000 barrels daily.

Yet that is only one of the many tremendous tasks that steel pipe is doing every minute of every day. In delivering oil, gas, water, steam, steel pipe serves the nation in countless ways and is an essential factor in Canada's growth.

Keeping pace with Canada's own great industrial development, Page-Hersey has steadily expanded its production capacities. In its mills at Welland, huge machines as long as city blocks turn out unceasing miles of pipe as fast as steel can be obtained for its manufacture.

1/2

PAGE-HERSEY TUBES, LIMITED

100 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO - LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF STEEL PIPE IN CANADA

The Day I Ran Away

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

what do you know about Mrs Brown's rump?"

I don't know what would have happened if everything had gone to schedule. We stored our mutt down in the hideaway behind the furnace when it completed our preparations and as a final gesture of defiance against the adult world, went out and rang a few doorbells, a favorite sport of ours.

Our favorite victim was Mr Green, a dark, crotchety old man who used to wear collarless pink striped shirts and swear perpetually. I'll say one thing for Mr Green. He never ran to our parents, the police or the child welfare PTA or tried to resolve our inner conflicts. He concentrated on trying to catch us. Mr Green thought there was nothing wrong with boys that catching one wouldn't cure, and he developed a gratifying cunning. He'd hide behind his door, pretend he was getting in or stand out on his lawn whistling and looking up at the sky with his hand out as if feeling for a drop of rain. Then he'd spring with an exhilarating sound of grunts, loose ubangee jingling, watch fobs and his big heavy boots clumping, and shouting muffled oaths about you little bastards until he tripped over something, usually his own little wire fence.

The night of the big break we wandered one by one, with innocent expressions, down our cellar and disappeared amid the rugs—Herb, Pickles, Art and myself. We were going to take off around eight. But several things happened. First it got very dark at eight and sitting down there among the rugs we began to get very quiet. Even Pickles stopped spitting. Second, we began to notice quite a smell from the meat. It even caught the attention of Pat and Peggy, who began nosing around stiff-legged and bristling and eyeing one another suspiciously and of my father, who came down the cellar, snorted a couple of times and said the confounded drain was plugged again and got the plunger.

Our house had a connecting drain with the house next door occupied by Mr Ronan our neighbor, a man with seven daughters. Father and Mr Ronan had decided that next time the drain clogged they'd try a new system, turning a lot of water loose in both houses and both plunging down their cellars at the same time, figuring that the resulting deluge and pressure would move anything.

While we sat in our hide-out, pale faced and secretly thinking it really wouldn't be so hard to put up with our parents for another few years, we could hear my father and Mr Ronan making preparations. We heard my father fill the kitchen sink with water, then go upstairs and fill the bathroom sink and the bathtub and post my brother there to pull the plugs and flush the toilet at a signal. He posted my mother at the kitchen sink. Mr Ronan had deployed his seven daughters around his sinks and toilets. The cellar windows to both houses were propped open so that my father and Mr Ronan could call to one another and synchronize the whole effort.

An air of tension built up throughout both houses. Mrs Ronan was out on her veranda wringing her hands. We four boys sat looking at one another and listening to the ominous sounds of lapping water. Then Mr Ronan's voice came faintly through the earth. "Let 'er go!"

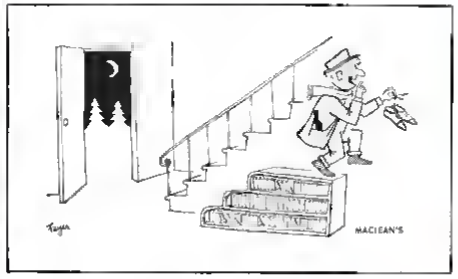
There was a great roar of water as plugs were pulled and toilets flushed and my father started working with the plunger like mad. There was a moment of queer silence, then all the water from both our house and Mr Ronan's exploded out of our drain like Old Faithful; my father let out a wet "Pshaw!" and the water began to rise in our hide-out. We all jumped for dry land. Herby hit a key piece of lumber and the whole woodpile came in on top of us, and the Boston halls. Pat and Peggy, stimulated by the whole thing, started in to try to kill one another.

I can remember amid the confusion of water, falling lumber, fighting dogs and floating rugs how Mrs Ronan let out a scream just as we all shot out from behind the furnace and Mr Green came down our cellar steps. I suppose to borrow a wrench or something from my father saw Herby and shouted "Hi! There he is!" Mr Green started to chase Herby through the water just as the voice of Mr Thompson, who had opened the back kitchen door to deliver a roast, bellowed "MRS. ALLEN'S RUMP!"

I don't suppose we ever laugh with quite the same wholehearted wild abandon as we do when we're kids. Suddenly the whole scene sent the four of us into wild hysterics.

Mr Green, who had abandoned Herb and was cursing and kicking the dogs apart, my father calling upstairs for my mother to put the plugs back in, and Art wandering around with a sink ankle deep in water, calling "A a a ma! A n-n n ren!" Nobody did find out that we were going to run away that night.

Right after that an uncle of mine who ran a small roofing business and loved to play jokes on people he knew by including in his overseas items like $1,500 for silver nails arrived with about ten pounds of ice cream, told us to go get all the kids we could find and we all had a party. We even got Horace Treadwhistle to come over and have some. ★



Make this a wonderful Spring



drive the new '53

Plymouth

BELVEDERE HARDTOP

Come rain or shine, you'll capture a wonderful sense of new freedom in this most beautiful of all Plymouths.

Take any country sideroad with ease—for all roads feel smooth and level with the amazing Plymouth Balanced Ride.

Many luxurious extras that make driving more enjoyable are standard equipment in the new Belvederes. In the Belvedere special club coupe illustrated, the deep, soft seats have finest quality colorful materials . . . and the finest of blending fabrics. New chrome trim highlights the low, graceful lines . . . and back-up lights add to your driving convenience.

Here is everything you have ever dreamed about in a car . . . beauty . . . comfort . . . wonderful performance for uncounted days of enjoyment!

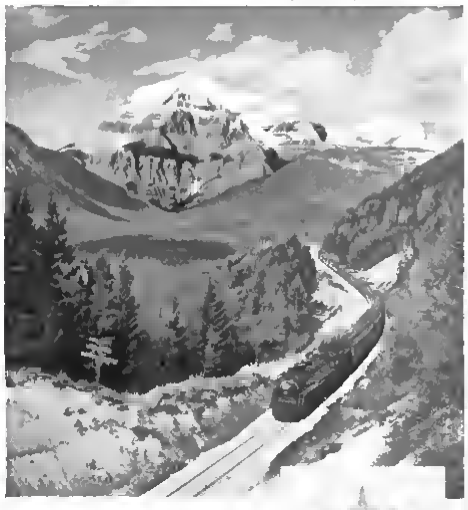
TAKE OUT A NEW PLYMOUTH AND TRY IT

Your Chrysler Plymouth Fargo dealer will gladly arrange for a demonstration



CAMBRIDGE 4 DOOR SEDAN
CLUB COUPE
SUBURBAN
CRANBROOK 4 DOOR SEDAN
CLUB COUPE
CONVERTIBLE COUPE
SAVOY SUBURBAN
BELVEDERE 4 DOOR SEDAN
BELVEDERE SPECIAL CLUB COUPE

Travel
Canada's Scenic Route
to either coast



When you travel Canadian National across Canada, you can sightsee interesting cities — stop over at Minaki and Jasper Park Lodge — see towering Mount Robson (above) monarch of the Canadian Rockies — visit the exciting West Coast. And you ride in comfort all the way, East or West, on Canadian National's scenic rail tours.

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

SERVING ALL 10 PROVINCES OF CANADA



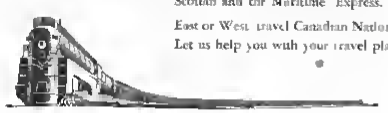
At Jasper, skiing playground of the Canadian Rockies, you can golf, ride, fish, swim — or merely relax luxuriously. The new central building of Jasper Park Lodge (shown above)

see your Canada and see it by
Canadian National

Canadian National's Continental Limited is the pleasant, luxurious way to travel to and from the West coast. Wide choice of accommodations. Excellent dining car meals.

To Canada's Provinces by the Sea you have a choice of The Ocean Limited, The Scotian and the Maritime Express.

East or West, travel Canadian National. Let us help you with your travel plans.



Elizabeth's Sixteen-Hour Working Day

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

most discreet men in Europe. For ten years no major palace decision has been made without consulting this single-faced courtier with the piercing brown eyes and the steel-rimmed glasses. He is a person not only within the palace but outside it, for it was he who persuaded Clement Attlee to change his mind and appoint Ernest Bevin to the Foreign Office rather than Hugh Dalton in the first days of the Labour government. Soon he will retire with a peerage as his reward but now in his quiet, deferential way he is talking to his Queen when settles back in her armchair and smiles and calls him by his nickname "Tommy."

With Lascelles the Queen goes over her diary deciding which engagements to fill and which to reject for she can only manage to accept about one in every fifty requests for her presence. She accepts her secretary's advice on these matters then signs the documents he has brought in to her. This done, they discuss the implications of the day's news, the minutes of the last cabinet meeting, the latest dispatches from the Foreign Office.

As soon as Lascelles leaves her the duty assistant private secretary enters. There are three of them, but this morning it is Lieut.-Col. the Hon. Martin Charteris, a deceptively casual barrister whose make-up and background are so typically British upper class that he seems like something out of a Bulldog Drummond novel. Charteris is the son of a peer, the brother of a peer and is married to a peer's daughter. His background is Eton and Sandhurst, his hobby is wildfowling. It is hard to realize that this solid, dyspeptic and sometimes absent-minded man once roamed the alleyways of Jerusalem in a turboosh, disguised as an Arab, was torpedoed and cast adrift on a raft to be rescued at the point of death, and took part in some of the earliest and bitterest desert fighting of the war. His manners are impeccable; it is recorded that while tossing on the raft he carefully apologized to all and sundry for being sick.

Now this one-time adventurer who, any someday, becomes an powerful as Lascelles must deal with less adventurous matters. He has some photographs for the Queen to sign, Earl's regiment, air force station and naval vessel in the realm is entitled to a signed portrait of the sovereign and since her accession the requests have been pouring in. The Queen who signs her name fifty times a day signs it again.

She goes over the details of some forthcoming engagements with Charteris. Will she leave by train or car? What time will she leave? Who will be there, and when are they? Charteris who has been an intelligence officer briefs her succinctly about the background of the people she is to meet. Occasionally he has been known to secrete reminders on little slips of paper in the pocket of her dress or the edge of her handbag.

She is to lay a cornerstone at the newly-imaged Inner Temple this afternoon. She will know the main actors in this brief and formal drama for they are members of her Privy Council but she might like to say a few words to the Clerk of the Works who was present when her father opened another damaged portion of the temple. And she might want to say something to Sir Hubert Worthington, the architect. And she will recall that her father was treasurer of the Inner Temple. And there will be ten in the treasurer's office afterward.

Charteris takes his leave, not backing toward the door as his predecessors did in Victoria's day, but simply saying "Thank you" on each and walking out.

A few minutes later Sir Piers Legh, the Master of the Household makes his entrance. The fabric of this man's life is woven out of the same aristocratic fibre as the two who preceded him into this Regency drawing room with its green curtains and silk damask sofas. Like Charteris, he is the second son of a peer. The playing fields of Eton, the parade ground of the Grenadiers, the trenches of World War I and twenty-three years at court have shaped his life. He looks the part of old Etonian and retired Guards officer, bald, spruce-red faced, toothy and correct, his moustache slightly abrasive, the tiniest suggestion of a handkerchief peeping from his pocket. The Queen, like almost everybody else, calls him "Joey."

Now this old army man is marshal of a domestic army of valets, housemaids, footmen, porters and pages. He is major domo of the largest home in the realm and he is here to discuss its problems with its mistress: a coming luncheon party, for example—Will special china be used? What wines would she prefer? Shall cars be sent to collect the guests? An old servant has reached retiring age, the cellar needs stocking, a footman has given notice. All these occupy the Guardsman and the Queen for the space of twenty minutes.

No Autographs for Hunters

These details discussed and dealt with, the Queen turns to more personal matters. She takes a few minutes to call her sister who has become a little shy about such things since Elizabeth became Queen and will not call her. The two chat brightly if briefly and then the Queen calls in one of her acting women of the bedchamber, Lady Alice Egerton.

Lady Alice fits neatly into the jigsaw puzzle of palace hierarchy. Her sister, who was lady in waiting to the Queen when she was princess is married to a Colville who was once secretary to the Princess and who is in turn related to another Colville whose wife is the daughter of Sir Piers Legh. Lady Alice herself fulfills one of the requisites of a lady in attendance on the Queen: she blends quietly with the tapestries and the woodwork. At twenty-nine she is neither quite pretty nor quite plain. She wears quiet suits in quiet colors with a quiet string of pearls and her hair is perfectly but quietly coiffured. She presents a wholesome well bred English appearance and her features, once remarked, are difficult to recall. On official occasions her presence is scarcely heeded.

Lady Alice and the Queen transact their business. There is a dressmaker's appointment to be made, a sitting for a royal portrait to be arranged, a thank-you note for an official bouquet to be written, some invitations to a private party to be sent out. There are letters for Lady Alice to write on the Queen's behalf ("Her Majesty the Queen commands me to thank you") for the Queen writes only the most personal letters herself in order to discourage autograph hunters.

Faintly now through the French windows come the familiar notes of the royal salute blown on a bugle by the trumpeter of the Queen's Life Guards riding at the head of twenty-two mounted troopers jogging down Constitution Hill toward Whitehall where they will escort the Long Guard, as they have done daily for three hundred years. In the nursery at the front of the palace on the top floor little Prince Charles presses his face against the pane and watches the troopers ride by in their scarlet tunics and white breeches with their chinstraps and breastplates and helmets.

The Queen is pausing for coffee, white without sugar. She would like a chocolate biscuit, of which she is very fond, but she has vowed to put such luxuries behind her in favor of a slimmer figure. All about her as she sips her coffee, the great unseen hive of the palace is buzzing.

Sir John Wilson, a cheerful and burly Scot, is for the millionth time hanging new stamps in one of the Audiences of the Royal Philatelic Collection. Sir Dermot Kavanagh, the crown equerry, is attending to the refurbishing of the gold coach for the Coronation. In the press office, one of the innumerable Colvilles is tactfully warding off the insistent questions of an American reporter who wants to know what the Queen eats for breakfast. Elsewhere in offices that look more like drawing rooms, secretaries are dictating to their secretaries and servants are serving other servants. The Yeoman of the Gold Pantry and his assistants are busy polishing five tons of gold plate. The vermin man is looking for rats. The clock man is winding the palace's three hundred clocks. Twelve earn are cleaning windows. The table decker is filling all the flower vases, and in the Royal Mews two men are polishing all the brass on all the harness which is as seldom used but always on view in its glass case. And when the clocks are all wound, the plate all polished, the vases all filled, the windows all washed and the harness all shined, it will be

SANDRAN VINYL PLASTIC FLOOR COVERING
$2.25 sq. yd.
At slightly higher in Western Canada



CANADIAN AGENTS E. A. WILLS
64 WELLINGTON ST. W. TORONTO

RANGE-GREASE easily removed



Just spray Kleenoff, leave awhile and then wash off. It's easy!

Kleenoff



★ Tubular bow of special steel ensures rigidity and balance.
★ Slip cast handle gives comfortable non-slippy guarded grip.
★ Special thumb rest for extra control on accurate work.

Eclipse

Always ask for Eclipse Hacksaw Frames and other Tools

ask at your hardware store

I-H 236



They're waiting for
LORD CALVERT



You'll find that people who know Canada's most famous places to dine call for Canada's most distinguished whisky — Lord Calvert. For superb quality — and the smoothest highball you've ever tasted — always call for Lord Calvert!

LORD CALVERT
Canadian Whisky
CALVERT DISTILLERS LIMITED, AMHERSTBURG, ONT.

IN YOUR KITCHEN
IN YOUR BATHROOM
NEVER BEFORE AN ENAMEL FINISH LIKE
KEM GLO
THE MIRACLE LUSTRE ENAMEL
GIVES A FINISH ON WALLS AND WOODWORK THAT
LOOKS AND WASHES LIKE BAKED ENAMEL
Saves you money 2 ways!
1 Unlike ordinary enamels Kem Glo covers most surfaces perfectly with one coat
2 Extra on raw wood or plaster two coats are all you need you save the cost of primers and undercoats
No brush marks! No laps! No streaks! Resists grease, steam, chipping, mar, scuffing. Gorgeous decorator colors.
only $3.05* gallon
*Prices slightly higher West of Fort William
Made by the makers of famous Kem Tone and distributed by
The Canada Paint Company Ltd.
The Lowe Brothers Company Ltd.
The Martin-Senour Company Ltd.
The Sherwin-Williams Company of Canada Ltd.

time for it all to be done again.

Into the Mews now slip-clops a little single-horse brougham, used more for economy than tradition, bearing the dispatch boxes from Whitehall. The messenger takes the boxes to Lascelles who takes them to the Queen and places them on her desk. Now her day has reached the point of its greatest meaning for to these boxes of blank red and maroon leather embossed with the royal arms are locked the very vitals of the concerns. They are the vessels which transport to the palace the means of power without which the Empire cannot function. Through them, twice daily, the Queen's fingers can reach out and lightly brush against the shifting pecuniem of her realm. The appointment of an Anglican bishop in Japan, government grant, post increase or retrenchment, naval cannon be refitted without the intent of these boxes. Within their steel and leather casing lie the bones of history in secret cabinet meetings, reports from governors general, ministerial letters embassadorial notes, secret documents and public memoranda, programs of future events and accounts of past ones, congratulatory telegrams, appeals and protests flowing into the palace in an unending stream from the Empire, the Commonwealth and the world.

The Queen, who must read every thing and sign or initial most of it, attacks the red boxes first for they contain the most important and secret documents intended only for her eyes. Attached to the box by the latch that locks it is a slip of paper four by six inches on the end of which is inscribed the words "From the Prime Minister." The Queen takes a solid gold cylindrical key from a chain inserts it into the lock opens the box and lifts the paper from the latch. She reads the documents within and signs them, blotting her signature on the blank paper which is provided and which is destroyed daily to prevent any secrets escaping. She replaces the documents, turns the route slip over, fits it back into the latch and snaps the box shut. On the other side of the slip is written "From H.M. the Queen." She repeats this process until the boxes are done with. Soon the little brougham is jogging back to Whitehall and the business of the realm moves on.

Now it is time for her audiences, a morning ritual which is almost as rigid as the boxes. For these she walks through a little anteroom and into the Forty Four room, named because of its occupancy in 1844 by the Emperor Nicholas of Russia. His painted face impresses in its heavy gilt frame stares down on the Queen along with those of Louis Philippe of France and Leopold I of the Belgians both of whom have in their day occupied these quarters. Like almost every room in the palace the Forty Four room is a miniature museum with its cabinets of Sèvres china, its Louis XIV writing tables, its Chinese Lung jar of *famille rose* porcelain and its cream-and gold Regency chairs upholstered in scarlet silk. Over the red carpeted threshold and into this exquisite little showpiece of a room the Duke of Empire, watch duly. Sooner or later every important official of the crown will come to this or to a similar room to meet his Queen. Field-marshals to receive their batons, prime ministers to report on their corner of the Commonwealth, colonial governors fresh from the coconut palms of the West Indies or the bleu pacuman das of Fiji, high commissioners, Foreign Office men, first sea lords, diplomats.

Today there will be four audiences of about fifteen minutes each granted to a cross section of the realm. To the Earl of Birkenhead who as chairman of the Royal Society of Literature has come to ask the new Queen to be its patron. To the Rt. Hon. Sir Arthur Salter, Minister of State for Economic Affairs, who will discuss with her some of the economic matters contained in her speech from the throne. To Mr. Henry Studholme, MP, who as vice-chamberlain of the household and the contact between Queen and parliament will bring an official expression of thanks for her speech. And finally to the Rt. Hon. William Jordan, a New Zealand elder statesman who is to be knighted.

Each of these dignitaries arrives at the Privy Purse door of the palace at his appointed moment, is directed of coat, hat and umbrella by a footman in blue livery, is met by Sir Alan Lascelles and conducted by a page down the long hallways, past the white busts of former kings, the French Empire clocks, the Winterhalter paintings of Albert and Victoria and the German pillars of the Marble Hall and into the presence of the Queen. The page knocks, the Queen calls "come in," the page announces the visitor, the visitor bows and says "Good morning, your Majesty" and the audience begins.

Here is William Joseph Jordan, a former London policeman, round and florid in his morning coat, being dubbed a Knight Commander of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George. The Queen taps him lightly on the shoulder with the flat of the ceremonial sword, then swings it flashing in a wide arc above his head and taps him again on the other shoulder. And the accolade is conferred. Jordan is in a sense a symbol of the realm. A tradesman's son from Ramsgate who left the Old Country for New Zealand and climbed slowly but relentlessly up the ladder of Labour politics until he returned in his homeland to serve as high commissioner for fifteen years. Now, under the white and gold ceiling and the double Corinthian pillars he is reaping his reward. A tiny speck which forms one of the eyes of a black Negress head on the mantelpiece ticks off the minutes while the old man at the end of his career talks to the young Queen on the threshold of hers. Then Bill Jordan, now Sir William, leaves his sovereign's presence soon to slip out of his morning clothes and back into the blue single-breasted suit with the hard collar and high waistcoat that has been his uniform for a generation.

It is 12.45 and the palace is at its lunch. Down in the servants' hall the platoons of housemaids are chattering, like busy sparrows as they break their bread in the stewards' room which is one step higher the pages, footmen, yeomen and valets are eating served by steward's room boys who some day aspire to be stewards themselves. Above stairs, the lady clerks, the Queen's police officer, the chief accountant and their like are taking their lunch in the official mess and in the household dining room which is again higher up the ledder the assistant secretaries, equerries and aides are eating in carefully graded equality. Sir Alan Lascelles is slipping into his velvet collared coat and preparing to take his only exercise—a brisk walk down Pall Mall to the Travellers Club. And in the Carnarvon Room, where George VI and Churchill used to serve each other with cold buffet (for their talk was so secret that no servant must hear it) the Queen is sitting down to a simple three-course meal of fruit, meat and ice cream in the silent painted company of Philip II of Spain, Rudolph II of Austria, Louis XIII of France and Cardinal Richelieu.

The meal done she can rest briefly then spend some time in the nursery with her children, Charles and Anne. The Queen walks from the nursery into the

"We painted our living room with Kem-Tone ... for the price of a cotton house dress"
YES we used up less than $4 worth of Kem Tone to do the living room. We started with a gallon ... one coat did a beautiful job ... and left us enough to re-decorate the hall, too!
More people use KEM TONE than any other flat wall paint. Its flat matte finish is washable, beautiful in its range of restful "decorator" tones. And you can intermix or add Kem-Tone Tinting Colors to get any special shades you want. Most people find that applying Kem Tone with a Roller Koater helps them do it faster, better job.
Here's how Kem-Tone stretches your paint dollar:
One gallon of Kem Tone costs only $5.95*. When mixed according to directions with extra thinning water per gallon and $4.99. One quart of Kem Tone after mixing makes five gallons only $1.13* a quart!
*Prices slightly higher west of Fort William
Kem-Tone combines beauty with quality in an economy paint
The all paint that mixes with water — dries in one hour — one coat covers most surfaces including wallpaper — one gallon does a large room. There's no primer, no undercoat, no paint with your windows closed
The modern miracle wall paint
Kem-Tone
AVALON BLUE

Your choice of engines
FOUR FAMOUS VALVE-IN-HEAD ENGINES with full pressure lubrication to match LOAD, GRADE and SCHEDULE
The LOADMASTER
235.5 cu. in. (Conventional)
Here's power by specs through efficient valve-in-head performance, for every load and every road. The Loadmaster's sturdy 109 h.p. at 3600 r.p.m. gives more work per fuel gallon than other engines of comparable size and horsepower rating.
The TORQUEMASTER
248 cu. in. Engine
Here's an engine without equal in its class. New giver, yet 125 gross horsepower at 3600 r.p.m. for-quemaster features new flat top pistons and new extra-mileage carburetion for peak performance at lower operating cost. Full power from every drop of fuel.
The LOADMASTER
235.5cu in (Cab-Over-Engine)
Identical to high performance to the hard-working conventional loadmaster, this engine has been designed for applications where Chevrolet Cab-Over-Engine models are specified. They're both tops in heavy duty performance and economy.
The WORKMASTER
270 cu. in. Engine
A big time operator built to deliver big time performance at old-time low cost. Massive, steel backed main and connecting rod bearings reduce wear. New Carburetion, flat top pistons and a 7.5 to 1 compression ratio delivers 130 hp. at 3400 r.p.m.
4 more reasons why more people buy CHEVROLET TRUCKS
CHEVROLET
A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE



TOAST THE BRIDE WITH

Coronation

CANADIAN WHISKY

Whatever the occasion, you'll be proud to serve Coronation . . . the light mellow whisky with distinctive character and flavour

When you entertain, serve CORONATION

Coronation BONDED Canadian Whisky

Established and Bottled under Canadian Government Supervision by Canadian Schenley Distilleries

Good Luck to the Bride and Groom from Schenley of Canada Limited Toronto, Canada

middling and genteel

"Take forty gallons of hot water and set it over the fire till it becomes so warm you cannot hold your hand in over a minute. Then pour it in your mash tub, and add one quarter of fine malt . . ." Those are the opening words of a handy little recipe in a book published in 1822 with the added word that the directions were "Adapted for Families in the Middling and Genteel Ranks of Life." The result in this case was ale, made in a "Home Brewery."

Since the size of the kitchens of most modern apartments would make brewing in this scale a little hazardous, most people today let firms especially adapted to the art do their brewing for them.

As a matter of fact, even back in 1822 Canadians had been getting their ale from Molson's for the past 36 years. At that time John Molson, the founder, had built a reputation for quality of his beverage which made his brewery one of the province's leading institutions.

Today in Canada, rather than wrestle forty gallon tanks, more people say, "Make Mine Molson's," than ask for any other brand. Perhaps that's because the same family, brewing continuously, on the same site, for longer than any other commercial enterprise on this continent, have learned some important secrets about the ancient art. It's an interesting question. And the answer is in every bottle of Molson's.

—Advertisement

ground floor of the palace down the red-carpeted hall to the ornate wrought iron bird cage of an elevator which will take her to the top floor.

Down another red-carpeted hall she goes past the endless variety of palace bric-a-brac which fills every space and crannny... the marble topped tables and Chinese vases, the lutes tucked away in alcoves, the busts of former servants, the paintings of royal race horses and ancient royal battles — everything that has ever been presented to or collected by royalty, all of it sifted and catalogued and carefully arranged by Queen Mary whose whole career seems to take on, in retrospect, some of the qualities of a filing system.

The painted race horses give way at the corridor's end to real hobby horses and to other toys littering the hallway: a scale-model Austin with pedals and a baby princess pram. In the old days when the Queen was a little girl thirty wooden horses each a foot high on wheels stood outside this doorway for her pair and to dolls. Being as neat and meticulous by nature as her grandmother was she let no day go by without polishing and shining each toy briefly and saddle in perfection. George VI always remarked that this love of horses was a family idiosyncrasy and Prince Charles seems to have inherited it along with a love for the army. But he is less enamored today with horses or drums than he is with the events of the morrow when he will be four years old. The policeman and play with Miss Rider. Lightbody, the imperturbable nurse, looking on centres nearly around this topic and Charles, who is a lively little boy, shows his excitement by tearing around the nursery and hiding in the closets pursued frantically by his small Corgi, Sugar.

The play under the watchful eye of the nurse begins again. The Queen returns to her suite on the ground floor which is the Belgian suite named after her ancestor Leopold of Belgium who first stayed in it. She is occupying it temporarily until her mother and sister move out of the Royal Apartments and into Clarence House. And here where most of the crowned heads of Europe have rested, who changes into an afternoon frock and dons a holly-red coat trimmed with black and a red matching off-the-face hat with a brief veil, a pair of black gloves and black "peep-toe" shoes which, though they have gone somewhat out of fashion, she still clings to.

Now with Lady Alice she walks a few yards down the corridor to the Garden Entrance where royalty always rests. There is a servant on duty here dwarfed by the great suite of Indian armor and the elephants' tusks hanging on the dark green walls and the great perfume burners guarding the doorway. He is wearing the palace uniform of smooth blue bellbottoms with gold monogram and buttons, designed by George VI to save palace laundry bills. He earns a little less than twenty dollars a week but he gets his board and keep at the palace and a pension when he retires. At the moment he is surreptitiously chewing tea leaves for he has been across to the Bag O' Nails for a pint of bitter and this is the accepted palace method of cleansing the breath. The palace resists change and chlorophyll has yet to invade its precincts.

The red-and-maroon Daimler is waiting with Chivers the tall and impassive chauffeur who has a boy fighting in Korea at the wheel. The detective inspector who guards the Queen leaps out and opens the car door for her. His associates at Scotland Yard joke about this and call him "the footman inspector" but he will have the last laugh when his palace days are done and he gets his MVO and superintendentship.



The Daimler moves away with the lady in waiting on the jump seat and the Queen's single lone figure in the back. The car moves across the red gravel forecourt and out through the wrought iron gates. The crowd that always seems to be here sends up a cheer which the Queen acknowledges with a small and slight upright smile of her gloved hand in which she is clutching a tiny folded handkerchief.

The car with its gilt radiator mascot of Britannia moves like a shiny flat beetle down the broad avenue of the Mall where the route for the Queen's coronation seven months hence are already going up in skeleton form, slowly denuding the nation of every last scrap of tubular scaffolding. It crosses the busy hub of Trafalgar Square then by way of Northumberland Avenue proceeds down the Westminster Embankment to the Temple seat of British justice. It was here on May 10 1941 that both Temple and House of Commons were damaged by bombs and since then the Inner Temple has lain a mass of rubble, scarring the heart of the old city. Now it is to be rebuilt and the stiff little ceremony that follows is as necessary to that rebuilding as bricks and mortar.

The Daimler moves into the Temple Gardens and stops alongside the excavation that marks the site of the bombed building. The Queen alights, walks up a terrace of five steps to a carpet of dark-red matting protected by a blue and white striped canvas marquee. Here she is greeted by the youngest of a group of sage and venerable jurists. The Rt. Hon. Lord Justice Singleton, aged sixty-eight, the Treasurer of Inner Temple. He leads her down the red pathway to a larger marquee where the others are presented to her: the Rt. Hon. Gavin Turnbull, Lord Simonds, Lord High Chancellor of England, aged seventy; and the Rt. Hon. Rayner, Lord Goddard, Lord Chief Justice of England, aged seventy-six; and the Rt. Hon. John Allsebrook, Lord Simon, the Senior Bencher, aged eighty. They hover around the tiny bright coated Queen like lean black hawks, these tall old men bowed over by the twin burdens of age and wisdom. Singleton who was in parliament in her grandfather's day and Simon who was in parliament in her great grandfather's day and Goddard and Simonds whose memory, like the others, goes clearly back to Victoria's Jubilee.

At the end of the marquee there is a silver piece of furniture which seems as curiously out of place among all the brick and rubble of the excavation as the old men in their wing collars and cutaway coats. It is a Chippendale table and here the Queen takes her seat and picks up the quill pen in her gloved hand and signs the visitor's book. Then three more ancient figures are presented to her: Sir Hubert Worthington, the architect of the new building, who is sixty-six, and Sir Guy Lawrence, the head of the contracting firm who is seventy-seven. The Queen remarks that the series of brick foundations for the new structure seem very like the foundations which remain of the old inn, and the old men nod and agree that this is so. For the Temple like the monarchy must endure as before and it is possible that these men whose careers are the link between two temples and two Queens, are privately remarking that this new Queen has some of the foundation qualities of her predecessor.

There are some other dignitaries to meet the Queen. She does not forget to speak to the Clerk of the Works who was present, she recalls, when her father presided at a similar function. Then she proceeds to lay the eighteen-hundred pound stone with its inscription marking the event. She dabs the corner with a trowel full of mortar, tapped twice with a mallet and her work is done. Mallet and trowel will be carefully preserved in the Inns of Court as relics of this day.

The crowd which has gathered for the ceremony, and the workmen on the roofs of neighboring buildings, set up a cheer as the stone is lowered into place.

The Queen walks back across the grounds with the old men behind her to the treasurer's chambers for tea and as she goes the waves and smiles of the crowd. Somewhere in the background is Lady Alice Egerton as unsuspicious as ever. Tea takes less than half an hour. The Queen eats a piece of brown bread and butter and a slice of plain cake and remarks how pleased her father was to serve as treasurer of Inner Temple. Then as the band of the Irish Guards plays a march she steps into the Daimler which threads its way back along the Embankment and the Mall through crowds of her subjects seeking their own result in afternoon tea. The invisible crowd is waiting at the palace to cheer and wave and be waved back at in return. It will always be there whenever she comes and goes and it will be there watching and waiting on the day she dies.

Within the great grey palace she parks her inner more the loose threads of her business day. There is some private correspondence to attend to and the next day's menus to choose. They came up handwritten in French from the chef, a burly retired Irish fisherman named Gerald Aubrey who came to the palace fourteen years ago from the Savoy. She makes few changes in Aubrey's menu for he knows her tastes. She pauses over the evening papers and again there is news of personal interest. The Evening News says that it has learned that the Coronation will be televised and all the papers announce special feature articles coming up the next day about Prince Charles.

For another hour the Queen reverts to her role as mother. Miss Lightbody brings the children down to her and they play together. While this is going on Mr. Henry Studholme, MP in his

HOW TO SAVE MONEY ON LAUNDRY BILLS



Switch to B.V.D. Nylon Tricot shirts with frayed collars and cuffs. You don't send them to the laundry at all! Just rinse them out and they dry overnight — ready to wear without ironing. In about thirteen weeks they pay for themselves in laundry bill savings.

B.V.D. nylon tricot shirts

- Will outwear ordinary shirts several times over
- Beaunit Mills "stabilized stitch" tricot *breathes* for comfortable year-round wear
- In blue, tan, grey or white at $12.95.

THE B.V.D. COMPANY LIMITED

THE FIRST NYLON SHIRTS THAT PLEASE EVERYONE



FROM GRILLES TO GLASS

New ideas in bank premises are designed to give you speedier, more convenient service. They are part of the easy, informal way you like to do your banking. Canada's chartered banks — built on sound banking practice — continually adapt their services to meet changing, expanding needs.

THE BANKS SERVING YOUR COMMUNITY

Man! *This cheese is Good!*

GOOD ON CRACKERS

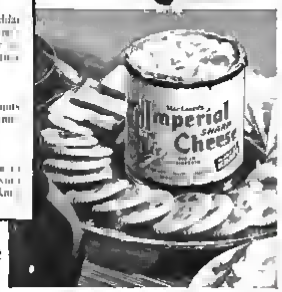
A rare kind — *mild* sharp cheddar cheese that *won't smell!* MacLaurin's Imperial Cheese is aged a year — longer, till it has that real old time — nippy taste.

GOOD IN SANDWICHES

Want a hearty sandwich? Oh dear, sandwiches I'm partial! MacLaurin's Imperial is delicious in both!

GOOD WITH DESSERT

Serve MacLaurin's with apple pie or fresh fruit. Or in the centre of your cheese tray with relishes and crackers. Serve it by the small Lb. slices.



MacLaurin's **Imperial Cheese**

Made only by KRAFT



Perfect Team

to keep your car sparkling rain or shine!

Use Bowes "Seal Fast" Auto Polish and Cleaner to clean and restore the finish, and Bowes "Seal Fast" Liquid Wax to give your car a lasting barrier that rain doesn't mar. They're both on sale at any of the many service stations displaying the familiar Bowes "Seal Fast" emblem. Drive in now and ask for them — together they provide a showroom-sparkle that lasts for months!

Bowes "Seal Fast" Company Ltd., Hamilton, Ont.

BOWES SEAL FAST

BOWES AUTO POLISH AND CLEANER whips off road film, cleans as it polishes. Restores true colour by glosses. Easy to apply. Never harsh on finish.

BOWES LIQUID WAX is Silicone-Activated — protects your car finish with a hard dry finish. The harsh that gives real wet-weather protection. Just spread it on, wipe it off. No hard rubbing needed.

GENERAL MOTORS DELCO-HEAT



BETTER HEATING for BETTER LIVING

DELCO HEAT conversion oil burners have engineering features that give you more heat from your fuel. Ask your dealer to show you the many known advantages that make DELCO HEAT your better buy — for every size and style of home — for every type of heating system — warm air — hot water — steam.

GET DELCO HEAT dollar value—*built right* by General Motors—*installed right* by heating experts.

Model 1 IR DELCO-HEAT CONVERTIBLE OIL BURNER

Distributed in Canada by

FRIGIDAIRE PRODUCTS OF CANADA LIMITED

Scarborough, Toronto 13, Ontario

office in the House of Commons is doing his duty by his Queen. As vice-chamberlain it is his daily task to prepare "the telegram" — a written report of the day's session of parliament. Mr. Studholme is a country gentleman by profession and a member of parliament (Cons., Tavistock, Devon) by choice. Like almost everyone connected with the palace he looks the part to an uncanny degree — a reed thin aristocratic figure with an aquiline face and a clipped moustache of iron grey. His report runs to about four hundred words and he writes it carefully in longhand, making it, as he says, "respectful but readable" and trying his best to be a faithful mirror reflecting the atmosphere and highlights of the day.

Her playtime ended, the Queen learns something of the atmosphere of the afternoon in Mr. Studholme's respectful but readable prose. There has been a question about hotel prices during the Coronation and Mr. Peter Thorneycroft, president of the Board of Trade, has replied that the Coronation Committee would investigate any overcharging. Later on Mr. Churchill had provoked laughter with a wisecrack and the Queen laughs with him. But she will not be satisfied with the four hundred words of the telegram which is really only telegraphed when she is out of London... She will read all of Hansard before her day is through.

It is time to dress for dinner. Two thousand electric lights have been switched on and an army of fifty housemaids has suddenly appeared to draw all the curtains. The Queen bathes and selects a semiformal gown from two laid out by Hobo MacDonald who, bowing in attendance over her. This discreet Scotswoman is as close to the Queen as any subject can be, so close indeed that she sometimes talks of herself and the Queen as if they were a single person. "We got engaged" she told a friend when the Queen's betrothal was announced.

The Duke of Edinburgh, back from an official visit to Cambridge, comes into the sitting room in his dinner jacket and then we go up to the nursery to watch Charles and Anne put to bed.

The Queen reads the children a story and helps with prayers, then she and her husband return to their quarters for a pre-dinner drink. He: Pepe sherry for Elizabeth, pink gin for Philip. Together they listen to the BBC news which reports what they already know, that the Duke has been to Cambridge to receive an honorary LL.D. after opening a new wing of the engineering laboratories and that the Queen has driven to the Inner Temple to lay a cornerstone.

Dinner is sharp at eight thirty. The two sit down alone at a polished mahogany table without a cloth lit by candles in ornate silver sticks. The meal is served by pages who, at Philip's suggestion wear white jackets, Royal Navy style. In the background the Prince Steward, head of the servants, glides silently about. Dinner consists of *consommé brunoise supreme de turbot bonne femme, perdreau en casserole, salade, râlin au cresson* and *sabloe au fromage*. After he is finished Philip orders up some nuts which he fires at between his teeth as he used did in the navy.

The Queen's work is not yet done. The inevitable boxes are waiting again on her desk and she must attend to them at once. Then there are more documents to sign, Hansard to read, some magazines she should look at (most of them contain her picture) and many business to discuss regarding the Royal racing stud. For sin is the keenest royal racing enthusiast since Edward VII and hopes someday to win a Derby as he did on two occasions.

The last hour of her day has come and in this brief time left to her the Queen relaxes. There is a canasta game with her husband, mother and sister. The Duke sips a Scotch and soda; the Queen a liqueur. Both of them are looking forward to the week-end, which is one day distant, when they can flee the city for Royal Lodge where there are no servants in livery, where the furniture is shrouded by pale dogs, and where, except for the inevitable boxes, once a time is once a time. They have not been to Royal Lodge for a fortnight because last week-end was Remembrance week-end, and their presence was required in London.

As the canasta game draws to its end, the palace and the city begin to run down slowly like an unwound clock. The tinsel on Leicester Square vomits out its errant crowds and the crewmen depart. The restaurants close their doors and the buses slow their schedules. At the end of the Mall the palace with its six hundred-odd rooms, its ten thousand pieces of furniture, its six million dollars worth of gold plate and its mile of corridors grows inky dark as one by one the lights wink out. The crowd in front of the high and gold railings has finally gone. Now the only movement is the sentry mechanically washing his beat and the three horse *passant gardant* toppling in the cold night breeze above the dark bulk of the Queen's home. The long day is done and the Queen and her household are asleep. ★

END OF PART FIVE

MACLEAN'S CORONATION ISSUE

NINETY TWO PAGES
ON SALE MAY 27



A coronation issue by Franklin Arbuckle

THE GIRL BEHIND THE MASK

What would Elizabeth Windsor be like if she were subject instead of sovereign? Part Six of Pierre Berton's series. The Family in the Palace. Plus a full-color portrait of Elizabeth and her family, suitable for framing.

THE STRANGE RITES OF ROYALTY

Amid a forest of taboos an intricate special language, a tradition of self-sacrifice, the British Crown which seems so unworkable actually operates smoothly and successfully.

THE QUEEN'S REALM

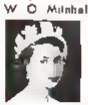
Has the liquidation of the commonwealth and empire already passed the point of no return? From London, Bruce Hutchison takes a forthright look at the hard facts behind the fables.

FULL-CHEST MAP OF THE REALM

Artist Erin Aldwinckle executed this special commission for Maclean's to show the lands under the flag, past and present.

CROPUS AT THE CORONATION

A John and the Kid story especially written for Maclean's by W. O. Mitchell, telling how the fabled prairie town celebrated.



THE BIGGEST FANCY-DRESS PARTY OF ALL

Beverley Baxter tells in his London Letter of the ornate and colorful scene that the proud metropolis traditionally presents.

ALSO

A Maclean's Flashback articles by Juna Collwood, David MacDonald and Dorothy Songster, plus all regular departments.

ALL IN MACLEAN'S NEXT ISSUE





Robertson's delicious preserves are unsurpassed anywhere as the finest in the world.

Robertson's

Calorie Shred Marmalade
Orange Marmalade
Scotch Marmalade
Blackcurrant Jam
Blueberry Jam
Ploughboy Jam
Mint Bramble Jelly

Made and packed in Scotland

Silver Shred
Lemon Marmalade



An occasion for celebrating!

Anniversary Ale is a brewed especially for just such occasion. The lightest and smoothest of all the Anniversary ales and the perfect wood lighter smoother all the traditional Labatt's body and character. Luckily there's no need to wait for an engagement to celebrate with Anniversary Ale. The combination of a thirst and a bottle opener is all you need.

Anniversary Ale is an occasion in itself. John Labatt Limited.

The swing is* **DEFINITELY *to Labatt's*





Just as there is a great diversity in bridges, so too, is there a great variety in boilers. In each case the type is determined by the job to be done.

Our boiler division offers six distinct types—each built for the job—and each embodying the qualities of sound design and fine workmanship traditionally associated with the name DOMINION BRIDGE.

Types include:

Robb-Victor Hearting Boilers ▪ Scotch Dry Back Boilers ▪ H.R.T. Boilers ▪ Robb-Victory Straight Tube Boilers ▪ Type S B Water Tube Boilers ▪ Custom Built Water Tube Boilers

*Other Divisions: Pintwork, Structural—Mechanical, Warehouse.

Plants at: Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver. ▪ Associate Companies at: Amherst, Quebec, Sault Ste. Marie, Edmonton.

Senator McCarthy

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

Republican Secretary of State Knowing Eisenhower's low opinion of him knowing he has no hope of advancement through the friendship of the Republican leadership, McCarthy has set about making himself a formidable enemy.

His opening attack was on Charles Bohlen. Eisenhower's personal choice for U. S. Ambassador to Moscow. It could hardly have been more bitter if Acheson instead of Eisenhower had chosen him.

The day McCarthy made his principal speech on the Bohlen case the crowds in the Senate corridor got so big that the queues had to close off the gallery level and continued on the floor below. Some of the crowd was hostile ready to applaud anyone who attacked McCarthy. Some was passionately pro-McCarthy, applauding him in reply until the Vice President threatened to clear the galleries. Most were probably just curious—but they were interested.

And to the curious uninformed, McCarthy usually seems to win. He knew that Bohlen fight on the Senate floor—only twelve of the ninety-six senators voted with him—but to the galleries he sounded quite undaunted.

"Don't get excited," he would say to opponents who lost their tempers at the violent language he was delivering in that flat quiet conversational voice. McCarthy never lost his own temper no matter what was said about him.

In a committee hearing the following week I watched his head-on collision with Harold Stassen, Eisenhower's Mutual Security Director. McCarthy had just concluded a preposterous "treaty" with a group of Greek ship owners and Stassen was rebuking him for this presumptuous intrusion into the field of the executive branch. News reports indicated correctly that Stassen was right and McCarthy wrong. They therefore tended to imply incorrectly that Stassen won and McCarthy lost.

Nothing could be further from the truth. McCarthy skillful and smooth and imperturbable, seemed like a helpful soul who had tried to do a job and was surprised to find anyone displeased. Stassen by the time McCarthy finished goading him sounded like a pompous and jealous bureaucrat who resented the credit and publicity McCarthy was getting.

Senators and reporters might know how weak McCarthy's case really was—but the whole committee hearing was on television. Millions of Americans could see with their own eyes that Joe McCarthy was right.

At that time McCarthy had not yet declared open war upon the Republican Administration nor they upon him. President Eisenhower was telling his Press conferences in a tone of voice that could not be adequately reported that he didn't want to talk about Senator McCarthy and that he wasn't unhappy about the junior senator from Wisconsin. McCarthy was elaborately inserting in his masked speeches lip service to "the new State Department" and to Eisenhower and John Foster Dulles personally. But the same week Washington columnists quoted McCarthy as saying "We're gonna get Dulles' head."

There is more to this than personal spite though spite is present too. McCarthy is evidently gambling his future on the slim but not hopeless chance that he may become The Man Who Was Right like Winston Churchill. He presents himself as the lone voice against "appeasement," stretching that term to cover any tendency in any party to any accommodation with any Communist cause or concept.

This role of one-man opposition gives McCarthy some hope of eventual triumph if things go badly. The hope is strengthened by the fact that McCarthy can also do a good deal to make sure things do go badly.

The only conceivable escape from the present international stalemate (other than world war) is negotiation with the Soviet bloc. McCarthy has already begun to make negotiation appear as treason. He has thus acquired to an alarming degree the power to make negotiation impossible.

But how? Why? That is hardest of all to understand. How has this mediocre figure been able to climb to such sinister eminence?

You'll find no clarification, only farther bewilderment, in the writings of McCarthy's enemies. The liberal Press in the United States portrays McCarthy as a quite incredible Beast in Human Form, a villain who might exist but who certainly could not have reached the age of forty-three without at least one term in jail.

Young Joe McCarthy far from being a juvenile delinquent, was a model boy after Horatio Alger's own heart. He was born on a farm and is still remembered in the neighborhood as an extraordinarily hard worker. He quit school after the eighth grade to take a job, rose to be a chain-store manager before he realized he couldn't go far without education. So he went back to school at twenty and completed the four year high-school course (with the help of sympathetic and perhaps lenient teachers) in one year.

The Buck Private was "Sir"

At Marquette University he started in engineering, soon found the mathematics he had crammed in that one year of high school wouldn't stand the strain. He switched to law and did well. Four years after graduation he was elected at twenty-nine the youngest judge in the United States.

As a judge he was exempt from the draft but he waived the privilege and joined the Marines when war broke out. Back after two and a half years in the Pacific he tried and failed to get the Republican nomination away from Senator Alexander Wiley in 1944. Two years later, having meanwhile been re-elected circuit judge, he tried again for the Senate and this time he made it.

McCarthy's foes make much of the fact that he ran for senator while still a judge which is forbidden by the Wisconsin constitution. His friends say it's always been common practice in Wisconsin. The State Supreme Court seems to bear them out for it refused to rescind him though it did declare the constitution had been violated.

Another fuss is raised about his war record. McCarthy campaigned as Tail Gunner Joe who had joined the Marines as a buck private. In fact he applied for and got a commission before leaving the Bench. He served in the Pacific as an intelligence officer and occasionally went on reconnaissance flights in the tail gunner's seat.

This seems to indicate that McCarthy glamorized a creditable but commonplace war record for campaign purposes—hardly an unusual sin among politicians.

But if McCarthy fails to measure down to the satanic character his enemies depict he is even less suited to his chosen role of Knight in Shining Armor.

Two years ago a Senate resolution ordered an enquiry to determine whether or not McCarthy should be expelled from the Senate for a long list of alleged misdeeds. The enquiry was carried out by a subcommittee of two Democrats and one Republican who presented a unanimous report last January.

"The subcommittee itself is not making any recommendation (on McCarthy's expulsion)," said the report. "The record should speak for itself. The issue raised is one for the entire Senate.

"This report and the subcommittee files of course will be available in the Department of Justice and the Bureau of Internal Revenue (which prosecutes income tax evasion) for any action deemed appropriate by such agencies." So far, no action of all has been deemed appropriate, but the report itself makes rather startling reading.

It recalls, for example, that McCarthy approached the now-defunct Lustron Corporation and asked for ten thousand dollars for an article he had written on housing which had been rejected by national magazines. Lustron Corporation was engaged in making prefabricated housing with thirty-seven and a half millions of the taxpayers' money obtained from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. It finally went bankrupt at a net loss to the Government of about thirty million dollars. A subsequent enquiry showed that Lustron had been mismanaged, that frauds had been practiced upon it, and that excessive salaries were paid officials such as E. Merl Young because of alleged influence." Lustron bought McCarthy's article.

McCarthy, then a freshman senator, had lately been vice-chairman of a subcommittee on housing and had filed

B.F.Goodrich Tubeless Tire

Because **IT HAS NO TUBE**

It may save your life...

The B F Goodrich Life-Saver Tubeless Tire gives you maximum protection against the hazard of blowouts and dangerous skids that frequently result in serious injury, and even death.

It can save you trouble...

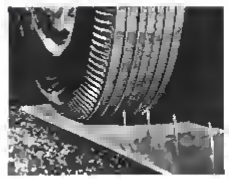
The B F Goodrich Life-Saver Tubeless Tire seals punctures as running wheels protects against the annoying troubles caused by flat tires.

It will save you money...

The B F Goodrich Life-Saver Tubeless Tire provides greater safety than any tire and tube yet it costs less than the conventional safety tire-tube combination.



Automobile accidents caused by tire blowouts account for the loss of many lives, and an even greater number of serious injuries. Blowouts are caused when the inner tube explodes through weakened or broken tire cords. Because it has no inner tube a B F Goodrich Life-Saver Tubeless Tire changes a sudden, dangerous blowout to a safe see-a-blowout—allowing you time to stop your car safely, with perfect control.



PUNCTURE PROTECTION

A gummy rubber compound under the tread immediately seals around puncturing objects and permanently seals the hole when the object is removed. Inconvenience and delays are eliminated.



BLOWOUT PROTECTION

Instead of a tube the Life-Saver has a patented layer lining that is part of the tire. If damaged, this layer in sudden blowout, only a small leak in this layer is seen-a-blow so that lets you stop safely.



SKID PROTECTION

The Life-Saver tread is cross-cut with thousands of tiny grip-blocks. At 30 miles per hour on wet roads, it stops you in car length quicker than regular tires and gives you longer mileage too.

Your B. F. Goodrich dealer now has the **Tubeless Tire** ...it can be your LIFE-SAVER

M 53-1

To: The Division, The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company of Canada Ltd., Kitchener, Ontario.

Please send me free literature on the B. F. Goodrich Tubeless Tire.

NAME

ADDRESS C/O BOX NO.

CITY PROV.

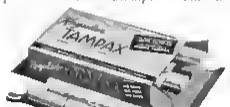


I never dreamed Tampax could mean so much to me!"

Why put up with unnecessary and downright uncomfortable inconveniences at that time of the month? To many women the difference that the Tampax method of sanitary protection can make is a revelation. There are no bulky external pads to create chafing irritation and odor. There are no belts or pins to show.

These advantages alone would accomplish much of the popularity of Tampax. But internally worn Tampax gives you other and even more dramatic benefits. You can't even feel the Tampax once it is in place. It is easily disposable even when visiting. Tampax can be worn in shower or tub. And your hands need never touch the Tampax thanks to the dainty throwaway applicator.

Invented by a doctor, Tampax is made of pure white compressed surgical cotton. A whole month's supply can be carried right in your purse. Tampax is sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. The economy size gives an average 4 months supply. Canadian Tampax Corporation Limited, Brampton, Ontario.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

CANADIAN TAMPAX CORPORATION LIMITED
Brampton, Ontario

Please send me, plain wrapper, a trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10 cents (coin) to cover cost of mailing. Size I checked below.

() REGULAR () SUPER () JUNIOR

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Prov. _____

a report strongly favoring prefabricated dwellings. He was still a member of the Senate Banking and Currency Committee, on which the Reconstruction Finance Corporation (and therefore Lustron) depended.

How he asked the subcommittee, can Senator McCarthy justify acceptance of a ten thousand dollar fee from Lustron, which in effect was a fee paid out of public funds at a time when Lustron's continued operations and licensing depended entirely upon the RFC?

McCarthy's attitude was appropriately titled: Wanted: A dollar's worth of housing for every dollar spent."

The subcommittee was also interested in the fact that McCarthy sought and obtained this fee from Lustron at a time when his own financial situation was "desperate" because of over extended loans from the Appleton Wisconsin State Bank. He owed the bank $72,941.96 at the time (the amount later rose to $189,540.70, though the bank was legally forbidden to lend more than $100,000 to any one borrower) and the bank president had been writing urgent demands for payment.

However the subcommittee noted that McCarthy did not use the ten thousand to reduce his bank loan. Instead he invested it in shares of a railroad which had been in a receiver's hands since 1930, and which was also financed by the RFC. McCarthy paid twenty two dollars a share. Three years later after RFC had disposed of its holdings in the railroad, McCarthy was able to sell out at a net profit of $35,614.75 on his $10,000 investment.

What there any relationship between Senator McCarthy's position on member of the Senate Banking and Currency Committee and his receipt of confidential information relating to the stock of the Subsoard Airlines Railroad, which was indebted to the RFC for sums in excess of fifteen million dollars? asked the subcommittee.

Another transaction noted by the subcommittee was a bank note for twenty thousand dollars on which McCarthy sought and accepted the endorsement of Roswell B. Perkins, Washington representative of the Pepsi-Cola Company. At the time McCarthy was member of a Senate subcommittee on sugar. Pepsi Cola was trying hard to have controls removed from sugar—while the U. S. Agriculture Department was trying to keep them on.

Said the subcommittee: "Did Senator McCarthy's own extended financial position influence Senator McCarthy's position on the sugar decontrol issue to such an extent that he followed the Pepsi Cola line?

The subcommittee's reference to the Bureau of Internal Revenue and the action it might decem appropriate was occasioned by some curious features of McCarthy's income tax returns for Wisconsin. For several years after the war he appeared to have no income at all—he reported security losses exceeding his total earnings. Since he continued to live well in Washington the subcommittee was puzzled. It wondered whether funds supplied to Senator McCarthy to fight Communism were diverted to his own use.

It also wondered why he had to keep his personal accounts in such an extraordinary tangle all mixed up with those of his relatives and his administrative assistant. One bank account was opened in the name of McCarthy's sister in law Julia Connolly. His brother William McCarthy a Chicago truck driver told the subcommittee that had been done with the idea of concealing the account in the event of an investigation of Senator McCarthy's affairs.

All Expense **ROCKIES TOURS**



Canadian Pacific Style



See the Rockies this ready wrapped way. Canadian Pacific packaged tours (starting at $45.50 East or West bound from Field or Banff) take care of everything—from wonderful meals to trail trips on sure-footed mountain ponies! 2 day 4 day and 6 day tours include luxurious living at Banff and Lake Louise and miles of mountain mooring.

TRAVEL BY TRAIN

Information and reservations from any Canadian Pacific office or your own Travel Agent.

Canadian Pacific

This amazing report was formally presented last January as one of the last acts of the lame-duck Democratic Congress. Nothing has been done about it—in fact it hasn't even been reprinted and the original run of twenty five hundred copies has long since been exhausted. The report is fast becoming the most sought after rare book in Washington. Meanwhile, McCarthy continues to grow in importance on the Washington scene.

He has survived the harsh words of a relentless Senate. In 1950 soon after McCarthy made his first attack on "Communism in Government" in a speech at Wheeling W. Va. Senator Millard Tydings of Maryland, under took to put McCarthy in his place.

Tydings was a figure of almost legendary power in American politics. In 1938 Franklin Roosevelt in the full flush and prime of his strength decided to "purge" Tydings for his failure to support certain Roosevelt measures. Tydings branded the Roosevelt man who opposed him in the Democratic primary and thereafter was regarded as unbeatable. He was also highly respected on both sides of the Senate for his personal integrity and probity.

After McCarthy had proclaimed that there were Communists in the State Department in numbers that he stated in various places and various contexts as 205 and 57 and 81, Tydings held an investigation as chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Hearings were held for four months and all McCarthy's charges were declared false.

They were said the Tydings report a fraud and a hoax perpetrated on the Senate of the United States and on the American people. They represent the most infamous campaign of half truths and untruth in the history of this Republic. For the first time in our history we have seen the totalitarian technique of the big lie" employed on a sustained basis."

That devastating report was published in late July 1950. That autumn McCarthy moved into Maryland to help the Republican candidate a relatively obscure politician named Butler. After McCarthy and Butler got through with him in a campaign which started loud cries for investigation and disbarment the great Millard Tydings had been defeated.

Senators fear of McCarthy dates from Tydings defeat. They suddenly realized that he was a more formidable opponent than anyone had believed. But within a few months McCarthy did something which reduced his stock with the Senate below zero again—and led to many confident predictions that he was through.

What he did was to attack General George Catlett Marshall then Secretary of Defense and previously Secretary of State in the Truman cabinet. Marshall was admired by all and revered by many Americans and especially by his most outstanding disciple and protegé Dwight D. Eisenhower. McCarthy rose in the Senate on June 14 1951 to deliver a speech that ran seventy two thousand words denouncing Marshall as part and parcel of an infamous conspiracy to sell out American interests to international Communism.

The speech was later published as a book and McCarthy was invited to a television show called The Author Meets the Critics. One critic Leo Cherne of New York produced evidence that half a dozen statements in the book were utter falsehoods. McCarthy was unable to produce any proof in support of any of the challenged passages.

Nevertheless McCarthy is a more powerful figure now than then. It is



A NATIONALIST working in the jungles of Africa uses a portable aluminum elevator to get to the top of 150-foot trees to secure samples of plant and animal life. He simply shoots a line from a rifle over a sturdy limb, attaches it to the elevator cage and hauls himself up by working a hand winch fixed to the cage's floor.

His one-man elevator is almost certainly made of Canadian aluminum. For by pulling unwanted "white water" to work creating electric power Canada has made itself the largest exporter of aluminum in the world. Aluminum Company of Canada, Ltd. (Alcan)

MODERN HOUSEHOLD ENCYCLOPEDIA
A must for every home. It will save countless hours of precious time—and many dollars in the helpful advice it gives. In its 360 pages and with over 200 pictures it covers—
How to Make Moving Easy
How to Select and Match Paint Colors
Removing Paint and Paint Spots
Tips on Inside Painting
Selection and Care of House Plants
How Sink Pork Chops
Hints on Jelly Making
7 Ways to Stop Hiccoughs
How to Braise Broil, Fry Roast Stew Boil or Tenderize — Beef Pork, Lamb Veal Hare Fish Chicken, Turkey Goose or Game. These are but a few of the thousands of subjects covered in this one priceless book.

Only $2.95 Postpaid
FROM HOME BOOK SERVICE
210 Dundas St. West Toronto 2, Ont.

Callouses
Pain, Burning, Tenderness

SUPER-FAST RELIEF!
Pain You Right Bank On Your Feet!
You'll enjoy super fast relief from all pain, callouses, tenderness or burning on the balls of your feet when you use Super-Soft Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. They are wonderfully soothing, cushioning protective and remove callouses



Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Marshall who seems to have suffered. In Washington this spring I talked with a veteran newspaperman who has studied McCarthy with horrified fascination never since he emerged.

"I'm afraid there is now a substantial fraction of Americans who have doubts about General Marshall" he said. "Not that they believe all McCarthy said about him but they have doubts."

One American with no such doubts is of course, Dwight D. Eisenhower whose admiration for Marshall is unbounded. He had a paragraph to that effect in the speech he would have delivered on a campaign visit to Wisconsin last fall. McCarthy saw the draft and asked to have that paragraph taken out. Eisenhower took it out.

That was the first but not the last attempt by the Republican leadership to conciliate and appease McCarthy. John Foster Dulles went so far as to appoint a McCarthy man as chief security officer in the State Department. The man's name is Scott McLeod. He used to be administration assistant to Senator H. Styles Bridges, of New Hampshire one of McCarthy's Senate supporters. McCarthy's staff now openly boasts that Scott McLeod shows them the contents of State Department security files.

This is why Mr. McCarthy whose material had been sent up to him. In all his early speeches McCarthy hinted that he had copies or photostats in favorite word with him of material from FBI files or from State Department files sent on by "loyal" men inside the departments. The Tydings investigation reported that to be false. "Senator McCarthy had received no undercover information from loyal or disturbed State Department employees as he led the Senate to believe. His information was beyond all reasonable doubt but a "dressed up" version of material developed by the Eighteenth (Republican) Congress."

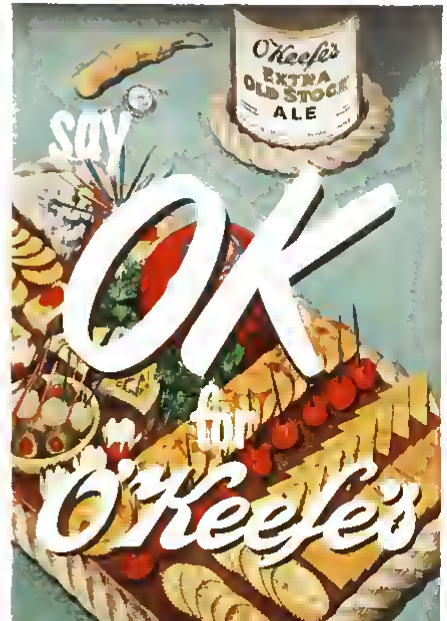
Tydings was referring to a report by Robert Lee investigator for the House Appropriations Committee. In 1947 Lee had listed one hundred and eight cases from State Department security files which seemed to him inept ly handled. They were investigated at the time and no action was deemed necessary by a Republican Congress. The cases McCarthy exhumed in the Tydings enquiry appeared also on Lee's list and McCarthy seemed to have no new facts on any of them.

As for the FBI files, it has never been made clear why the FBI should make a confidant of McCarthy. McCarthy's chief investigator is Donald Surine who was fired by the FBI in February 1950 for disregard of bureau rules and regulations. Herbert Philbrick who worked for the FBI for years inside the Communist Party has stated publicly that real Communists are delighted by McCarthy's activities because they create doubt and confusion among Americans.

Nevertheless intelligent people, in Ottawa as well as in Washington, are still saying "I don't like McCarthy's methods but maybe you have to be tough and nasty to do the job McCarthy is doing."

Just what is the job McCarthy is doing?

So far he has not revealed a single communist in the employ of the United States Government. Most of the men he has accused were previously attacked by some other agency of Congress of Government and one or two have since been convicted of perjury. McCarthy's staff was able to recall for me only two names of men accused by McCarthy who had not been on that original list of Robert



Quality
From Coast to Coast
MELCHERS

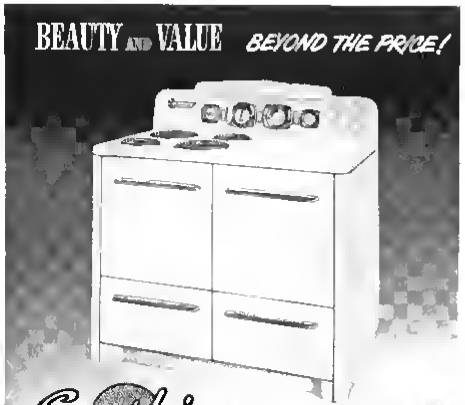
RYE Aristocrat	8 years old
Anniversary	5 years old
Viscount	4 years old
Special Reserve	3 years old

GIN Gordon Club Dry Gin
London Club London Dry

HIGHLAND WHISKY Three Castles

Insist on
melchers
Real Ryes
AND
QUALITY BRANDS
Coast to Coast

BEAUTY AND VALUE BEYOND THE PRICE!



Sunshine
ELECTRIC RANGES

You'll love the smooth-gleaming white all porcelain beauty of these brilliant Sunshine ranges whether large 11 small 4 table 1 or single oven fully automatic or partially automatic The giant size aluminized oven is a gem for no-turn baking and speed broiling Five heat control elements give you the very utmost in fast long life service

See for yourself the sheer good quality At dealers everywhere in Canada

You Can Depend on Sunshine!

SUNSHINE WATERLOO COMPANY LIMITED WATERLOO, ONTARIO

Lee—and against these two no proof seems to have been presented except McCarthy's accusation It was enough to get or toast one of them fired though

McCarthy can also take principal credit for running the public career of Dr Philip Jessup whom one Canadian described as "the most distinguished man ever to head an American delegation to United Nations" Even McCarthy has never accused Jessup of being a Communist but he indicts him for association with the "Communist-controlled Institute of Pacific Relations and other "front groups. In one case Jessup's association consisted of the fact that his wife had belonged to the group years before it was cited as a Communist front

Another McCarthy target was Owen Lattimore of Johns Hopkins University whom McCarthy called "No 1 Soviet agent in the State Department and "chief architect of American policy in the Far East Lattimore was a recognized authority on Far Eastern affairs and had many friends among American officials but he never worked for the State Department except as an occasional consultant

McCarthy himself has produced no evidence that Lattimore is or ever was a Communist other evidence on this point appears to be mainly hearsay recollections of Louis Budenz and Alexander Barmine two ex-Communist informers Some documents have come to light showing that Lattimore was more sympathetic to Soviet Russia than he had indicated in his own testimony and he is now awaiting trial on perjury charges arising out of these discrepancies But McCarthy has never come within miles of proving Lattimore a "No 1 Soviet agent"

Since McCarthy's campaign of clamor began the United States Government has dropped a number of people who had previously been cleared of all loyalty and security charges One of the most recent was Charles Thayer who resigned rather than go through another loyalty hearing A Canadian diplomat described Thayer to me as "one of the few men they have left who knows anything at all about Russia" Others were Far Eastern experts like John Carter Vincent and John Stewart Service whose reports from China earned the hostility of Chiang Kai-shek's China Lobby"

Two views can be, and are, taken of this aspect of McCarthy's campaign. Some argue that it is to McCarthy's credit, that the State Department was too lax with people of suspect loyalty and that only a "tough customer like McCarthy could blast it into vigilance There is some evidence to show that State Department security had some soft spots. No one has yet explained for example why bombs by Earl Browder and William Z. Foster ranking leaders of the U S Communist Party should have appeared in State Department libraries overseas which were supposedly designed as propaganda for the "American Way of Life"

On the other hand there is all too little doubt that McCarthy has hit hard a pinch of informants in the U S government service and that the atmosphere in that service now borders on panic.

I heard Louis Budenz the ex-Communist informer tell a McCarthy subcommittee what was in his view the test of a sincere ex-Communist "He has to prove it by his actions by co-operating with the FBI and with the agencies of Congress, to make amends for past misdeeds.

In other words only the steel pigeon deserves credence or sympathy McCarthy nodded Nobody protested

B·O·A·C

Constellation comfort at the Lowest Fare in the Air!



Best Buy for Your Summer Holiday



$253 Montreal-Glasgow $455.40 ROUND TRIP*

Compare B O A C with *any* other way of going abroad *Only* by flying can you fit Europe into your two weeks paid vacation without taking extra time off

And *only* B O A C gives your Montreal-Britain flight such *double* comfort The travel comfort of world famous Constellations plus the carefree comfort of 16 years of transatlantic know how

Leave Montreal Friday afternoon Be back for the second Monday Have time for two exciting weeks abroad And fly both ways at *lowest available air fares* with tempting meals *included!*

Yes, any way you look at it B O A C is your best buy to Britain and Europe!

FLY B·O·A·C

Through Bookings to 25 key cities of Europe all on one ticket when you fly B O A C and its sister airline British European Airways.

See your travel agent — your railway ticket office or

BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION
MONTREAL TORONTO VANCOUVER
I A T A Approved Transatlantic

suburban slavery

The owner of a house today
Must be a perfect know-all
A fixer, plumber, fernaneman,
A digger, mower, grow-all
(Economist, financial wiz —
Or else the home would not be his).

FREDERICK G. HANTHEIL

But whether the charge of softness against State Department security has any foundation or not the unhappy fact is that Republican campaign speakers took advantage of the suspicion McCarthy had implanted. Thus the Eisenhower regime is more or less committed to the proposition that McCarthy was right in some measure That is one source of his power today

Another is the fact that American foreign policy in the Far East has never been clearly defined

Foreign-service officers such as John Carter Vincent and John Stewart Service reported consistently that Chiang Kai-shek had forfeited popular support in China that the Communists were winning and would win that there was no way of reversing this trend short of a major war on the mainland of Asia Vincent and Service were commended for reporting their honest judgment—but was that judgment accepted?

Nobody ever admitted it Democrats untold Republicans in pledging their devotion and support to Chiang Kai-shek If Dean Acheson's advisers really believed this was sound policy then McCarthy and his friends have some reason to complain that the help Chiang actually got was too little and too late If they thought it was suicidal nonsense they might better have said so

As it was, the Truman-Acheson Administration accepted the *values* of its critics The critics charged that Truman and Acheson were insufficiently loyal to Chiang and the Nationalist cause the Administration denied the charge Nobody ever took up the challenge and really put the case for the alternative policy the policy which Britain has followed and Canada would prefer to have followed That policy is to accept the Communist victory in China as irrevocable and to wait and hope and work for the split between Moscow and Peking which is thought to be certain in the end if the Western nations give Chiang any alternative

Now the Republicans are in office grappling with reality for the first time in twenty years but as firmly tied by their own charges as the Democrats had been by their denials Whatever they may think whatever they may come to think is the right course in China they cannot lightly disavow their campaign speeches

Not with Joe McCarthy there to remind them of what they have said Not with Joe to cry "traitor" at every departure from the China Lobby's line And this Republican dilemma is the second major source of McCarthy's power

The third is McCarthy's own skill at the verbal equivalent of barroom fighting He is more adept than any opponent at verbal jumping biting kneeing and kicking

"I'm sitting this one out" said a Democratic senator when some of his friends tried to suppress McCarthy's few years ago. "You know what the proverb says about getting into a match with a skunk."

A Republican congressman, who won't let his name be used said, "The guy is like a scorpion No matter where you touch him he hurts you"

There are signs, though, that McCarthy this time has set enough force in motion against him to put him out of action Senator Robert Taft Republican leader in the Senate has repudiated his attack on Bohlen and shown that some of McCarthy's charges were false At least nine of the twelve senators who voted with McCarthy has dropped him now—he told a friend of mine "I'm through with that guy, he lied to us about Bohlen"

At the end of McCarthy's main speech in the Bohlen debate some question arose about whether or not Bohlen's appointment had been approved by an Ambassador Hugh Gibson Senator William Knowland of California, "Taft's lieutenant as majority leader, produced a letter recommending a large group of diplomatic appointments including Bohlen's, and bearing Gibson's signature

Senator Knowland is one of the most devoted friends of Nationalist China in the United States and therefore a frequent ally of McCarthy in the past But when he produced the letter signed by Gibson McCarthy coolly asked to have the signature examined

Knowland jumped up white with rage

"When a letter comes to the Senate from the Department of State I do not want to have to call in a handwriting expert to determine whether a forgery has been committed" he said If we have so destroyed confidence in men who have been selected to hold high places in the government of the United States, then God help us God help us if that is the basis on which we have to operate

An Appeal to the Mob

The packed galleries burst into applause Two minutes later McCarthy made a comeback which was applause in its intensity from the other half of the audience but the net impression was that he had suffered a setback

At any rate the incident did illustrate the most encouraging new element in McCarthy's situation For the first time since he emerged into international notoriety no organized party or group can derive any advantage from supporting or even tolerating him

Democrats may enjoy the spectacle of Republican embarrassment, but they are in no mood to profit by it For the moment they are wisely keeping silent so as not to close Republican ranks around the *infant terrible* but Democratic hatred of McCarthy is too deep for petty partisanship They will do what they can to help Republicans bring him down

McCarthy's strength lies with the people or rather with the mob

He understands and uses the new techniques of television as few politicians have yet learned to do He has the support of the Hearst Press—even though the Hearst papers did desert him on the Bohlen issue and a great appeal to the illiterate and semi-literate vote He has the shrewdness the banshness and the courage to take advantage not only of Republican mistakes but of every Republican departure from the fetishes of the Republican campaign

No doubt such a great popular leader as Dwight Eisenhower can defeat McCarthy once he makes up his mind that it has to be done But meanwhile McCarthy is a force to make your flesh creep ★

The Past is in our Future



The high quality you enjoy in "Blank & White" is achieved by patient years of maturing selected Scotch whiskies and blending them in the special "Blank & White" way Steadily increasing demand for this fine Scotch is the measure of its excellence—and its popularity.

BUCHANAN'S
'BLACK & WHITE'
SCOTCH WHISKY
The Secret is in the Blending

By Appointment to the late King George VI — Scotch Whisky Distillers James Buchanan & Co. Ltd.

Distilled, Blended and Bottled in Scotland
AVAILABLE IN VARIOUS SIZES

B 313



Relieve the PRESSURE of Rheumatic Pain!

● When the tense, pressing agony of rheumatic pain strikes you want relief in a hurry. And here's a way for you to get it—*quickly, easily, effectively.*

Doctors generally will tell you that rheumatic pain may be largely caused by pressure. Sensitive nerves are irritated. Local areas become tender and swollen. If you suffer that torture put blessed relief—*fast*—by rubbing Absorbine Jr. on the sore, swollen areas.

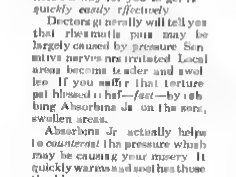
Absorbine Jr. actually helps to *counteract* the pressure which may be causing your misery. It quickly warms and soothes those throbbing pain spots.

Used by thousands

Thousands rely on Absorbine Jr. for quick comforting relief from rheumatic or neuralgic pain and from sore aching muscles.

Be ready for the next attack—Get Absorbine Jr. today. Only $1.25 a long lasting bottle at all drug counters.

W. F. Young Inc.
Lyman House Montreal



Send for FREE sample today

ABSORBINE Jr.

W. F. Young, Inc., Lyman House
286 St. Paul St. W., Montreal
Please send me a free sample bottle of Absorbine Jr.—postpaid
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Prov. _____

MAILBAG



KARSH'S CANADA: THE SUMMING UP

Evidently a good many people in Saint John have been considerably perturbed about recent photographs of their city in your magazine. They feel that Mr. Karsh has caught the most sordid views possible, and thus presents Saint John to the rest of Canada as a very sordid city indeed. They don't like it. They are angry. But naturally they should be angry. And there is good reason for them to be angry.

Not long ago I interviewed an American novelist. A Rhodes Scholar and a reasonably successful novelist and leading American man of letters. He said to me: "Canada is still in puberty."

He was right.

Now what some people of Saint John apparently do not appreciate is that it is the job of any good artist—be he painter, writer or photographer—to depict the ugly as well as the beautiful.

Where, for instance, Jack London, the American writer, came over here to London, Eng., during a coronation (Edward VII), what did he do? For six weeks he slept in the slums and lived with the unemployed and then galloped over his typewriter to turn out The People of The Abyss, possibly the most stark and penetrating exposure of London yet written.

Do you think the English liked it? Of course they didn't like it. They wanted him to look at beautiful St. Paul's and the Abbey and the Coronation, and write how wonderful they were. But no, he took the sordid side and put that on paper. And who will deny that the sordid side of London, Montreal or Saint John needs to be put on paper just as much as the beautiful?

And that more or less is what Mr. Karsh has done in pictures of the city of Saint John. And there is no more reason for the people of Saint John to be ashamed than there is for the people of other Canadian cities many of which present fit more stench and ugliness than does Saint John.

The reason for regarding as the simple fact that the editors of Maclean's, rather than take the cheap and easy road of printing nice and beautiful things only, have had the gumption to print something sordid and true.

And here I hoping they and Mr. Karsh will continue across the Dominion, which is just what it needs and which would, against many false indications of maturity in Canada, be at least of some indication that Canada is growing up.—Stephen Schofield, London, Eng.

● I cannot conceive of an artist of Mr. Karsh's rare ability failing to note and appreciate the incomparable St. John River, the Reversing Falls, the beauty of the park and squares, the solid rock walls bordering some of the principal streets, and surmounted in places by monuments and fortifications dating back to Canada's birth, the fascination of one of the largest drydocks in the world, and industries by the score, which far outweigh the much talked-of fishing. Too bad.—Mrs. Tom Guy, Saint John.

● The Karsh series deserves comment. It is really excellent. Evidently the artist went the type of picture that has been used on picture postcards for decades. I congratulate Karsh on finding new ideas in well worn subjects.—R. F. Howell, Hobart, Tasmania.

● I certainly endorse others' opinion of Karsh's pictures of the various cities. In his token that he should confine himself to photographs of people where he certainly knows his job.—Kathleen Edis, Winnipeg.

● Congratulations to Karsh for his pictures on Saint John. You can fairly smell the salt and hear the fog horns.



They were nearly as good as a trip back home.—Mrs. S. Cathand, Moni Nebo, Sask.

● Mr. Karsh has let us down in Halifax such ill chosen and unattractive photographs. Even the caption under the first photograph was incorrect. This should have read "Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron rather than Royal Halifax Yacht Squadron."—C. J. MacCready, Halifax.

● Congratulations for choosing Karsh to photograph Canada. He shows us Canada how it really is, not as some one would like to see it. If someone wants fancy sweet pictures he can get them at the dime store.—Otha Stech, Montreal.

● Re Karsh's Halifax—the old town clock on Citadel Hill has not ticked *all* the time. It stood still for all of the month of August when I was down that way last year.—James F. Colebrook, Verdun, Que.

● Your pictures of Halifax by Karsh were in one word LOUSY!—Walter Haldane, Halifax.

■ I think it is extremely harsh. The way some persons write of Karsh.
Complaints in varied styles and shapes
And most of them are sour grapes'
—Edith M. Russell, Dartmouth, N.S.

● Your photos by Karsh in A City With a Heart (Montreal) are disgusting. Surely there are decent Christian people in Montreal? One would think from your magazine that wine, women and song were the highest things in this life. Rome and every other great nation fell to drink and lust, ours is no exception.—George Sharp, Bashaw, Alta.

● My husband and I agree with Karsh's impression of Montreal. The degree of understanding reached between French and English-speaking Montrealers is remarkable. Neither French nor English preach co-operation, they merely practice it. We are still hopelessly in love with Canada's most mature and charming city.—Mrs. Rex Loring, Hamilton.

GET THE MOST from your Visit to IRELAND!

Plan your tours and secure all your transportation and reservations BEFORE YOU LEAVE! That way you'll have a delightful carefree time in the Emerald Isle.

TRANSPORTATION by rail and motor coach

SCENIC MOTOR COACH TOURS —six, nine, eleven and thirteen-day de luxe tours. Low inclusive rates.

RESERVATIONS at 6 C.I.E. Hotels.

Typical Irish Travel Bargain—Dublin Train day trip Dublin to Killarney or Galway with jaunting car or motor coach tour—meals too—only $9.00

YOUR TRAVEL AGENT will help plan your Irish tours and supply all your transportation and reservations.

Booklet of luxury and step allowable from Dept. J-28 at any Irish Railways Office—

TOURIST 1, ONT., 89 Yonge Street

CORAS IOMPAIR EIREANN Transport Company

Do FALSE TEETH Rock, Slide or Slip?

FASTEETH, an improved powder to be sprinkled on upper or lower plate, holds loose teeth more firmly in place. Do not allow slip or rock. No gummy, gooey, pasty taste or feeling. FASTEETH is alkaline, non-acid. Does not sour. Checks plate odour. Inexpensive. Get FASTEETH at any drug store.

NEW BLUE-JAYS

PUSH OUT CORNS *from underneath!*



Only BLUE JAY Corn Plasters have

Phenylium

that gets under your corn and helps push it out



Contains pure Phenylium—discovery in 1924 says Dr. Tests show it's the most antiseptic one used, unless you're allergic to it. Ask your druggist for BLUE JAY Corn Plasters with PHENYLIUM (pronounced Fen-nil-ee-um). In case of calluses, use BLUE JAY Callous Remover.

FOOT PLASTERS

BLUE JAY

BAUER & BLACK

Only 625 Gals. Oil



Pat Burns Ltd. Photo

Gas Wood Unit Saves Fuel

The home of Mr. G. Kennedy, Peterborough, Ont., was heated for the full season on only 625 gallons of oil. This is a 2-storey, brick home of 6 large rooms, vestibule hall and bathroom.

Gas Wood owners everywhere prove how actual records that are economy, efficiency and trouble-free comfort cannot be equalled.

Your local Gas Wood heating specialist will be glad to show you these records. Find out his name. It will cost you nothing to get Gas Wood trouble free, efficient heating. Investigate now.

ENGINEERING INDUSTRIES CO. LTD. TORONTO 4

GasWood GAS AUTOMATIC HEATING

ECONOMICAL DEPENDABLE DURABLE



TAKE YOUR CAR ACROSS LAKE MICHIGAN

SAVE 240 MILES OF CLOVERLEAF HIGHWAYS

BRIDGE-HIGHWAY IS BETWEEN MILWAUKEE, WIS. and MUSKEGON, MICH.

S.S. MILWAUKEE CLIPPER



Comfortable lounges and decks, air-conditioned bed rooms. Bar-food and refreshments, dance orchestra, cinema, children's playroom. Sit 'n Sleep Plans. Radar.

For illustrated folder write 111 Conte & Mich. pier Steamships Co., Foot of Michigan Blvd., Chicago 11, Illinois. Phone DEARBORN 2-1800. Or see your travel agent.

"The Boat"

● It is indeed reassuring to read such forthright statements as I have when it is becoming unpopular to believe in freedom of speech. Perhaps if more editors took a similar positive attitude

Resale of War Assets

Fred Bodsworth's article, How Serious is the Defense Scandal? (Feb. 14), mentions resale, by The Robb Company (Canada) Limited of former War Assets spare parts for the current Harvard aircraft program.

Mr. Bodsworth states that the Defense Department is buying back the same parts at current prices, and not at the 1945 War Assets prices. This is untrue. This material has been resold at prices based on the original manufacturing costs of 1943 and 1944, which are at least fifty percent less than the cost of duplicating such parts today.

When the Robb Company hazarded considerable capital to buy these War Assets materials in 1945 far and away possibly military use it was difficult then to visualize a world situation such as prevails today. In 1945 industry was putting pressure on War Assets to get the surplus material disposed of and bring industry back to normal. These spare parts, which probably would have been destined to the scrap heap had they not been bought by Robb, are today serving a very useful purpose, and at a definite saving to the Defense Department and the country.—Chesley M. Nowell, The Robb Company (Canada) Ltd., Derval, Que.

Advice to Eligible Heifers

I was so interested in Never Never Trust a Bull (April 1). However I was disappointed that no warning was addressed to the coming generation of



eligible heifers. My two daughters, Applblossom Maple Laneway and June Artichoke Rapholter are just reaching the age where they need the advice of a recognized authority.

I may interest your readers to know that the bull whose picture appears on the title page is a full brother of the sire of my youngest daughter, Applblossom Maple Laneway.—Jersey Hills Meadowbrook III, Jersey Brook Farm, Ont.

The Row Over the Red Dean

Thank heaven there is still in Canada a national magazine of sufficient courage, integrity and moral stature to publish an editorial like that of April 1, The Red Dean Finds Some Helpers.—Mrs. Catharine F. Kerr, Lousana, Alta.

● It is indeed reassuring to read such forthright statements as I have when it is becoming unpopular to believe in freedom of speech. Perhaps if more editors took a similar positive attitude

CARRY **BANK of AMERICA** TRAVELERS CHEQUES



ISSUED BY BANK OF AMERICA NATIONAL TRUST AND SAVINGS ASSOCIATION • THE WORLD'S LARGEST BANK • MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

FIX-IT YOURSELF

and save dollars on your repair bills

THE MR. FIX-IT BOOK

makes it easy to do your own home repairs.

It tells you what tools to use to do the job quickly. Follow its many charts, diagrams and step-by-step instructions and you cannot go wrong.

With the aid of this book you can do dozens of jobs around your home which normally would cost you many dollars.

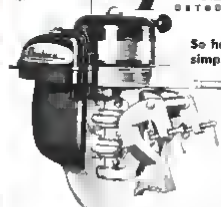
Yet this book costs you

ONLY $3.98 MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

SEND BOOK TO Mr. Mrs. Miss _____ Address _____ City _____ Prov. _____

It's a wonderful day the *Flambeau* way!

OUTBOARD MOTORS



So handy to carry, so easy to start, so simple to run . . . and so little to pay!

WITH a Flambeau outboard motor you and your family get more pleasure for every dollar. Resort owners, guides, everyone . . . all prefer the Flambeau because of its light weight, its trouble-free performance and ease of operation.

See list below. Write and get full details and you'll agree a Flambeau is your best buy for '53.

SOME DESIRABLE DEALER TERRITORIES STILL OPEN

5 hp.* Twin With Kwik Start Only **35** lbs.

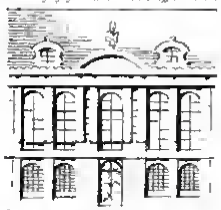
2½ hp.* Single With Kwik Starter Only **29** lbs.

CANADIAN DISTRIBUTORS

Industrial Engineering Ltd., 1215 Main St. W., North Bay, Ont.
Walsh & Johnston Ltd., 474 Bank St., Ottawa, Ont.
Percy Ritchie Ltd., 845 Bayard St., Vancouver, B.C.
Park Homestead Ltd., 55 Arthur St., Winnipeg
Fort Hammerton Ltd., Edmonton, Alberta

*OAC Certified at 4000 R.P.M.

The story of your Canada Post Office—No. 8



Where first U.P.U. Congress was held at Berne, Switzerland

The Universal Postal Union

Only 79 years ago, the exchange of mail among the countries of the world was greatly simplified by the establishment of the Universal Postal Union. In 1874 22 countries agreed to accept a code of regulations and fixed uniform postage rates. Canada became a member four years later.

How did this benefit Canadians? Prior to the formation of the U.P.U. there were separate postal rates for every one of 127 countries. Canada had two rates for mail to India, for example, depending upon whether it travelled via Great Britain or the United States. The long, complicated lists in the Canadian Postal Guide, the confusion and many of the problems vanished when our country joined the Postal Union.

Now mail travels smoothly and swiftly to every part of the globe with an efficiency impossible without the Universal Postal Union.

HOW CANADA HELPS YOU WITH OVERSEAS SERVICES

Your Canada Post Office has available valuable services that save you time and trouble when you write or do business overseas

REPLY COUPONS—*You can prepay replies from all countries by purchasing Reply Coupons for 12 cents. Imperial Reply Coupons for replies from places within the British Commonwealth cost only 5 cents*

PARCEL POST—*Available between Canada and many countries. Consult your Postmaster for full information*

REGISTRATION—*Available for mail to countries within the U.P.U. for 20 cents*

INSURANCE—*Available for parcels mailed to a limited number of countries. Ask your Postmaster for details*

CANADA POST OFFICE

Hon. Alcide Côté, Q.C., M.P., Postmaster General

W. J. Turnbull, Deputy Postmaster General

in speaking about democracy we would be in less danger of losing it.—W. M. Smeaton, Toronto.

● Twenty-five members of the University Women's Club of London attended Dean Johnson's lecture.—We do not agree with your presentation of the facts.

We regret that the Red Dean's arguments were not heard questioned and refuted; we consider the breakup of the meeting ill-advised and immature, but we strongly object to your blaming the disdemian of the University of Western Ontario for the childish display. Some university students did heckle and catcall; a large number of high school students did likewise; a number of middle-aged men and women added their bit; and a certain amount of organized resistance came from a group of ex-paratroopers. It is entirely inaccurate to state as you do that the Red Dean was driven from the platform by about two hundred students of the University of Western Ontario, who threw stink bombs, rang cowbells, and forced him in the end to escape through a rear exit.—Mrs. Philip G. Johnson, president, University Women's Club, London, Ont.

● Your editorial on the Red Dean is a shocking, and frightening example of journalism minus facts.—Jack Hutton, London, Ont.

● I feel it is a duty and to this case a pleasure to congratulate you on your *courageous* editorial in the April 1 issue.

This letter reflects the opinion of most members on our staff.—Romeo LeBlanc, Academie Notre Dame, Grand Falls, N.B.

● When did fiction start appearing on your editorial page?—Harold Mountain, London.

● The Commies seem to have planned this meeting down to the last detail. First of all, one of Canada's most eminent scientists took the platform and for exactly one half hour did nothing but read a pamphlet which had been distributed among the audience beforehand. What was his purpose? We agree that his sole purpose was to aggravate.

The Red Dean then took the stand and in the four or five minutes that he was there he said absolutely nothing. As the paratroopers eed high school students kept up their brushing of balloons, rattling of rattles eed letting off of stink bombs the Red Dean refused to speak.

It was at this point that the secretary of the Canadian Soviet Friendship Society got in her blast against the university students. Then the party retired to a back room. A university student had politely asked the Dean if he would return if the audience quieted down. He said he would, and it was when everyone had returned to his seat that the Dean and the rest of his party got out of the hall. They had accomplished their point. This was only another well-organized attack by the Communists against students in general.—Paul R. Kipp, Granton, Ont.

● I am amazed at what appears to be an increased tendency on the part of some of our newspapers and periodicals to offer excuses for anything Communistic and I believe in free speech for their representatives in this country when ours are given the same privilege behind the iron curtain.

It is refreshing to know that there are a few students who have not been infected with the deadly virus eed Dr. Reid should be commended for maintaining a high standard of health in this respect at the University of Western Ontario. I think the Red Dean invited trouble and got just what he asked for. eed that the action of the students was a legitimate protest and did not sway any converts for the Dean's cause.—W. B. Smith, Oshville, Ont.

In suggesting that students from the University of Western Ontario were solely responsible for breaking up Dean Johnson's London meeting, Maclean's was in error. We apologize to the many Western students who attended the meeting and behaved with proper respect for freedom of speech. As for the main point made in our editorial—that students from the university were amongst those who broke up the meeting and that their conduct was applauded by the president of the university—we have been shown no cause to doubt the essential facts or to withdraw our criticism. ★

JASPER — **By Simpkins**



MACLEAN'S

"The Met's really combing the woods for extras these days."

Certificate of Pedigree



This is the mark of the rightful clan to the family tartan—Harris Tweed the fabric of world renown. Spun from virgin Scottish wool, dyed and hand-woven with the decoration still in the Crofters of the Outer Hebrides.

★ Look for the mark on the cloth
★ Look for the label on the garment

Issued by THE HARRIS TWEED ASSOCIATION LTD.

Mothersill's

The fast-acting aid in preventing and relieving Travel Sickness

for A Into & Children

MOTHERSILL'S TRAVEL REMEDY

THE WORLD OVER

IRON-HORSE

Gasoline Engines

Power Plant Preferred by Manufacturers

IRON-HORSE heat and horsepower gasoline engines. Preferred power for washing machines, lawn mowers, paint sprayers, etc. Write for literature.

Sales & Service by 1000's of dealers.



Help Canada Buy Made in Canada

Outboard, Marine & Manufacturing Corp.

PETERBOROUGH, ONTARIO, CANADA

Also manufacturers of Johnson, Evinrude and Elto outboard motors, Lawn-Boy rotary power mowers

SEE MAGAZINE ONTARIO

Alma College

A RESIDENTIAL SCHOOL FOR GIRLS



TEN PRINCIPALS

Alma College Opens in September

Backstage at Ottawa

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

"Oh"—said the neighbor—still looking blank—"Who is the MP for our district, anyway?"

"I am"—said Jim, and went away to brood.

LIBERALS are convinced that nine really hot political issues, the Gerrie Report has been pretty well smothered by the Opposition's strategy. They think the Conservatives outsmarted themselves.

Liberals had been dreading the climactic moment when George Currie would answer the $64 question—What did you mean by that phrase "General breakdown of administration, supervision and accounting"? They knew Currie knew he wouldn't have made a statement like that without some documents to back it up and they had no idea what the documents were.

But when the Defense Expenditures Committee opened in February Liberals could hardly believe their ears. There was George Currie on the stand there were half a dozen top Conservatives—but the Conservatives weren't saying a word. Day after day they sat there without asking a single question.

Conservatives had figured it all out. Liberals they reasoned, would try to discredit George Currie but they could only do that on cross-examination. They couldn't question fire by him themselves since he was their own choice for auditor of Defense accounts. So the Conservatives decided to keep quiet, let the Liberals do all the talking and give them no chance to cross-examine.

One impartial observer has described this Conservative decision as "the greatest political blunder since Confederation."

George Currie, this observer says, came to Ottawa expecting to be questioned. He had full files of documents on almost every paragraph of the report. Having spoken his piece in the report itself, he didn't feel obliged to volunteer any more information, but he was ready and willing to answer questions. The questions never came.

What the answers would have been, whether they would have been damaging new material or mere accounting quibbles, we shall never know now. The Conservatives chose to settle for what they had already: a heap of hypothetical horses and a needful of hackneyed phrases. The Liberals are relieved.

THIS WAS supposed to have been the ninth and last parliament to be adorned by the dean of the House of Commons, the Hon. Charles Gavan Power, MC, who has been MP for Quebec South for thirty-five years last Dec. 17. Chubby Power is probably the only man in Canada who can have a sensational whenever he wants one—he could have entered the Valhalla of political warriors any time in the last five years and he had decided to do it this summer. Nine general elections are enough, he figured, and all his friends were told that Chubby was through.

But while we reporters were composing his political obituary the corpse was climbing out of the coffin. The closer he got to the actual moment of quitting active politics the less he liked the idea. At the moment of writing he still hasn't made up his mind definitely, but he backers in Quebec South have stopped worrying about finding a new candidate. They're sure Chubby Power will run again.

Perhaps the change of mind began when his chief organizer journeyed to Ottawa to consult the Liberal Powers That Be about the problem of succession. "We don't want Chubby to go"—he said.

"Chubby can go any time he likes"—the organizer was told. "If anybody has earned a rest in the Senate—he has."

"But who can we run in his place?"

"Ah, that is your problem"—said the Powers That Be. "You'd better ask Chubby."

Power suddenly realized that it would be more trouble *not* to run than it would be to run. At least that is when he told friends. But they suspect that what really changed the mind of the old war horse was simply the smell of powder. With an election coming up he couldn't bear not to be in the thick of it.

Chubby Power probably knows more of what is going on in parliament than any other individual. As a former cabinet minister senior by many years to the men who are regarded as senior men today, he still has the confidence of his old colleagues to a degree far beyond that of the average private member. On the other hand because he is a private member and not a resident of Olympus, he hears far more about what goes on among backbenchers than the cabinet ministers do. People are continually calling on him for political advice.

They also call on him because it is fun. Chubby Power is one of the few genuine wits in a profession that grows more and more solemnized.

Once Mackenzie King was in Quebec City and asked to be taken to see the grave of his grandfather King, the other grandfather, the one who fought for the "loyal" side in the 1837 rebellion. Grandfather King was a professional soldier in the Quebec garrison and is buried in a Protestant cemetery there.

Prime Minister King remarked with facetious regret that he supposed his revered grandfather had been a Tory.

"Don't worry about that, sir"—said one of the local politicians. "This cemetery is in Chubby Power's riding, and you may be sure he's been voting them all Liberal for thirty years."

"Sorry to disappoint you, Mr. King"—said Power—"but this is a Protestant cemetery. We play fair down here—we always vote the Protestant ticket."

His thirtieth anniversary in parliament came almost exactly three years after he had resigned from the cabinet on an issue of principle and demoted himself to the status of private member. Answering felicitations on that day he said he'd been thinking of writing a book.

"I would perhaps put it in the form of a homely nihil to ashes, dust to dust—and I would entitle it Back to Front and Back Again. I would tell of the long and painful progress down five rows of seats to the front benches, and I would tell also of the short and rapid and sudden transition from a private car to an upper berth."

Last Dec. 17 was his thirty-fifth anniversary, and again the eminent in all parties chorused their tributes. Chubby Power is really entrenched in several quotations. One was from Winston Churchill, speaking to the British House in March 1945:

I have only five minutes to speak and I will devote them to my noble friend, the father of the House. He is a comparatively young father of the House; he still has many years of useful life before him. But, unless in the future his sagacity and knowledge of the House are found to be markedly superior to what he has exhibited today, I must warn him that he will run a very grave risk of failing into acutely before he is overtaken by old age. ★

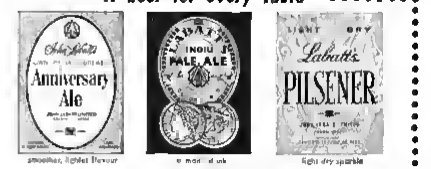
It's a MAN'S work...



far a man's beer!

What you like in an ale and what a woman likes are not necessarily the same . . . so if you are looking for a man's ale, thank with plenty of old-time flavour—hearty, zestful and satisfying—switch now to Labatt's India Pale Ale . . . I.P.A. is a real *man's* drink. John Labatt Limited

A beer for every taste



smoother, lighter flavour — a man's ale — light dry sparkle

JOHN LABATT LIMITED

have a **GOOD RUM** *for your money*



LEMON HART RUM

DEMERARA or JAMAICA

Britain's Finest Imported

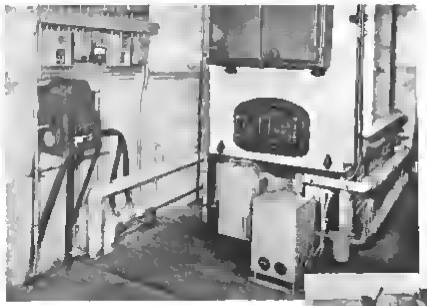
Heating cost 1/3 less than expected

with Iron Fireman Rotary Oil Burner



Mr L D Williamson
President and General Manager Pritchard Engineering Co., Ltd., Winnipeg

Writes Mr Williamson, "Our experience gained in 15 years use of an Iron Fireman stoker influenced us in the purchase of an Iron Fireman Rotary oil burner for our new plant, erected in 1950. This unit has performed far beyond our expectations resulting in a one third reduction in anticipated heating costs. In addition its cleanliness and low cost maintenance proved extraordinary."



Boiler room of Pritchard Engineering Company, Ltd. Iron Fireman Rotary Oil Burner installed by Winnipeg Supply & Fuel Co., Ltd.



Fires low cost heavy oils

The Iron Fireman Rotary oil burner handles all grades of oil (No. 6 or lighter) without special adjustment. You get steady, even firing and instant response to steam demands. The exclusive Iron Fireman Oil Volumeter keeps oil feed steady, regardless of changes in oil viscosity or temperature. Capacities up to 500 bhp.

For further information write Iron Fireman Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd., Dept. 28, 80 Ward St., Toronto, Ont.

Iron Fireman "package" units for either oil or gas, or for oil gas combination

This is a completely integrated unit composed of forced draft air supply control panel, and either the Iron Fireman Rotary oil burner or Ring Type gas burner (or combination oil gas burner if desired). The entire unit is assembled, wired and tested at the factory. It is designed for use with all types of boilers, including Scotch Marine, and is installed by simply bolting the package unit to the boiler front. Forced draft eliminates need for high stacks.

Iron Fireman

Automatic Firing Equipment
for processing, heating and power

PARADE

AN OIL DRILLING crew in southern Alberta was continually pestered by envious neighborhood farmers, until one of the crew's roughnecks reached the end of his tether. When a dust storm coated the plains with fine dry sand one morning the others removed his shoes, slung them from long poles and gently planted a set of footprints across the deceptively dry-looking mud pit. Then he perched expectantly on the nearest derrick.

A few minutes later a contingent of visitors swarmed up to poke around the lease. One of the natives ventured out along the fresh "trail" and promptly sank to his hips in mud. As the mortified farmer wallowed back to dry land and his mates hastily drew back, a triumphant cry echoed down from the derrick, "I get one! I get one!"

• • •

A farmer near Grand Forks, B.C., never bothers with alarm clocks. If he isn't up by 6:30 his collie jumps



up on the bed, braces his feet against the wall and gently but relentlessly nudges and pushes the boss out.

• • •

When her bread man failed to arrive at his usual time, a Hamilton, Ont., housewife called the bakery and explained that, since she was entertaining that night, she must have bread.

"Call in another hour if he hasn't arrived and we'll send a special messenger," the baker promised.

An hour later she made the call. It was embarrassing enough when the special order arrived just as her regular bread man appeared. It was even more embarrassing when the housewife realized she'd ordered the emergency delivery from a rival company.

• • •

A father and son, newcomers to New Westminster, B.C., applied for work at the local employment office. Jobs were scarce—said employment officials—but there was one opening at a meat packing plant for a strong young man. It seemed a logical spot for the son, a two-hundred pound six-footer. So he applied, and began work next day pasting labels on hams and sides of bacon.

In an Eastview, Ont., supermarket a fussy middle-aged lady was peppering the teen-aged meat counter clerk with questions about various pieces of meat.

Finally pointing to one cut, she asked, "Do you boil or fry that meat, young man?"

The harassed boy stalled for a moment, then said, "I don't know, ma'am, but if you'll wait a minute I'll phone and ask my mother."

• • •

A Lethbridge, Alta., beauty parlor doesn't come right out and promise miracles but its sign out front does warn passers-by DON'T WHISTLE, SHE MIGHT BE YOUR GRANDMOTHER.

• • •

An RCMP officer in rural Manitoba was checking a report that a local farmer was brewing moonshine. He drove to the farm and showed his warrant to the housewife who merely shrugged and muttered, "No spika English."

The Mountie began his search with the women at his heels, not saying a word. He still hadn't scared by the time he reached the chicken house. Then on a branch he hunted a hen from her nest, rummaged in the straw and came up with a bottle of home brew.

He glanced at the housewife and raised an eyebrow. In perfect English she snapped, "You black hearted snooper!"

• • •

A Scottish girl, newly arrived in Hamilton, Ont., for her wedding to a local man, surprised the photographer and the wedding party by



insisting on having two complete sets of pictures taken—one sober-faced and solemn, one the usual smiling bridal photo.

Later she explained that the first set was going to her Scottish grandparents who believe that a girl's wedding should be treated as the most solemn occasion in her life. She kept the second set for herself.

Parade pays $5 to $10 for true humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

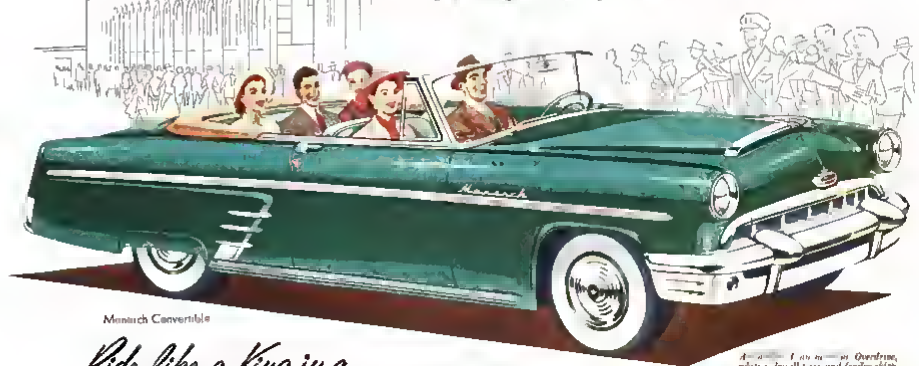


THE QUEENS PLATE

"The Queen's Plate" is the colourful climax of the spring racing season at Toronto's historic Woodbine Track. Here Canada's finest thoroughbreds compete for the coveted "Queen's Guineas" in a traditional classic of the Canadian turf. . . cheered on by a gallery of sports-loving spectators with a common enthusiasm for the sport of kings.

Where a fine car matters...Monarch belongs

There's something richly satisfying in the combination of perfectly proportioned design with truly great performance. People who sense this feeling of satisfaction in all round perfection are the ones who feel most keenly the pride of Monarch ownership. For Monarch is a thoroughbred from every point of view. Monarch's brilliant beauty of line and superbly fine riding qualities are just what one would expect to find in company with the famous V-8 engine that powers this magnificent car. This great 125-Hp. engine is the product of Ford's experience in building more V-8 engines than all other manufacturers combined . . . the smoothest, most dependable, most thoroughly *on-the-proved* V-8 engines ever built.



Monarch Convertible

Ride like a King in a

1953 Monarch V-8

Automatic Overdrive, white sidewall tires and leather skirts optional at extra cost when available.

EXCLUSIVE WITH FORD OF CANADA

YOUR MONARCH DEALER WILL BE HAPPY TO ARRANGE A DEMONSTRATION AT YOUR CONVENIENCE



Young man's fancy

Thirst and appetite build up quickly
when young folks get going.
And how they take to such natural partners
as hot sandwiches and ice-cold Coca-Cola.
Here's refreshment the wholesome way
—and delicious, too.





COCA-COLA LTD.

"COKE" IS A REGISTERED TRADE-MARK.